THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Maga
Founded A°. D°. 1728 by Benj. Fra

OCTOBER 8, 1904 FIVE CENTS E COPY

DRAWN BY
EMLEN McCONNELL

IN THIS NUMBER

Why a Young Man Should Vote the Democratic Ticket

By Former President
Grover Cleveland

Stanwick's Business

By Owen Wister

The Tin Railroad, Incorporated

By George R. Chester

How Millionaires Give Money

By Robert Shackleton

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA

Let us Know you Want this Book

It Is FREE

The Proper Treatment for Floors
S. C. JOHNSON & SON

"Write a postal to-day"

A floor-man's twenty-one years' experience boiled down.

Tells the best way to finish any kind of wood.

It is easy to keep your floors and interior woodwork in fine condition. Do you know how?

Do you know that pine can be finished almost as beautifully as hardwood? Our book tells how.

This finely illustrated book, "The Proper Treatment for Floors," contains valuable information covering the entire subject of wood finishing. Shows how easy and inexpensive it is to refinish a varnished or shellaced floor. Tells how to select the most serviceable and appropriate kind of wood for your parlor, hall, chamber or kitchen. Explains which woods keep clean the longest and wear the best. Gives the latest and most approved methods of finishing and refinishing oak, ash, birch, maple or pine floors, and interior woodwork. Presented by the manufacturers of

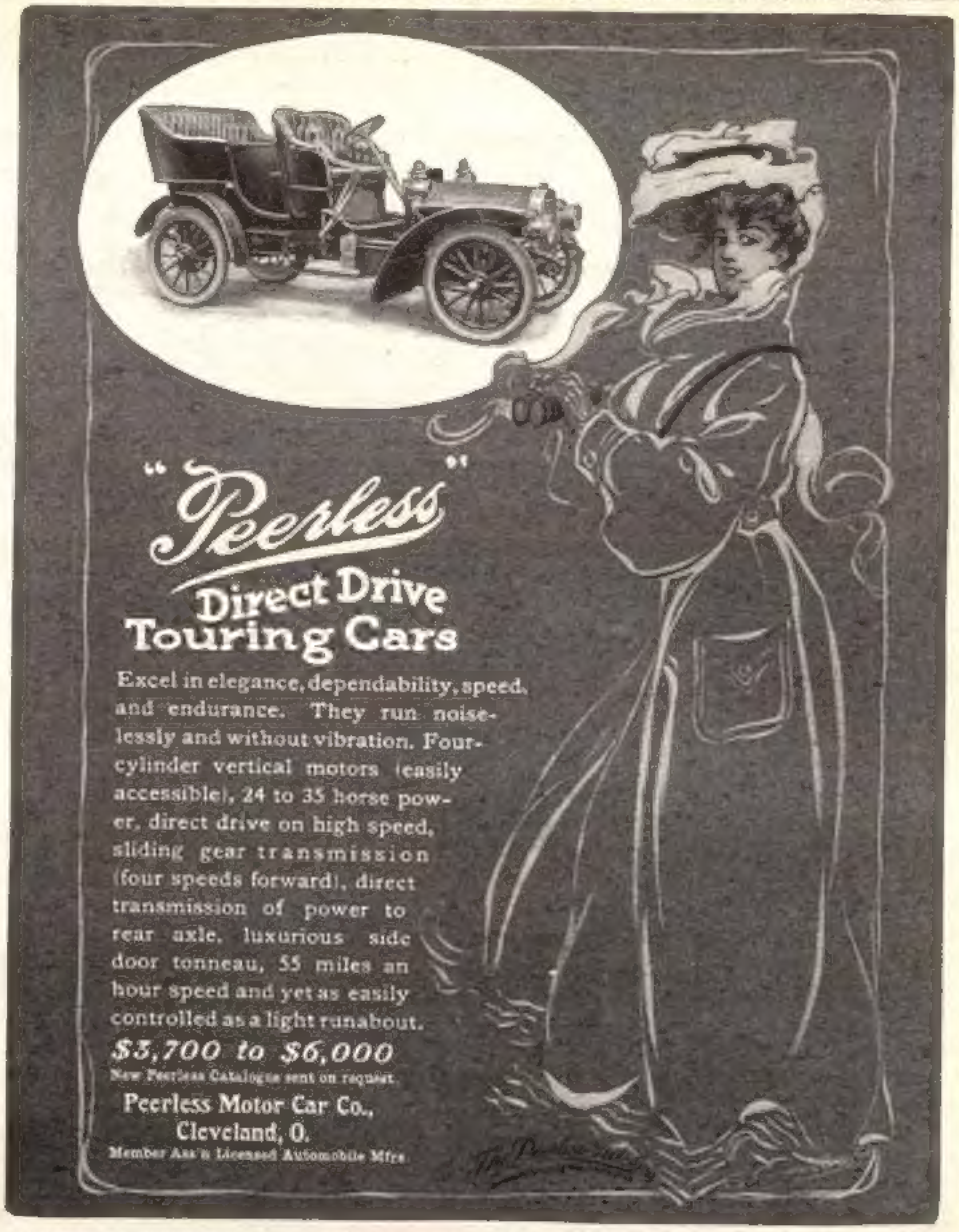
Johnson's Prepared Wax

"A complete finish and polish for all wood"

Prevents heel marks and scratches from showing. Marred spots can be touched up without going over the whole surface. Gives a high polish to which dust and dirt will not adhere. Johnson's Prepared Wax is for sale by all dealers in paint—one-half pound cans, 30c. each; 1 and 2 pound cans, 60c. per pound; 4, 5 and 8 pound cans, 50c. per pound. If it cannot be obtained from your dealer we will, upon receipt of price, see that you are supplied. Remember, please—the book is FREE. Write to-day.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin

"The Hardwood Floor Authorities."



"Peerless" Direct Drive Touring Cars

Excel in elegance, dependability, speed, and endurance. They run noiselessly and without vibration. Four-cylinder vertical motors (easily accessible), 24 to 35 horse power, direct drive on high speed, sliding gear transmission (four speeds forward), direct transmission of power to rear axle, luxurious side door tonneau, 55 miles an hour speed and yet as easily controlled as a light runabout.

$3,700 to $6,000

New Peerless Catalogue sent on request.

Peerless Motor Car Co.,
Cleveland, O.

Member Ass'n Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

Measure Up
The Rent You Pay For Office Furniture.

This Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Cabinet occupies A Floor Space of 41 X 25 inches Has Filing Capacity FOR 55,000 Letters.

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Office Furniture

OCCUPIES MINIMUM FLOOR SPACE, AFFORDS MAXIMUM FILING CAPACITY.

WRITE FOR CATALOG D 804

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI

CHICAGO
224-228 WABASH AVE.

NEW YORK
380-382 BROADWAY

BOSTON
91-93 FEDERAL ST.

LONDON
7 BUN HILL ROW

CANADIAN BRANCH STRATFORD, ONT.

THE "KB" SHOULDER
HAIR CLOTH
Copyright, 1904, Kohn Bros.

"Your Tailor" shows you cloth—a very small piece at that—you see the clothes later. They may please you—frequently they do not. We show you the "Clothes." The above illustration shows how they look. You know what you are buying—no chances are taken. There is nothing better than this "New Kind" of ready-for-service Fine Clothing. All coats made with the celebrated "K. B." shoulder.

Ask your dealer for Kohn Brothers' Fine Clothes. Look for our Label—insist upon having it. Write for illustrated booklet F 4, "The Clothes a Man Should Wear" a story of good clothes, when and how to wear them. If your clothier does not sell Kohn Brothers' clothing, write us and we will give you the name of one who does.

KOHN BROTHERS--CHICAGO

New York—Philadelphia—Boston—Baltimore—San Francisco

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1904, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 8, 1904 Number 15

Why a Young Man Should Vote the Democratic Ticket

By Grover Cleveland

Copyright, 1904, by The Curtis Publishing Company

WE OFTEN hear it said that our government is a government by party. This is absolutely true when construed to mean that parties are the agencies through which the popular will is effectively made known. It is also true in a general way when it signifies that through the instrumentality of parties certain governmental measures are inaugurated and certain principles made the guides of governmental action. Thus considered, party membership and the existence of party organizations are not only legitimate but seem to be actually necessary to the operation of the machinery of our government. With this view of partisanship in mind it has always appeared to me that a young man is engaged in serious business when in the first stages of mature citizenship he is considering his future political affiliation and making choice of the party to which he will attach himself. I cannot escape the feeling that the final determination of these matters by a new voter marks a sort of modified relinquishment of his freedom of judgment, and his subsequent subjugation to influences which dilute independent action. The assumption of party relationship will necessarily color his view of political subjects, and give to his consideration of public affairs a leading which it will be hard entirely to shake off. These conditions are due in part to the unescapable influence of party comradeship, and perhaps more to the blinding zeal that grows out of party effort and contest. To these must be added the pride, so much a part of human nature that it must be reckoned with, and so nearly related to high manliness that it can hardly be condemned, which, except in the severest stress of conscience, refuses to appear disloyal to party enlistment.

It is, therefore, on every account, of the utmost importance that the young voter should not make a false start, and that in settling upon his party membership he should not only avail himself of all the freedom of thought and unbiased judgment still at his command, but should also bring to his aid an intelligent apprehension of national conditions, and a studious examination of the principles and tendencies of the parties open to his entrance; and all this should be supplemented by the guidance of a pure conscience and an untarnished patriotism. If thereupon he realizes that it was the intent of our scheme of government, when it was delivered into the keeping of the Nation's voting citizenship, that every individual voter should thoughtfully and patriotically regard his suffrage as demanding of him a service to his country as serious and as vital as that rendered in war for its defense, his earnest investigation and the influence of elevating sentiment will make him a dutiful and useful party man.

It would be a happy thing for the Nation if our political parties were altogether thus constituted, and if every voter constantly had in his mind a lively sense of personal responsibility for the proper exercise of his suffrage. We all know, however, that in point of fact political organizations are very largely composed of those who have drifted into their membership without the least independent consideration of party principles as related to the general welfare of the country and the people's needs. Many of these have no better reason for belonging to one party instead of another than the fact that their fathers belonged there before them; many are led into party relationship by the influence of social intimacies or by mere whim and caprice, and sometimes by the frivolous and childish expectation of belonging to the winning side; and many others, meaner and more dangerous than all the rest, acquire party membership with the deliberate intention of securing unearned individual rewards and business advantages.

To the extent that such elements are found within the lines of any party, it fails to express the desires and aspirations of patriotic citizenship and becomes a menace to the underlying principle of our popular rule. It is because these elements are so prevalent in parties, and apparently increasing, that it is more than ever necessary that the class of sober and patriotic voters who join political parties for the purpose of promoting their country's weal should be increased and in every way strengthened. It is in this manner only that selfishness and flippant heedlessness of the public good can be checked within parties and rashness and excess in party counsels be defeated.

Why I Chose the Democratic Party

I SUPPOSE a slight resemblance between some of the incidents of the pending Presidential campaign and those of 1856 causes me to recall the choice I then made of my party affiliation. Though I was still under voting age, the surroundings of the canvass so impressed me and so stimulated my interest in the principles and conditions involved, that my thoughts and investigation led me to a distinct and lasting party preference. In that campaign the Republican party—newly arrived in the field of Presidential political warfare—had appealed to the people's romantic sentiment and love for the spectacular by the nomination of John C. Frémont for President, while on the other hand the Democratic party challenged the sober and conservative thought of the country by the nomination of the mature, undramatic and experienced Buchanan. It may well be that my natural tendency toward conservatism at a time when our country seemed to need coolness and steadiness led me more easily to a reception of Democratic doctrine and methods; but it is certain that my choice of party then made was so deliberately reached and so well thought out that genuine Democracy has always since been sufficient for me. To-day I am more attached to my party than ever. I do not say that I believe the party organization has in all things and at all times been true to Democratic principles, or that it has never entered upon foolish paths of apparent expediency or downright error; but it cannot be said that it has ever attempted to deceive the people as to its purposes, or has ever deliberately intended to betray their interests.

I am more certain to-day than ever that the principles of genuine Democracy which the party now announces are near to the people's wants, and that they are suited to every emergency of American life. They are so easily understood by the party's rank and file that the leadership that obscures them or subordinates them to new and unfamiliar doctrine will always fail of a united and effective following. Whatever successes other parties may have gained by shifty devices or by trimming their sails to every passing breeze, never in all the life of Democracy has it achieved a victory except by a bold and outspoken adherence to its old beliefs and an honest advocacy of its distinctive principles.

I am attached to my party for the further reason that it has an enduring permanency that withstands all attack upon its life from open enemies—and also has within its membership an element of conservative steadfastness which restores it to strength and courage even though it may violate the laws of Democratic health. No better proof of this could possibly be furnished than is afforded by the present situation of the party. From a condition of weakness and demoralization it has recovered its old-time aggressiveness and sturdiness through the recuperative ministrations of its conservatism. It presents again to the voters of the land a declaration of clear Democratic faith and a candidate who embodies Democratic devotion and fidelity. It opposes to sensationalism and a showy exhibition of

overreaching Executive activity an insistence upon the observance of the restraints of the Constitution and a scrupulous regard for the divisions of governmental authority ordained by the fathers of the Republic. In the place of apprehension and uncertainty it promises peace and restful confidence. Instead of conquest and un-American intrusion in Old World complications it promises watchful care of the people's welfare at their homes and in the affairs of their daily life. As against the delusive and perverting dazzle and glitter of a foreign expansion, which allures the unthinking while it undermines the strength of our national intent, the Democratic party seeks to remind our countrymen that their Government needs no larger mission than is found in the development of the domain which American independence and American growth have made the dwelling-place of a free, prosperous and happy people.

A Return to First Allegiances

I AM hoping that these things will be seriously considered by the young men of our country who are selecting their party affiliations, or who in present political conditions seek by their votes to meet the demands of our best citizenship. I am addressing them as those on whose shoulders will soon rest the responsibility of protecting and preserving American free institutions; and, assuming their sincerity and open-mindedness, I am asking them whether, in view of the increasing tendency to light-hearted carelessness in the administration of public affairs, it is not well to insist upon a return to old landmarks and a renewal of the sentiment among our people that the management of their Government is a serious undertaking. To those who believe that efforts in that direction should be made, I have no hesitation in suggesting that within the lines of the Democratic party they will find those efforts organized and in full activity.

What I have said touching the conservatism of the Democratic party under the dominance of its true principles does not by any means give ground for the accusation or justify the suspicion that Democracy is reactionary or that it is dull in its apprehension of the varying needs of the people. These deficiencies could not possibly exist in a party whose length of life nearly measures the Nation's existence, and whose highest claim upon the people's preference has always been its servitude to the people's welfare. It readily recognizes new conditions and new necessities; but it believes that these can be most effectively and safely met by adherence to the broad principles in which it finds guidance, and by their honest application in every emergency. It is, moreover, a distinguishing requirement of Democracy that in governmental action, whether concerning home affairs or our relations with other countries, all things shall be done decently and in order.

I have endeavored to suggest, without overstatement, what the Democratic party stands for in the pending campaign, and what present affiliation with it would signify to the new voter, and also to that large class of young men who are not beyond a review of their political proclivities.

I have no desire to shun the lamentable fact that the active support of many young members of the party has been lost to the organization during recent years through mistaken leadership and un-Democratic expedients. If these young Democrats are well grounded in the faith, the fact that their conscientious understanding of that faith has constrained them to stand aloof for a time from party activity will not prevent their seeing that every consideration of political duty and every dictate of manliness and honor now demand of them a return to the support of their party. Wise counsels and the leaven of Democratic conservatism have made the organization again their habitation and the place where they can cheerfully and hopefully work.

A Fight for Safe Counsels

THE reinstatement of the party in its principles, in its moderate conservatism, and in its courageous advocacy of the people's rights and interests is complete. Its rank and file can again take their places in its line of battle, rejoicing in old leadership and hailing with delight the standards that bear the familiar devices of true Democracy.

The young men who fight for Democratic success in this time of political conflict will in after years have the proud satisfaction of remembering that they fought for safe counsels in the administration of their Government, for the protection of our national mission against interruption and perversion, for the increased comfort of the people in their homes, and for the defense of their interests against the encroachments of organized selfishness and greed.

Editor's Note—This article by ex-President Grover Cleveland on Why a Young Man Should Vote the Democratic Ticket follows an article by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, published in last week's issue of this magazine, on Why a Young Man Should Vote the Republican Ticket.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

Two Tales in One—One Tale in Two

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

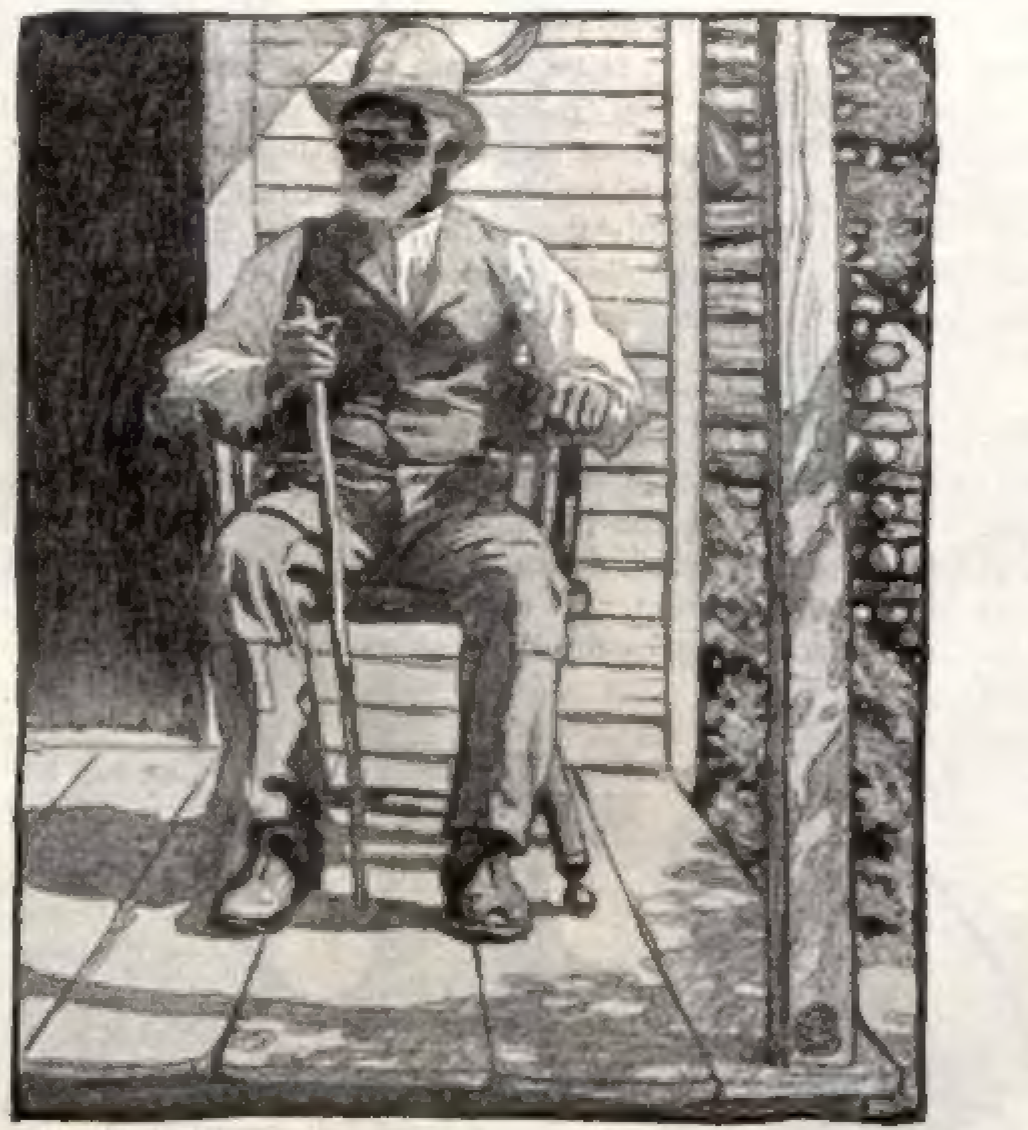
Folks think dey er smart, an' I speck it's so,
Kaze most anybody bleeze ter know what dey know,
But when you dig down ter de trufe an' all,
You feel like creepin' thoo a hole in de wall,
An' you don't want de hole fer ter be too wide,
Kaze you want a place whar you kin hide—
Fer dat what you know mighty certain an' sho
Ain't mo' dan a thimbleful ter what you ain't know.

When you run yo' head in a hornets' nes'
You kin say what you please an' think de res',
But de ve'y fust thing dat you wanter do
Is ter git up fum dar an' shuffle yo' shoe.
Man! I wish you'd hush! You wanter git away,
Dey ain't money nuff fer ter make you stay!
Well, what you dunno is got claws an' wings,
It zoons in yo' y'ear, it zoons an' stings!

What! Tell you a tale dat I dunno?
Is you ever hear de one 'bout Tippity-Toe?
You ain't! Well, dat's mighty funny ter me,
An' I speck I better tell 'bout Flee-ter-my-Knee—
One tale in two, an' two tales in one,
By de time dey er finish' dey er mighty nigh done;
You'll lissen an' laugh, you'll lissen an' cry,
But yo' face will be straight an' yo' eye will be dry!

Dey wuz born in a well, an' dey wa'n't no doubt
Dat dey couldn't fall in, so dey had ter fall out,
An' de folks all say dat it sho wuz a sin
Fer ter be fallin' out when dey oughter fall in;
An' dey wonder'd an' wonder'd how dat kin be,
An' dey hunted an' hunted fer Flee-ter-my-Knee,
But he wa'n't ter be foun', ner Tippity-Toe,
An' dat's how come dey ain't nobody know.

An' down ter dis day, when folks settin' still,
An' lookin' 'way off 'cross de creek an' de hill,
An' frownin' up when dey shuts der eyes,



Er puttin' on specks fer ter make um look wise,
Dey er wond'rin' (special ef dey rubs der chin)
How it feels ter fall out when you oughter fall in;
Dey er watchin' an' waitin' an' tryin' ter see
Little Tippity-Toe an' Flee-ter-my-Knee.

Sometimes in de night you'll hear a mouse squeal
Kaze Tippity-Toe done trod on his heel,
An' sometimes you'll wake an' hear de wall crack,
But it's Flee-ter-my-Knee a-drivin' a tack;
Dey gits in de kitchen an' makes de pans leak,
An' dey creeps in de closet an' makes de shoes screak;
An' dey stops de clock—but der purtiest trick
Is ter swing on de pennel-um an' make it tick.

In de middle er de night, when you hear de dog howl,
An' de bullfrog grumble like he talkin' ter de owl,
An' de killdee holler like he skeer'd ter death,
An' de win' do like she's a-hol'in' her breath,
An' de moon slips along twel she fin's a cloud
Fer ter hide behime, an' de geeses all crowd
Close up tergedder, it's bekaze dey see
Little Tippity-Toe an' Flee-ter-my-Knee.

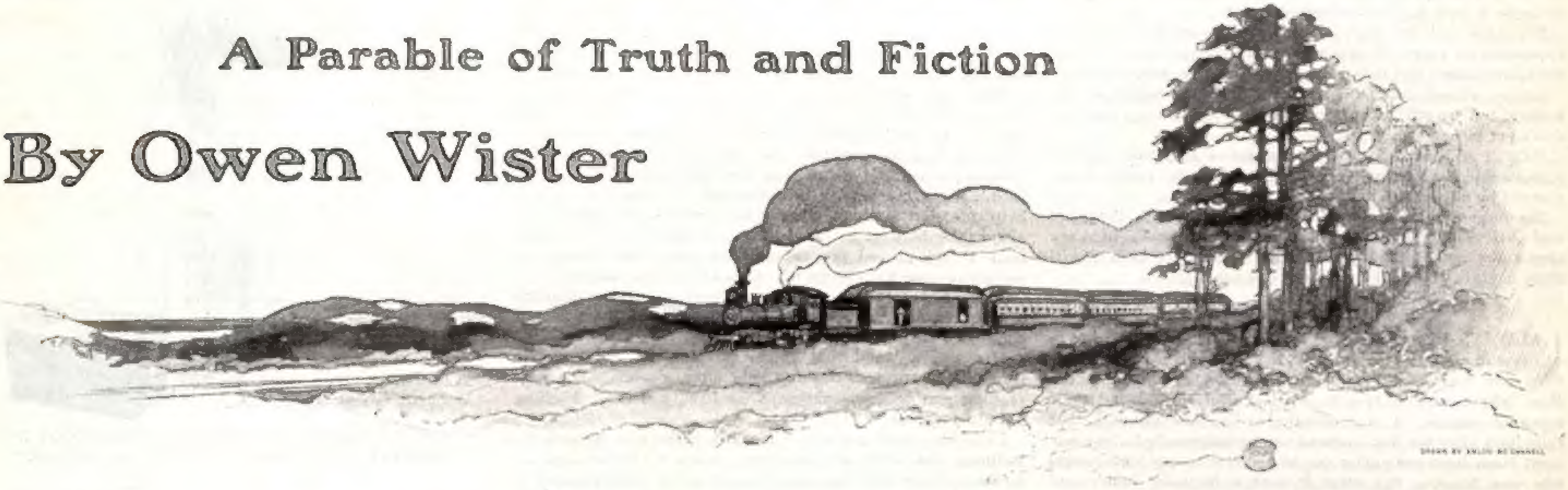
An' de katydids, wid der chatterin' song,
You'd think 'twould take um all night long
Fer ter tell what dey ain't do, an' what dey done,
A-jawin' an' 'sputin', one by one,
But, turnin' twelve, dey simmers down,
An' you can't hear one fer miles aroun'.
Dey er mo' dan willin' fer ter gi' de flo'
Ter Flee-ter-my-Knee an' Tippity-Toe.

An' chillun like you better keep der eyes skun
So dey'll know what's mischief fum dat what's fun,
Kaze Flee-ter-my-Knee an' Tippity-Toe
Dey er watchin' you close wharsomever you go—
Wharsomever you go, whatsomever you do;
Dey er wid you all day an' de whole night thoo;
Dey'll raise up de kivver when you er in bed,
An' pull at yo' toes an' tousel yo' head,
An' you'll whimper an' groan, an' jump in yo' sleep,
An' be slidin' down places dat's slick an' steep,
An' Rawhead-an'-Bloody-Bones'll be drivin' his teams
Bofe backerds an' forrerds thoo all er yo' dreams!
How you gwineter keep um off? Why, honey, whirl in
An' try ter be good—des ez good ez you kin!

STANWICK'S BUSINESS

A Parable of Truth and Fiction

By Owen Wister



I—AT THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION

I HAD, that hot afternoon, after all the preliminaries of ticket and baggage were serenely accomplished, a luxurious little margin of minutes before my train's departure to the New Jersey coast; so that amid the press and gasp of obviously desperate travelers in front of me at the Bureau of Information (where I merely wanted the new summer time-table) I stood reflecting how great among our lesser blessings it is to have enough time at a railway station—especially when the whole world, apparently, is (as I saw it put in a newspaper headline) "Rushing to Neptune's arms." I was making this comfortable reflection when Stanwick came up behind me and, in his inveterate way, apprised me of his imminence by giving me a slap on the back at which even the bystanders turned round. I never knew him to fail in this demonstration. Of course, I turned round myself; and my greeting to him was, I cannot choose but suspect, moderate. I've nothing against Stanwick; his good humor is sleepless, he is always eager to back his opinion with a bet, or to beat you at golf, tennis, billiards and dominoes, or to swallow more food or drink than you can; his railroad stories command a thrilled and enormous public, and there is an egregious go to them—as there is to him. For he walks with an egregious go, and he sits down with an egregious go, and there's an egregious go about his shirt linen; and when I see him coming—though I've absolutely nothing against Stanwick—I am apt to speed from his approach. I hoped we weren't taking the same train this afternoon. But, as it immediately turned out, we were.

"Going to the shore?" he resounded at me, and told me, without waiting, that Salamis Grove was his point. "Best place in Jersey!" he declared heartily. "Best surf, best hotels, best sport. I've tried all the others—Charlemagne Beach, Sorrento Park, Sneak-box River, Squankawan, Shakespeare-by-the-Sea—the whole bunch of 'em, and give me Salamis. Where have you been lately?" he now asked, and again saved me the effort of speech by informing me that he had been to Scranton. "Yes. Been to Scranton. Getting material for big railroad wreck story—hot stuff!" Stanwick too frequently employs the distressing idiom of the hour. "Are you going to the shore? Salamis Park in my opinion——"; but you need not hear Stanwick's further opinion of this spot. Indeed, I did not hear it myself. Stanwick (as you will doubtless have noticed) has the jovial monologue habit. Every fifty or sixty words he drops you a question, and goes immediately on with the monologue. Thus is created for him the illusion that he is hearing all your news, while at the same time he is spared the wear and tear of listening to you. But the jovial monologue habit spares you, also; I didn't learn Stanwick's opinions any more than he learned my destination; I merely said "Ah-ha" and "Um-um" at him now and then, and thought of something else. He would soon ask me if I had read his new story, and I would say yes, because he would never stop long enough to find out the truth.

Still, my previous serenity was growing troubled. We were approaching the window of the Information Bureau at the usual speed of three inches a minute. A piebald cluster of us pressed forward together. Most of us carried chattels, and all of us glared with mournful, unanimous eyes at the young man in the information window. A white lady with a basket of plums was asking him the best way to go to Skaneateles; next her a black clergyman from time to time very sadly inquired if the Tuskegee Convention special car started from this station; behind him a stumpy woman with emigrant hair poked a scrawl of paper up at everybody in general, and hoarsely ejaculated the word "Smork"; two Italians with shifting feet paid no heed to my freshly polished, defenseless shoes, while a stolid agriculturist pressed a live rooster against my heart. There were more of us; but now my body from neck to heels was latticed with trickling streams of sweat, and my endurance gave forth a sigh. I said: "All I want is a time-table to Shakespeare-by-the-Sea."

The young man in the window lifted his eye from the volume whence he was gradually extracting the route to Skaneateles. "Then you want Long Branch Division," he remarked, and he reached me the time-table.

Stanwick broke his monologue. "Long Branch? That's my train. Going pretty soon, isn't it?"

I told him, in nine minutes.

The young man lifted his eye again and spoke in the cold voice of supremacy. "Four o'clock just gone. Next train 5:58 to-morrow morning."

"The dickens!" Stanwick cried out.

"It's nothing of the sort!" I proclaimed emphatically, for I don't like the cold voice of supremacy. "It goes at 4:09 by the Delaware Bridge, and I'm taking it myself."

The young man got a time-table and saw he was in error; then, with the chronic self-justification that distinguishes the inaccurate, he growled: "Well, she wasn't running *last* Monday. It's only 468's second trip this season."

"And they call this an Information Bureau!" exclaimed Stanwick.

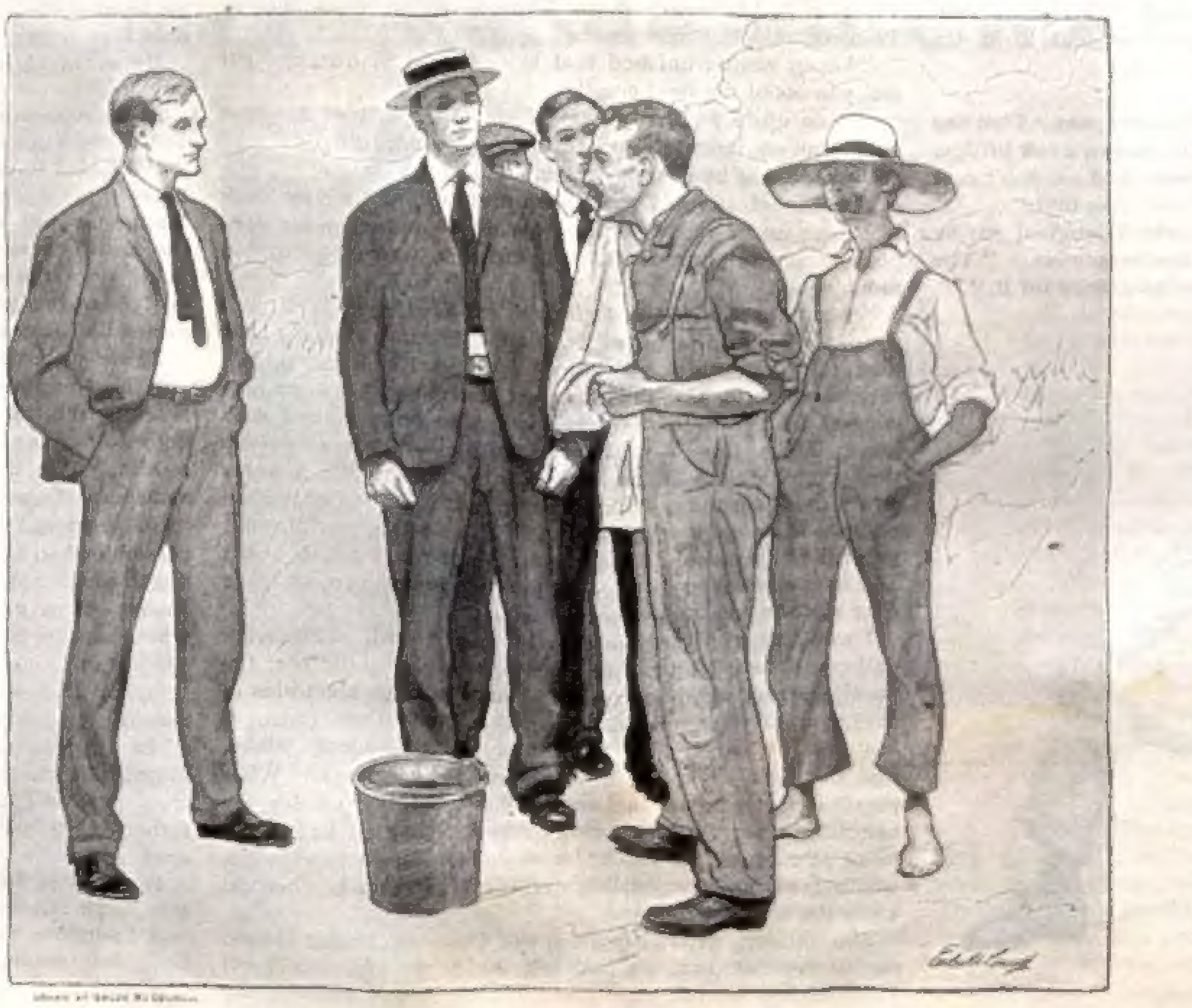
"Certainly," I said. "Information for the young man. Thus the Pennsylvania road causes its patrons to educate its recruits."

"Does the Tuskegee Convention——?" began the clergyman mildly.

"Wait for your turn!" barked the young man.

"Smork," said the emigrant again; and on this we left the group.

We moved toward the news-stand, for I wished an afternoon paper. I was, however, not destined to read this.



FROM THIS PLASTERED GRIME THE ENGINEER WAS BEGINNING TO EMERGE AS DOES THE DAWN FROM NIGHT

"Seen my new story?" Stanwick inquired. "Out yesterday." He did not hear my hasty assent.

It would have been hard to escape seeing that such a tale existed; the magazine announced it flamboyantly all over the news-stand, with the author's name, and a red and blue locomotive upside-down in a river. "Buy it for you," the author continued. "You can read it in the train and tell me how you like it." And he employed another idiom. "It's a peach!" he stated, while I murmured words of gratitude and anticipation not listened to by him. I now made out in front of the books and periodicals, which he was studying sourly, another literary acquaintance, a critic, whom Stanwick saw at the same time and instantly hailed with one of his claps on the back.

"Hello, Ortley! Going to the shore? I'm bound for Salamis Park. Best surf on the Jersey coast. Guess you've read my new story. You critic chaps have to keep up with—"

But Ortley, with acid imprudence, cut in: "I've had no time for your new story, and I'm taking the 4:09 to Plantagenet Harbor."

Stanwick clapped him again. "My train! Buy it for you. You'll read it on the way, and I'll get your expert testimony. Ha, ha! Expert testimony!" and he beckoned the news agent, shouting, "Two copies of the July Colossus."

Ortley made his favorite conservative gesture; he stroked the silken cord of his eyeglasses. But he and I and all quiet people are no match for Stanwick. I rather wondered at Ortley's attempting to cope with the author as he returned upon us, a Colossus in each hand, saying: "There you are—cost you nothing. Cost the public ten cents."

"And what, pray, does it cost the magazine?" inquired Ortley—a most foolish method of attack.

Stanwick did not even see it *was* an attack. "Oh, it's expensive for them. I don't know how much they pay for the illustrations, but they have to pay me fifty cents a word."

Ortley winced as the Colossus was thrust into his limp fingers, but he still attempted to cope. "I'm surprised you don't get more."

"Oh, I'm going to on the new series that the editor of Pan-America has arranged for. Let's get to the parlor car or there'll be no seats."

He forged onward through the crowd, through the gate; and Ortley, following helpless in his powerful wake, held my arm tight and hissed incessantly: "Fifty cents a word! Fifty cents! He shall have expert testimony."

II—EXPERT TESTIMONY

I ALWAYS like to see what kind of locomotive is going to draw my train; especially on the Pennsylvania Railroad, where, in their struggle for motive power as efficient as the New York Central's, they have indefinitely multiplied their types of engine. I, accordingly, in the few minutes that remained after we had secured our seats, strolled along our short train from the parlor car in the rear to our locomotive. She was Number 853, class P, with a Belpaire boiler and medium drivers—sixty-eight inches at most—not much of a locomotive; the railroad has better than that, though I naturally abstained from any such tactless comment to the engineer. Evidently before my arrival he had given them the air, the brake testing was over, and he was down now out of the cab with his oil-can.

"So they don't run an E on this train," I began to him.

Even in this his engineer's pride felt an inferential slight upon 853. "We get all the speed we want."

With that, spoken very quietly in a capable, independent voice, he continued his last preparations before the start.

I watched him drop some oil on the guides, and I put conciliation in my next attempt at talk. "Of course you do! Only they seem to be running E's on all their fast expresses: E's and L's."

To this, which called for no answer, he gave none. He was thirty-three, I suppose, with a face of marked seriousness, and he wore spectacles, something that I never before happened to notice an engineer wearing. But for a certain hammered, weather-beaten courage in his features he might have passed for some Greek or History professor wearing inappropriate overalls.

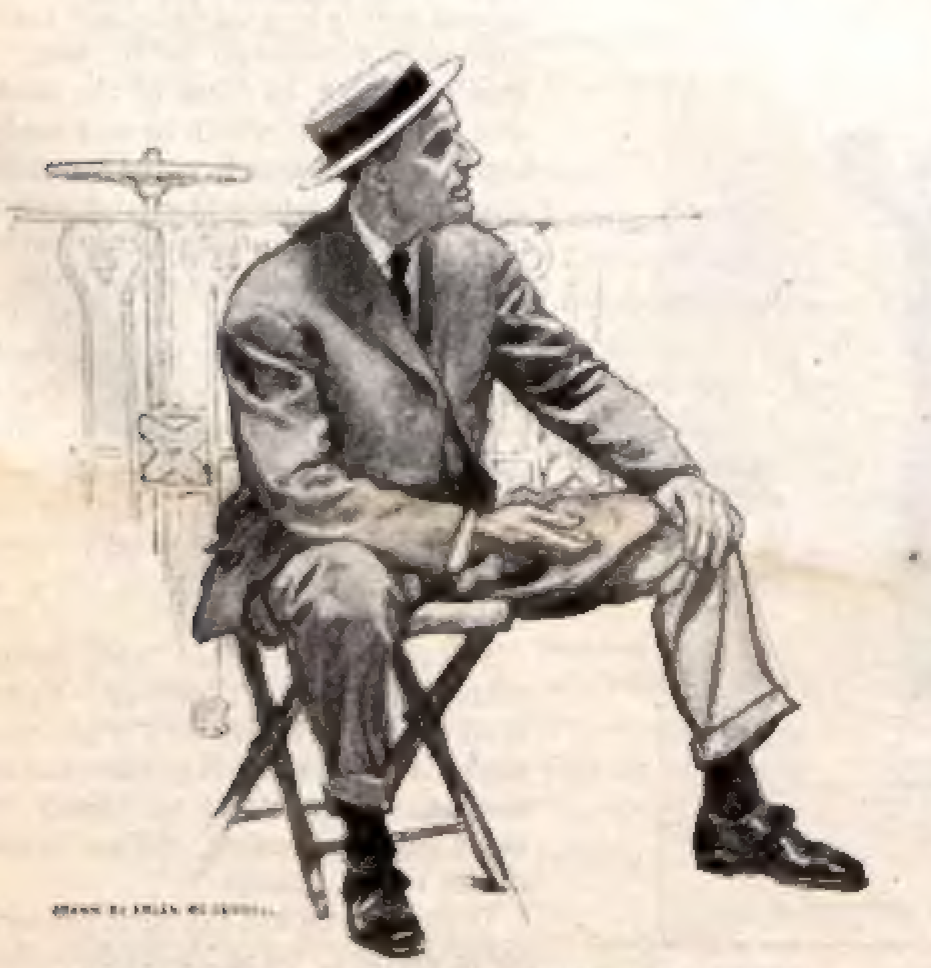
Still I didn't give it up. "I suppose with this light train through a country like Jersey you can make any time you please?"

He finished oiling a crank-pin, and looked at me quietly and without encouragement. "We can generally get there," he remarked; and then his eye fell on the Colossus in my hand. He made a brushing gesture at it with his knuckles, and said: "They've hired a prize liar to write for them." And on my inquiring who, he explained: "There's a railroad story in that thing. The call-boy had it in the roundhouse, and we took it away from him."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. We took last month's away from him, too. That one had an engineer putting on full speed to cross a weak bridge. The boy is intending to be a railroad man, and we don't care to have him grow up on matinée-girl trash like that."

He actually showed no interest in why I laughed so; he dropped some final drops of oil upon his locomotive. "The author," I now told him, "gets fifty cents a word for it."



"WHAT KILLS A BRIDGE IS FIRST, VIBRATION, SHAKING, AND THEN THE DRAG ON IT"

And this did at last awake symptoms of some emotion in him. His eyes flashed through the spectacles, though I don't know what with. Anger, it may have been, but never amusement; at any rate, I had seen that his expression could change, which I had begun to doubt. Once more I was to have a proof of it, but that came later in our little journey. He now had much interest for me, while I, alas! had none for him; he climbed actively into his cab without more notice of me, and made it impossible to ask him how an engineer should cross a weak bridge. I decidedly wished to know! —and how extremely Ortley would wish to know! When you are a boy, I reasoned, and you go skating, you always skate as fast as possible over those thin spots, denoted "tickly-benders." You break through if you don't. Why, then, should not a weak bridge—well, speculation couldn't help me; but what a close miss—and close misses are always the hardest to bear! I fairly grieved to think how near I had grazed possessing knowledge with which not merely to cope with Stanwick, but to slay him outright.

These thoughts had brought me back along the platform to the cars, and were broken by the voice of the newsboy coming to me out of the open windows.

His was a wandering voice, carrying its chant slowly through the train: "Nothing sold after leaving. Buy your reading matter now. Colossus for July, just out. Nothing old after lesving."

I saw the conductor with his watch at the rear steps of the Pullman, his hand waved a sign, the air-whistle sounded forward in the cab, and our train got into faint motion. I mounted the steps nearest me, and passed on my way to the Pullman between the thick, luxuriant rows of hot passengers, the pink, damp foreheads, the shirt sleeves, the bare necks, the fans. A sudden leaning motion of our train on one of the yard switches tilted me down upon the stout breast of a lady who was reading the Colossus; but after this I steered a straight course to my car and seat. My seat was not at all the kind that I wished to stay in; this forward half of the car was a sleeping-car (a singular arrangement for an afternoon journey of less than three hours, and a too plain symptom of an economical use of old rolling stock designed for long Western runs); ladies, nurses and children filled the sections, and I was glad to escape to the observation half of the car, where you could sit in a wicker chair, smoke, order a drink, and be out on the rear platform with a camp-stool, if you desired. Stanwick had the defenseless Ortley there already, with his Colossus, and he vigorously beckoned me to come and occupy the stool he had kept for me. I beckoned back through the big, clear window that I would stay where I was; upon which Stanwick came for me and jovially took me out.

"Ever so much better out here," he declared. "Fresh air, good view; bring the story along."

So there sat Ortley and myself on two camp-stools, each with a Colossus, and Stanwick owning both of us. We were now slowly leaving the West Philadelphia Station. For fresh air, in that gigantic railroad yard, we swallowed the smoke of generations of locomotives, and for view we saw these same locomotives, old and young, freight and passenger, and beyond them the flat, mediocre city. William Penn and his tower were blotted out in thick, black, Pennsylvania Railroad smoke.

"When you've finished that story," said Stanwick, "I'll tell you about my next one."

Words quite suddenly came from me: "At what speed should an engineer take his train over a weak bridge?"

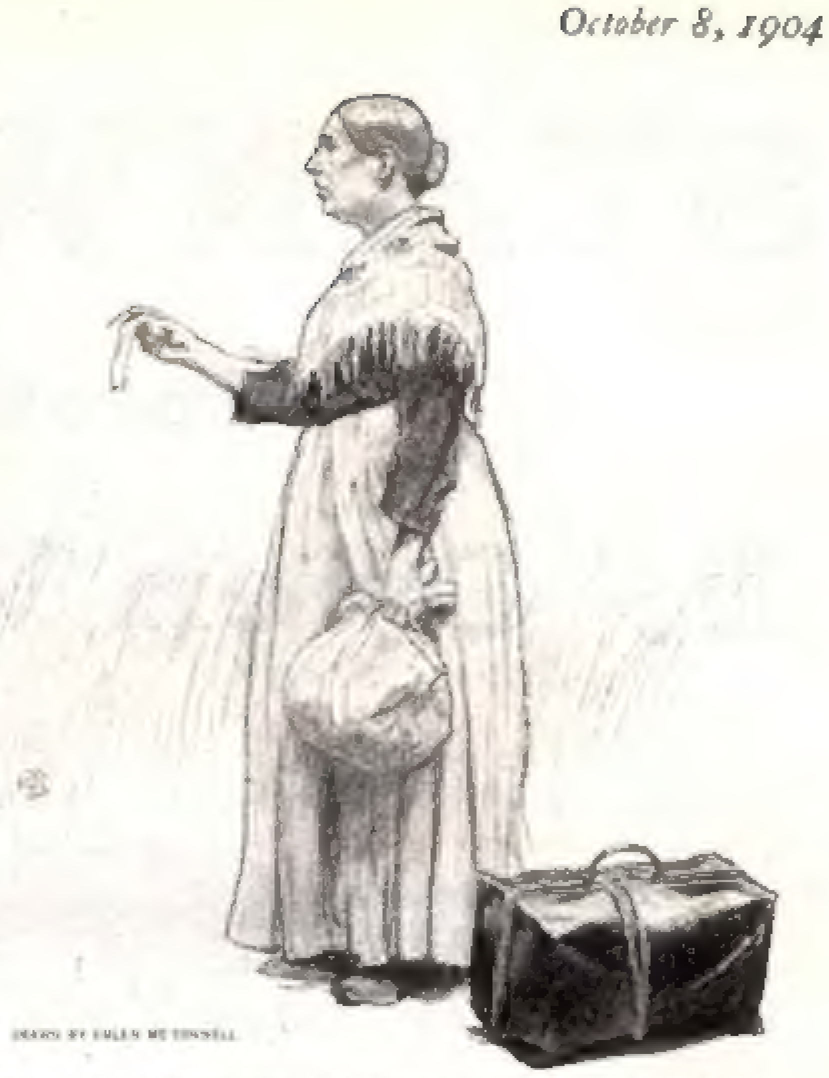
"As slow as he can, of course. Why?"

The tunnel stopped me—the tunnel where the New York tracks go under those of the main line—and when we were out of its sulphurous fumes Stanwick was off with his monologue.

"Want to know the technical explanation? Well, it's simple. What kills a bridge is first, vibration, shaking, and then the drag on it—the drag, you see, of the engine's drivers catching the rails as they haul the train—and, of course, the parallelogram of forces is to be reckoned with most. Queer thing—you'd never think it—but you combine the gravity pull with the horizontal pull, and it's a worse strain than just the gravity alone, in spite of the diminished angle. Now, as your gravity pull is a fixed quantity, your point is to have as light a horizontal pull as you can. See? So the engineer shuts off for his bridge, slows down, and gets over it, if he can, on momentum alone."

I was happy to murmur that I "saw"; and, as Stanwick galloped forward with more monologue, I dimly did see; the parallelogram of forces waked in me college memories of freshman physics, intricate, chilling memories, which I hastened to banish in a more immediate wonder: Which was the barefaced one, Stanwick or the engineer? What possible motive had the engineer for making up for my benefit a story about a bridge which Stanwick had never told? Or could Stanwick be so brazen as to fabricate a whole false and impossible technical procedure when he knew the truth?

The sudden, wide vista from the Delaware Bridge roused me to the fact that we had left the Schuylkill and North Philadelphia behind us. I saw Ortley crossly reading the Colossus, I heard Stanwick still copiously discoursing about himself to me. "You see, I know about these things," he was saying. "I wasn't a railroad man ten years for nothing. Well, I won't keep you from my story any longer."



POKED A SCRAWL OF PAPER UP AT EVERYBODY IN GENERAL, AND HOARSELY EJACULATED "SMORK"

We had now swung off from the double-track Atlantic City road, and come into that seashore branch which passes through Mount Holly and Whitings on its way to Bay Head. I read Stanwick's title: "Old Irongrip's Last Signal."

"Got the material in California," Stanwick put in. "Happened in the tules during the '94 strike. But I don't want to interrupt you."

What did interrupt me was Jersey's fecund yellow loam, rising, as we swept through West Moorestown, in cloaking clouds, blinding my eyes, turning gritty the pages of my magazine.

"There's no use out here!" I said.

"It's better after this," said Stanwick; "but the sun's hot." And all three of us came in from the platform.

Stanwick's story began:

"'Let them dare,' said old Irongrip, as he turned his steel-gray eyes from the time board, and rested them with proud affection upon the blooming slip of a girl who had addressed him."

Yes, it was once more the egregious go, right in the first line; and I counted the pages to see how much of it there was going to be. I presently found that I had read nothing more, but was gazing emptily at the illustrations, which were plentiful, and just like photographs. To be just like photographs is the triumph of magazine art.

"Glad to see you, sir," said the conductor, an acquaintance of several summers in the train. He handed my return coupon back. "You got that, too?" he commented; then his hand made a brushing gesture at the Colossus. "Only one thing wrong with that story," and he laughed gayly.

Hope, at these words, stirred in my heart. "What's wrong?"

At his next words my heart leaped. "The printed matter. The illustrations are all right." He again laughed gayly.

His ticket duties took him away from me, but I sat happy; I would get things out of that conductor. We were only at Hainesport, the train was just picking up speed again after the bad S curve and the drawbridge, Jersey corn and farm fields were not yet merging into Jersey sand and pines; oh, yes! there was plenty of time for that conductor to help me cope with Stanwick.

I now sped with haste through Old Irongrip's adventure, and by the time I had read the last words we were just reaching Whitings. At this melancholy junction a passenger got into our car and bellowed at everybody who would look at him, "I've waited an hour and nineteen minutes!" until somebody fiercely said: "That's nothing for Whitings," which rendered him silent. But I was grateful to him; the conductor had to return to our car for his ticket, and this produced a better arrangement than I had planned for Stanwick. Instead of seeking the conductor in one of the forward cars where he kept himself, I had him and his expert information comfortably in our midst.

Ortley had not finished Irongrip, Stanwick was sipping something with cracked ice that the porter had brought him, when I began on the conductor. We had seven or eight minutes before the stop at Tom's River would take him away from me, and I started my stratagem well. "Do you know, I rather like this story?" I frankly handed him the Colossus, open.

He held it, looking at it. "Well, the public seem to." His laugh interrupted him. "We railroad men—look here; now I suppose this caught you." He began to read aloud the final sentences, and at the words, and his skillfully blighting tone, all things happened as I wished; Ortley laid down his Colossus and Stanwick took the cracked ice beverage from his lips. "'Though he well knew what must come (read the conductor), he never stirred from his seat, never took his steady hand from the throttle as the locomotive made its fatal plunge through the trestles. And so they found faithful old Irongrip, still holding that throttle, in the mud and slime. No; it was only his crushed, mortal clay that they found. Heaven had given the white signal to him, and his soul had an open track.' There!" said the conductor. "And the newsboy sells out his stock of that magazine, and a fat lady up front is crying over it right now. She don't know why they happened to find old What's-his-Name—Eagletooth——"

"Irongrip," said Stanwick.

"Dead in his cab at the bottom of the river."

The train slowed, the conductor broke off abruptly; it was Tom's River.

"Oh, come back!" Ortley wailed.

"I'll get a chance," said the conductor, "after we leave Seaside Park."

Ortley elaborately congratulated Stanwick. "What luxury," he murmured, "to have one's tales appreciated by those they so accurately describe!"

Stanwick was all good humor. "That's all right! Do me the favor, when he comes, not to tell my name." He rose. "I want to see that lady cry. Come on, Ortley."

But the critic sat. "Thank you, I'll take the conductor's word for it."

"Nothing the matter with Ortley," Stanwick remarked to me as I went forward with him, "except that he doesn't get fifty cents a word. Now, where's that old lady?" We traversed two cars, and caught up with the conductor.

"I know her," I told Stanwick, and I took him toward the matron upon whose breast I had fallen.

"Yes, that's her," said the conductor. "Lord, lord, why the men are fooled by it, too!"

"You don't take these stories as hard as your engineer does," I said. And I related my experience.

"Well, he's taking all life with some emphasis just now," the conductor explained. "He had two hundred dollars in a building association, and it busted."

"That lady," said Stanwick, "has a strong, intelligent countenance."

I looked, and I could not contradict him. She was lending her Colossus to a neighbor, and a fragment of her words reached me. " . . . teach an ideal of duty. So much healthier than most fiction."

Something public in her voice struck me, and I touched the conductor's elbow. "Do you remember where she's going?"

"Temperance Heights," he replied. "Midsummer meeting is on."

I informed Stanwick of this as we turned back. "She will very likely lecture on your story," I said.

Ortley met us here. He hadn't been able to sit alone with his curiosity. "I have counted them," he bitterly said to me. "Seventeen passengers are reading that thing." And we returned to our wicker chairs at the rear.

"Well, I don't want to spoil your enjoyment," said the conductor—we were now running along the narrow sea sand between the Atlantic surf and the great smooth blue inlet—"but the reason they found old Eaglegrip in his cab was because he *hadn't time* to jump. That's the reason whenever you find an engineer dead in his cab. It ain't like a captain going down with his vessel. *He* stays to control his crew and get the passengers off. Engineers have nothing like that. When a smash is unavoidable the engineer has only one duty, and that's to save his life if he can, and so be ready to help the injured instead of adding to their number. When he has sounded his whistle, and shut off steam, and put on the emergency brake, he can do no more for his train, and his place is on firm ground if he can get there. Of course, if the cab happens to be the *safest* place he stays there. Why," pursued the conductor, becoming humorous again, "if the Brotherhood was to catch an engineer with a sense of duty like old Irontooth they'd suspend him till he got commonsense! Why, to employ such a fool would be a *crime*; he'd be dangerous! He belongs in a lunatic asylum! But the newsboy sold his stock out, and I guess the writer of that story knows his business. He's not writing for us railroad folks." The train was slowing for the flag-stop at Mantoloking, and the conductor left us.

It had not come out with a handsomeness equal to my hopes, equal to what the engineer, I felt, would have made of it if he, with his more emphatic view of life, could have given us his opinion of the story and its writer. The lighter-minded conductor had, with a sophistication that denoted his higher development, praised Stanwick's knowledge of the emotional public. Still, Stanwick might feel a trifle stung by the blast which laid bare his total perversion of railroad life, and knocked clean away the underpinning of his hero.

Ortley, I could see plainly, expected to triumph, and addressed the author with: "And what have you to say now?"

But Stanwick had by no means been stung; his good humor gushed. "Say? Why, the conductor has said it all, and said it straight. I could have told him the duties of an engineer: I've been one myself. But I'm an author now, and I write for the sentimental million who don't want realism, but the unreal realistically described. Where's your melodrama in an engineer who jumps? Why, don't you know that the heroic engineer who dies with his engine is one of our biggest popular delusions? He's an ideal with all boys and women, and most men; and if I can make fifty cents a word out of him why should I go and bust him? I couldn't get five cents a word for an engineer who jumped."

"No matter," said Ortley; "the truth before everything."

"But why, Ortley?" I cried, for I was beginning to enjoy the critic. "Why destroy their ideal?"

Stanwick added: "Where's the harm for them to believe an engineer sticks to the throttle—so long as they're not going to be engineers?"

Ortley couldn't see it. "No good ever comes from fraud," he snarled.

Stanwick's good humor fairly bathed the critic. "Ortley, you are simply immense! Well, I must go get a look at those seventeen passengers reading about poor old Irongrip."

This, however, was a feast not destined for his eyes.

III—AT THE Y-SWITCH

YOU must know that north of Bay Head Station the single track goes immediately upon a trestle across a brown Jersey pond, and then for a few curving yards to a cross-road where a flagman is. A little grove—a Jersey grove of little oaks, little pines and thick, short foliage in general—hides from the engineer what's ahead until he has finished the curve and reached the grove, and may be going pretty fast; for now he has a straight mile or so of double track to Point Pleasant. The grove lasts for perhaps two hundred yards to another road-crossing and a Y-switch. The engines of both the Pennsylvania and Jersey Central trains from New York, which end their run at Point Pleasant, come down to use this Y-switch, and any engine backing from it to the main track is invisible until too late; hence an engineer leaving Bay Head watches the flagman. This afternoon there happened to be the combination of one careless man and one imbecile.

We had left Bay Head, crossed the trestle, come to the grove, and Stanwick was on his feet to go watch his seventeen passengers, when three, four, five—I don't know how many—hoarse, horrible whistles screamed from our locomotive. I saw us all staring at each other, Stanwick shooting forward and catching something; then came a dead, heavy shock. It

(Continued on Page 29)

The Tin Railroad, Incorporated

The Story of the Fight for a Controlling Interest

By George Randolph Chester

WITH a "chug" and a whir of driving-wheels the Overland Flyer came to a standstill, trembling and hissing and panting in vain fury at the soft but unyielding wall before it. All day long the landscape had been hidden by a curtain of swirling white flakes, but here the feathery screen had piled down into a compact mass that choked Eagle Pass from mouth to mouth.

Through the parlor-car Los Amigos stalked the conductor, shedding snow from his cap and his coat, his trousers and shoes, wiping snow from his mustache and filling the compartment, from one end to the other, with the very odor of snow. The hawk-faced old man, whose well-bundled feet protruded into the aisle from chair 5, shivered as the conductor swept by, enveloped in his chill aura of wintry outdoors, and looked up with a snarl.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Snowed in," was the laconic reply.

The conductor had flung the answer back over his shoulder as he hurried on, but another question from the sharp-featured old man halted him for a moment.

"I want to know," the old man protested, "how long my time is likely to be wasted?"

"I can't say, sir," civilly answered the conductor, recognizing a possible stockholder. "It might be two hours or it might be two days. Snow blocks in Eagle Pass are rather uncertain."

The old gentleman scowled for reply, pulled his skull cap closer over his head, huddled himself more snugly in his wrappings, and deepened every wrinkle in his face.

The effect of the conductor's announcement differed with each one of the other fifteen passengers. The groom looked fiercely ready for any emergency, while the bride looked overly trustful in the groom. They squeezed hands and exchanged a glance that made the dyspeptic, who sat opposite the bride, groan inwardly and hunt up his pepsin bottle. The athletic-looking young man up near the front, the chinless youth farther back, and the red-headed man toward the rear, all followed the conductor out of the car. The traveling salesman took advantage of the occasion to smile across the aisle at the pretty girl, and the pretty girl improved the opportunity to tilt up her chin and ignore the traveling salesman. The racehorse man and the ranchman, in the rear seats next the smoking compartment, struck up an instant conversation on the rottenness of the road which would permit such things. The fat man went to sleep without an effort, and the nice-looking old lady hunted out an uncompleted blue yarn sock and fell to knitting. The bright-looking small boy in the front chair turned to the attractive young woman who sat just behind him, and said, in an awed tone loud enough for the whole car to hear:

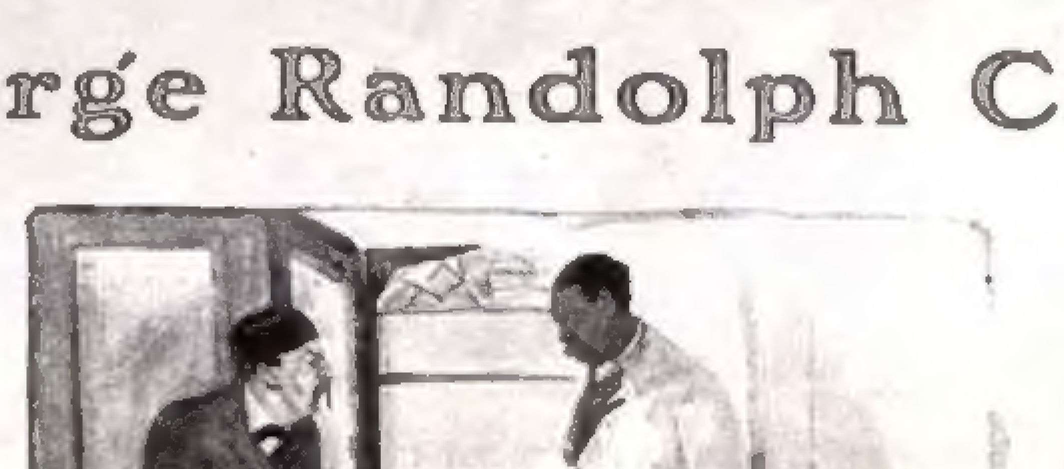
"Oh, Aunty! Have we got to stay here now until God comes and gets us out?"

Everybody laughed but the dyspeptic, the fat man and the old man with the skull cap. Even the bride and groom smiled. "Aunty," of course, turned pink, and the observing man in the front chair across from her laid down his novel with sudden interest. "Aunty" is a far different word from "Mamma."

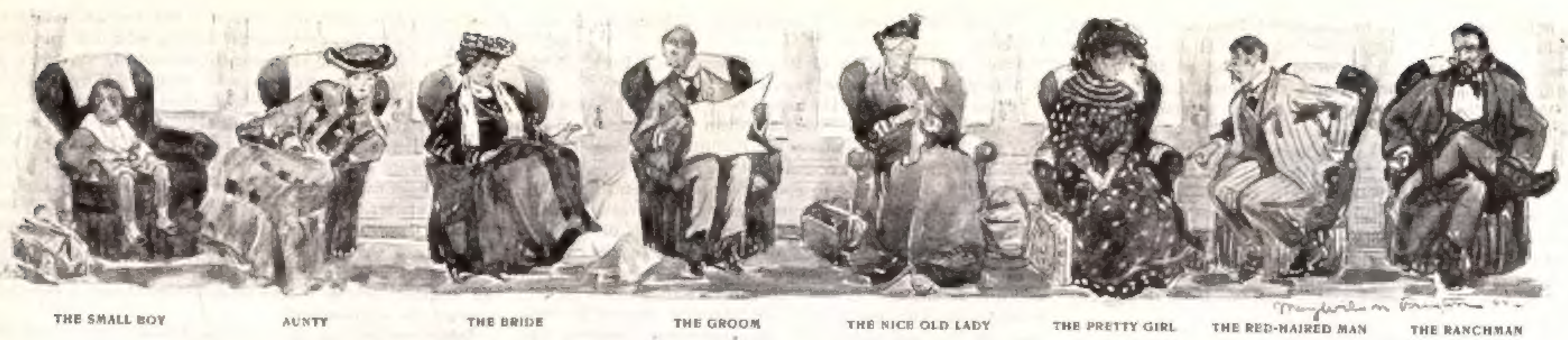
A dull half-hour elapsed. The chinless youth returned to deepen the gloom with a hopeless report of their situation. The small boy had looked out of every window in turn, had taken a fitful nap in Aunty's arms, and now was awake and fretful.

"Now what shall I do, Aunty?" he asked for the dozenth time. "Why isn't there another little boy for me to play with? Aunty, why didn't you bring some toys along for me? Aunty! May I go out and play in the snow? Why can't I, Aunty? Say, Aunty! Tell me a story!"

The observing man across the aisle mightily admired the patience with which Aunty met this onslaught, and then he humanely came to the rescue. He suddenly picked up the large pasteboard box that lay at the side of his chair, and broke the string with a loud snap. The small boy sat up and watched him with discontented interest. The man took off the lid, revealing a metallic glint and a hint of bright colors. The small boy leaned forward, wide awake. The man took out a large toy railroad engine, with a lot of red and gilt upon its black body, and solemnly held it in his hands without looking to the right or to the left. He didn't seem to notice the small boy at all, so that wide-eyed young gentleman



"YES, SAH," REPLIED SAM, EYING A CRISP FIVE-DOLLAR NOTE



THE SMALL BOY AUNTY THE BRIDE THE GROOM THE NICE OLD LADY THE PRETTY GIRL THE RED-HAIRED MAN THE RANCHMAN

slowly scrambled down to the floor, and looked and looked and looked. The man still paid no attention to him, so he edged closer and closer, and at last, in absolute fascination, leaned against the man's chair and, with his eyes bulging, devoured that engine, wheel by wheel and stripe by stripe. The man slowly moved the marvel and placed it in the small boy's hands. From the depths of that small boy's soul came up a sigh of deep, almost painful ecstasy, and as the chubby fingers closed over the treasure the youngster's eyes stole a shy glance at the man and were met with a look of such whimsical good fellowship that he knew at once what grown-ups so seldom found out—that this magician of the engine was merely another small boy who looked, at first, like a man.

"See, Aunty!" cried the youngster. "It's a really little engine, with a really bell!" Then, eagerly, to the man: "Does the whistle whistle?"

The man caught a flash of amusement and gratitude from Aunty's remarkably fine brown eyes, and was amply repaid. But here was a queer thing. Aunty couldn't see that he was merely another boy. He looked like a man, entirely, to her. But then Aunty was a grown-up herself, and grown-ups are very dull about some things.

"No," replied the man to the small boy, "I'm afraid you'll have to do the whistling yourself. Can you whistle?"

For answer the small boy puckered up his lips and laboriously blew his breath in and out.

"It won't do!" the man announced positively. "You couldn't scare a cow off the track with that whistle, now, could you?"

"Not a really cow," the boy admitted, and for some strange reason the man suddenly laughed and patted him on the back, and exchanged another glance with Aunty, this time very full and frank.

"Come to think of it, an engine doesn't whistle that way, anyhow," the man suggested. "It toots. I suppose you can toot splendidly?"

The small boy nodded his head energetically at this. He was too busy to answer in words.

It was built for endurance and speed, that engine, one could see at a glance. It was solid iron, and heavy, and had an immense spring where the firebox and the water in the boiler ought to be, but then, my! you could make believe the spring was fire and water if you wanted to, couldn't you? Same way with the sandbox on top, the man explained in strict confidence. You could make believe it was just plumb full of sand! And then there was a fine cowcatcher, and a headlight with a round spot of orange yellow for the light, and, best of all, the driving-wheels were geared up with a genuine driving-rod and piston-rod, that went in and out and up and down and around and around when the wheels revolved! Oh, it *was* a dandy engine!

With a deep, deep breath of happiness the boy handed it back.

"Make it go!" he confidently demanded.

"I have to be paid first," the man assured him. "I never work for nothing. A penny is my price."

Aunty was already hunting in her purse for the penny when the boy turned to her, and she found it. The boy gravely handed it over, and the man as gravely handed him a dime.

"There's your change," said the man brusquely. "You always get change, don't you?"

The boy nodded his head doubtfully, and gazed at the coin in his hand. He turned to Aunty to see if it was all right, and meeting the laughing gleam in her eyes, he knew there was a joke in it somewhere—a dull, grown-up joke not worth inquiring into—and slipped the money, with much ostentation, in his pocket.

"I got a pocket!" he announced with proper pride.

At this point the scales fell from Aunty's eyes, and she was able to see that the man was just a big small boy, after all. But then, Aunty was rapidly ungrowing into a small girl again, and that probably accounted for it. She found herself longing to sprawl right down on the floor and play with that engine, but she didn't. She reflected, with a sigh, that engines were not girls' playthings, anyhow. She felt the old pang of resentment that boys had all the fun!

"Yes, it is a pocket!" the man exclaimed, answering the small boy and slipping his fingers into the pocket to make sure, a proceeding that was gravely permitted as being justified by a reasonable doubt. "You want to be careful of that young pocket, for as soon as it gets ripe somebody is almost sure to pick it. And now the president and section hand of the Tin Railroad will lay the track."

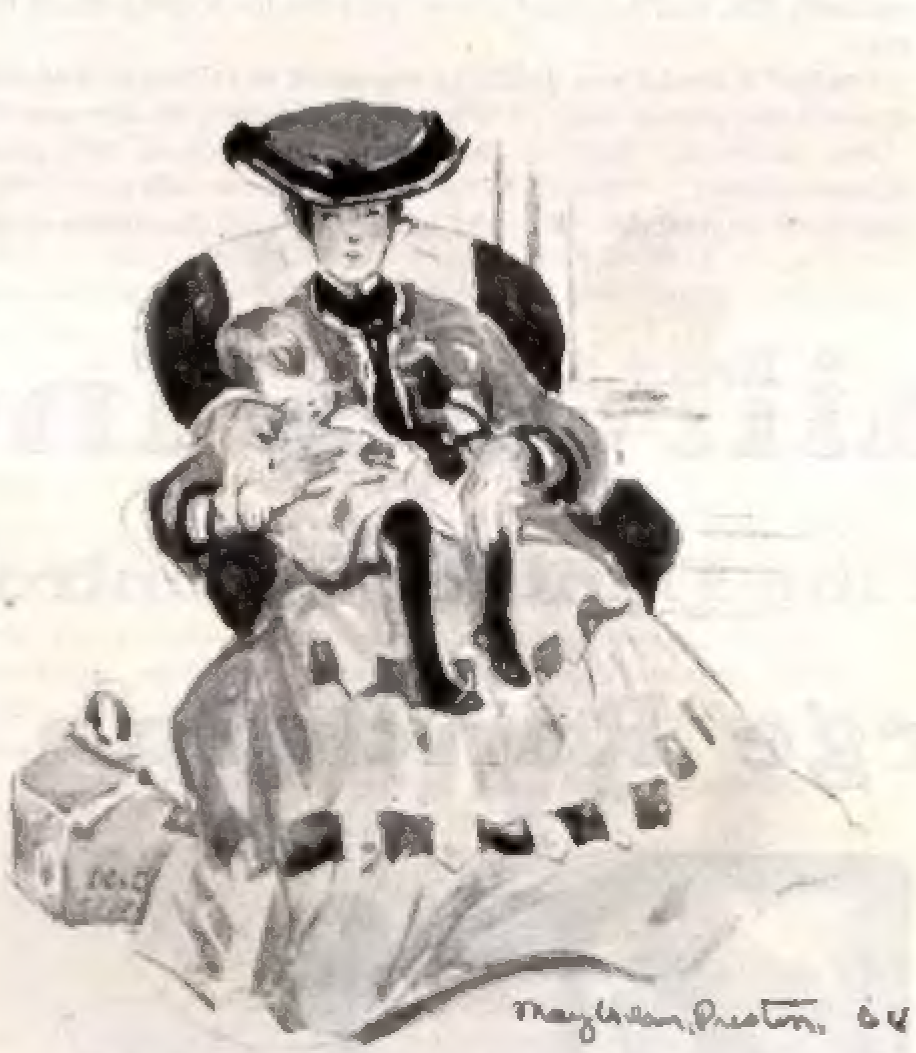
He drew a handful of curved tin track, in interlocking sections, from the pasteboard box and got down on his knees, when the sour-looking dyspeptic took a hand in the game.

"Let me help," he requested. "I've got three kids of my own."

"Certainly!" replied the president, forgiving the dyspeptic on the spot for being a dyspeptic, and handing him some of the track. "We'll just make a circle to this curve. It will fit nicely across the aisle from chair to chair, I think."

The president wound up the engine and placed it on the track. With a fine, noisy whir the miniature locomotive tore around and around the track. The effect was magical. The small boy's delight was too intense to be expressed in mere words; he stood on one leg and made faces.

"Wind it up again!" demanded the small boy, and the president wound it up again. By this time the Tin Railroad was performing to an intensely interested audience. Time after time it was sent upon its fussily energetic way, and still the novelty did not wear off. The snow block was forgotten. The conductor came through, tired and worried, but he laughed heartily and went back to call the brakeman. Both of them enjoyed it and stepped over it with the utmost care when they finally went through.



HAD TAKEN A FITFUL NAP IN AUNTY'S ARMS

"How many times does it go around at a winding?" asked the fat man.

"Eighteen," said the pretty girl quickly.

"I counted nineteen," protested the chinless youth.

"Eighteen is correct," said the drummer at the pretty girl's elbow.

"I probably counted wrong," said the pretty girl, moving away.

"Wind it up again and we'll all count," suggested the fat man.

"A five says it don't make over eighteen laps," shouted the racehorse man.

"The money's up," retorted the ranchman in almost the same breath.

The ranchman had lost fifteen dollars on this game when the small boy made a discovery of importance.

"Why, there's more track in the box!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the president. "I bought miles and miles of track," he explained; "straight track, and curved track, and really switches that work, and crossings, oh, enough to reach from the kitchen to the parlor and up and down stairs." At this point he happened to catch a speculative gleam in Aunty's eyes, and hastened to add: "And I'll bet the small nephew I'm taking it to will need every mile of it."

The president of the Tin Railroad was a bright young man, and Aunty recognized the fact. She had been wondering if he was taking the toy to—well, say one of his own children, for instance. He was a nice-looking fellow, after all. She had been in some doubt about it, especially if he had happened to be married.

"Build more track!" commanded the small boy.

"All right, sir!" agreed the president. "If you can get some of these other little boys to help we'll build a track, in from three-eighths to a half a jiffy, from one end of the car to the other and back, with crossings and switches and a station at every other chair or so."

The next half-hour was a busy one. The fat man developed a sudden genius for planning and bossing, and he had everybody, except the nice old lady and the grump with the skull cap, on their knees and working like boilermakers. At last the track was all complete except the section running past the hawk-faced old man's chair, and that had been left to the last because he had not yet moved his feet out of the aisle. The president paused and looked up cordially.

"Would you mind allowing me to move your footstool a little to one side?" he asked.

"I should!" was the surprising retort of the grump. "You see that strip of carpet running lengthwise of the car? Well, that's the aisle, and I'm not touching it. I'm entitled to put my feet out exactly as far as they are, and I'm going to keep them there!"

The ranchman leaned over to the racehorse man and said, in an audible undertone:

"Ain't it a shame he's gray-headed?"

The president had nothing to say. He simply looked pained and went back after some curved sections with which to build around the grump's feet.

II

AT LAST the thing was ready. The engine, now coupled to a squawking tender and a string of gaudy passenger coaches, was placed on the track, and the Tin Railroad was prepared for traffic. The president solemnly appointed the small boy as chief tooter, Aunty, the nice old lady, the bride and the pretty girl as station agents, the dyspeptic, the chinless youth and the racehorse man as switchmen, the fat man as boss of the repair crew, the groom, the drummer and the ranchman as the section gang. The grump, alone, had no employment. He was left to be the public, and as such could grumble all he liked.

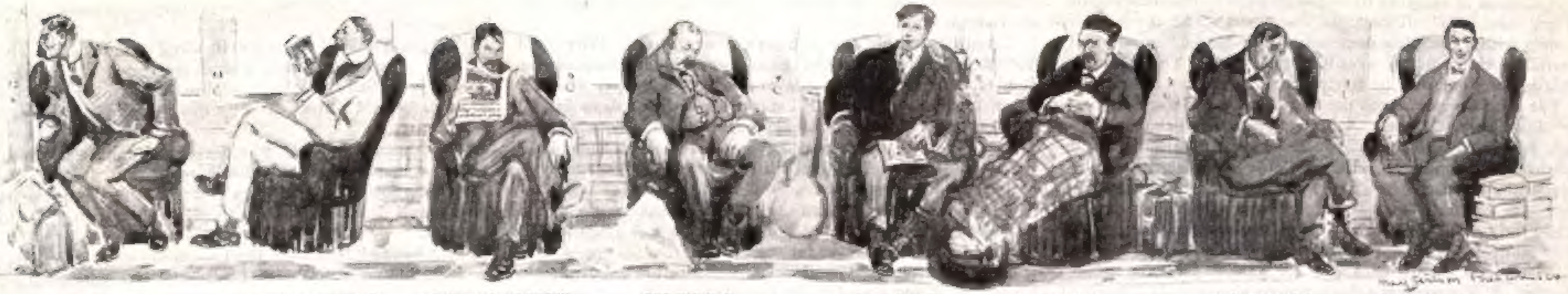
With a rush and a whizz, a squeak and a toot, the first trip was started amid the cheers of the faithful employees, but, alas! at the sharp double reverse curve around "Feetville," as the pretty girl slyly dubbed the grump's obstruction in the track, a shocking wreck took place. The fiercely earnest engine made the curve all right, but flirted its string of coaches off the track, and they, in turn, pulled the locomotive on its back, where it lay, in the centre of the aisle, wheels up, trembling and whirring until the spring ran down.

"He's a mean old beast!" declared the pretty girl to the nice old lady.

"Tut, tut, child, you mustn't say such things!" the nice old lady admonished her, and then she added as an afterthought: "But he is, though."

In the meantime, the boss of the repair crew sprang into the breach and, in an incredibly short space of time, had the derailed train in working condition and ready for the official tooter to resume his duties. The small boy was rather pleased than otherwise with the terrible disaster to the Tin Flyer, but not so the president. He merely pinched up his lips and made a longer, easier curve at Feetville. The officials and employees of the Tin Railroad resumed their posts of duty and the second trip was essayed. With its usual dizzy rush the train, loudly tooting, started out. Hurrah! It made the curve at Feetville, shot on to the other end of the route, came back triumphantly to the starting point, was switched over to the opposite side, made the return journey—and stalled, not half run down, on the ugly in and out curves at Feetville! The grump betrayed never a sign of interest.

The president scratched his head in perplexity, but he was a man who welcomed obstacles. Aunty judged that from his jaw and his eye, as she watched him think. The president suddenly paused in the operation on his scalp, his curved fingers rested tensely in his hair, and his countenance slowly



cleared. The puzzle was solved. With an engaging smile he approached the grump.

"I am going to incorporate the Tin Railroad, sir," he said, "and shall issue a thousand shares of stock. How many shares will you take for your right-of-way?"

The pretty girl gave the president a glance of appreciation that made the drummer take a strong dislike to the Tin Railroad, but he was too wise to voice an unpopular sentiment. The grump, in the meantime, at first frowned. He gazed for a moment at the monotonous swirl of snow outside, and then straightened up with a sudden interest in the proposition.

"How many shares do you keep for yourself?" he asked.

"A controlling interest, of course—say one or two shares over five hundred. With the remainder I shall purchase the entire right-of-way from the holders of the various chairs."

The grump closed his eyes for a moment.

"I'll take two hundred and fifty," he announced.

"Two hundred and fifty!" exclaimed the president. "Why, that's exorbitant! I ——"

"You've got my price. Take it or leave it," was the ultimatum of the grump, and he settled himself down, apparently for a nap.

"I'll take it," said the president.

"Let me make out your incorporation papers and stock certificates," the groom spoke up, suddenly coming to life. "I'm a lawyer, and I'll donate my services." The bride fairly gleamed with exultant pride.

So the Tin Railroad was formally incorporated under the laws of the Snow Blockade, and two hundred and fifty shares of stock were issued to the "Occupant of Los Amigos Chair No. 5."

"Just add 'or bearer' to that and all other stock," insisted the grump, and the president smilingly conceded the point. With the majority of the stock in his own possession there was nothing to fear from manipulation.

"Now let's count noses," said the president. "There are twelve of us here besides myself and the occupant of chair 5. That will give each of you twenty shares and myself five hundred and ten. All of you who are willing to surrender your rights-of-way for twenty shares of stock in the Tin Railroad, Incorporated, please rise to your feet."

The American passion to vote did not allow this proposal to seem at all out of the way. They all arose. Within five minutes everybody had his certificates of stock, and the president once more approached the grump.

"And now," said he, smiling, "if you will allow me to move your footstool ——"

"The track already extends over my right-of-way," the grump calmly informed him. "I did not agree to move my legs, which are very comfortable, thank you. I sold you a passage past my chair, and you already have it."

"Why, you confounded ——," began the president hotly, and then he suddenly restrained himself. "Look here! Won't you please let us have a straight track past this point?" he pleaded.

"That's right!" put in the pretty girl, crossing over and smiling her sweetest. "Be a nice old fellow and let us have a little fun." In her enthusiasm the pretty girl placed her hand lightly upon the president's sleeve, without noticing it, and Aunty thought she had never seen a more forward young person in all her life.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said the occupant of No. 5. "I will move my feet and give you a straight track for one hundred additional shares of stock, with the understanding that the capitalization is not to be increased."

"Which means, in other words, that I must give up one hundred shares of my stock and lose the controlling interest!" ejaculated the president. "Well, I'll do it, but I'll bet when you were a boy you stole scrap-iron!"

"It's only business, my boy, business," he was assured with an exasperating chuckle. "It will teach you to watch the wording of your contracts sharper next time."

Without reply the president went to the groom to have his own stock certificate changed and a hundred shares added to the holdings of No. 5. He was angry enough to chew pebbles, but on the way he met in Aunty's brown eyes a look of such profound indignation and deep sympathy that he had the transfer made quite cheerfully.

As soon as the old man had his hundred additional shares he promptly moved his feet, and the racehorse man leaned over to the ranchman.

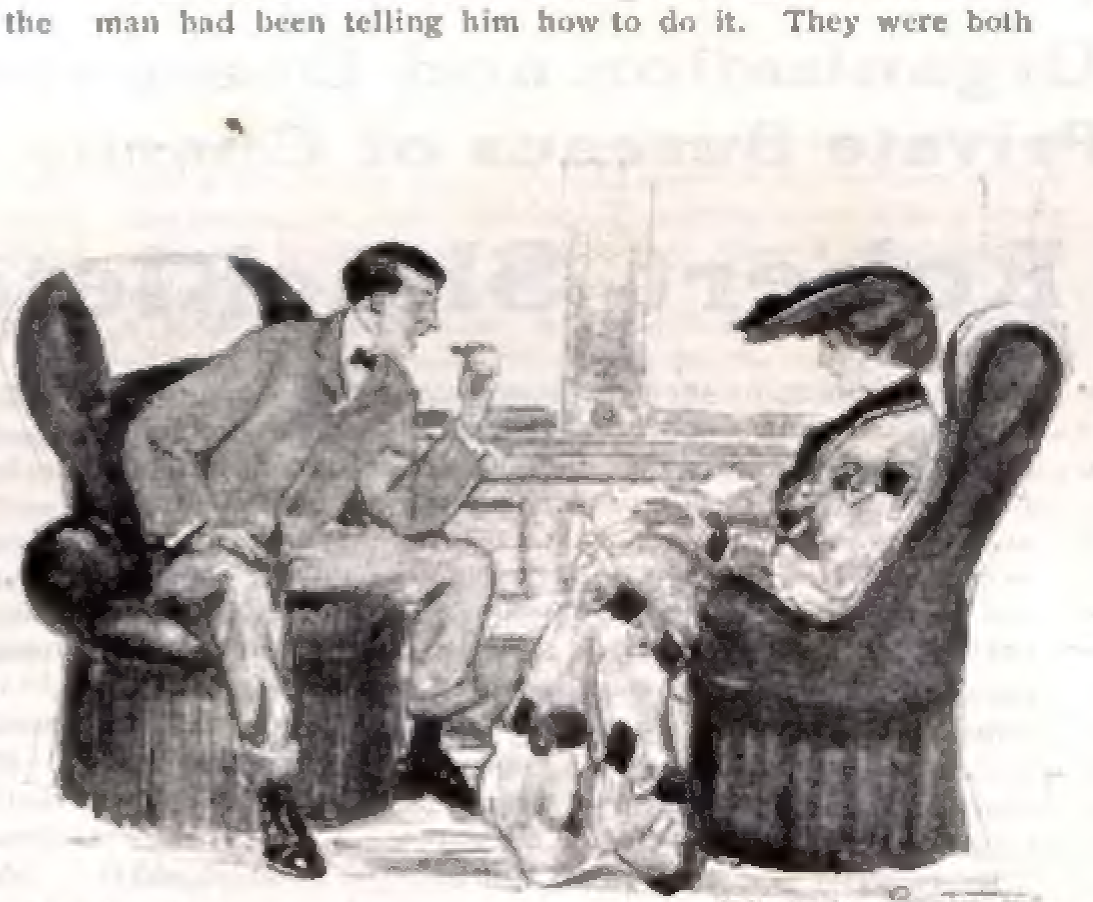
"Bet you a five the old boy owns the whole layout before we get out of this," said he.

"You're on," agreed the ranchman, "but I think you win."

The Tin Railroad, Incorporated, now did a rushing business. The officials and employees displayed a remarkable zeal, especially the official tooter, who tooted himself red in the face; and the engine had not a moment's rest for coal, water or oil. Around and around the track it spun, crossing over, crossing back, running into switches and out again on to wonderfully arranged main and branch tracks, requiring a vast deal of shouting and laughing, excited directions and quick work at the switches, and occasionally varying the program by flopping over on its back and going no place at all with a terrific burst of speed.

No. 5 viewed the whole proceeding with angry disfavor and longed with all the intensity of his very intense nature to throw the whole Tin Railroad system out the window. He possessed his soul in patience, however. He was waiting for something, and by and by it happened. The red-haired man and the athlete came stumping back into the car, and the moment he saw them he grinned. He knew what would follow, and he had been calculating on it.

The athlete had been shoveling snow and the red-haired man had been telling him how to do it. They were both tired and looking for some fresh diversion. In consequence it took the red-haired man only about thirty seconds to find out that he had been left out of something, and the howl he put up for the stock to pay for the right-of-way past chair 14 would have broken up a reservation ghost dance. No. 5 enjoyed it clean down to his chilly toes, but the president merely bit his lip and had twenty shares, each, of his stock transferred to the red-haired man and the college athlete. This left him three hundred and seventy shares and the grump three hundred and fifty. So the grump began to figure, and furtively to study the personality of every stockholder.


BEGAN TO RID HIMSELF OF A LOT OF CONVERSATION THAT HAD BEEN ACCUMULATING IN HIS SYSTEM

The small boy, having tooted himself hoarse and strutted his chubby calves tired, was now weary of the game, but his elders went into it with more zest than ever. The thing had become more important than any mere toy. It had grown into a matter of personal pride and honor—a test of supremacy. Nations have gone to war and have spilled much blood over less. Nevertheless the small boy had a tremendous influence on the subsequent stock manipulations, although all unwitting, and it came about in this wise:

"Aunty!" he exclaimed, "I'm hungry."

Now there is nothing particularly startling about a small boy's becoming hungry. That is his normal condition. But in this case it happened to be long past luncheon-time, and everybody else was suddenly reminded of food.

Aunty immediately brought out a neat little box, tied up with a blue ribbon, opened it, and spread back a layer of oiled paper, extracted a waferlike sandwich such as young ladies like to make for exhibition purposes, and handed it over. It was gone in a couple of gulps and two more followed the same route. Then Aunty gave him a fourth one, with some whispered instructions, and the small boy gave it to the president with a very neat little speech of thanks for the use of his toy railroad. The president very promptly moved over into the small boy's chair and, with the sandwich as a starter, began to rid himself of a lot of conversation that had been accumulating in his system ever since he had laid eyes on Aunty. Aunty met him modestly but frankly, and it may be added that the president held that chair as his own to the end of the trip. He was a very able young man who had no wasted opportunities on his conscience.

The president professed that he enjoyed the delicate flavor of the sandwiches very much, but the small boy, more frank, maintained that he was still hungry. The nice old lady thereupon produced an old-fashioned, covered basket and took from it an enormous yellow leg of a chicken which she gave to the small boy. The companion drumstick she ate herself. The ranchman took a chew of tobacco.

In the meantime, the occupant of No. 5 had been very busy. At the first mention of food he had displayed a remarkable amount of agility in getting back to the smoking compartment, where, in a little closet, he found the porter softly whistling and splitting buns.

"Sam," asked the grump, "the dining-car isn't on behind yet, is it?"

"No, sah," Sam replied with a grin. "We all don' take on no dinin' cyah ontwell we gits to Eagle City."

"I thought so. And Eagle City is on the other side of this blockade?"

"Yes, sah."

"How much do you get for your sandwiches, Sam?"

"Well, sah, that depen's; it jes' depen's, sah. Mostly ah done git ten cents apiece, but ef this hyah blockade las's long enough ah'll git two bits, an' mabby foah. I *has* got a dollah apiece. Ah jes' done wait ontwell the passengehs gits good an' hongry befoah ah sells any."

"You'd better not wait very long this time," said the grump dryly. "The conductor just told me we might get out of here in two hours."

Sam made no reply to this, but he glanced at the swirling white curtain outside a little anxiously, and went on stuffing the ham into his sandwiches. His interlocutor waited until he was done.

"Have you got anything else to eat?" he asked.

"No, sah."

"How many sandwiches have you there?"

Sam counted them over with a practiced eye.

"Thutty-two, sah."

"I'll give you five dollars for the lot."

"Ah don' know, sah," said Sam, shaking his head dubiously, and looking out speculatively at the snow. "Ef this heah blockade done hold up ——"

"Very well," said the grump, a trifle impatiently, "take your chance." If the snow plow was in the Eagle City roundhouse to-day it is eating away at the other end of this drift right now. They keep the snow plow there, don't they?"

"Yes, sah," replied Sam, eying a crisp five-dollar note.

Sam couldn't resist that. Talk was one thing, but the real money, fresh and green and crisp, was a different proposition.

"I'll just take one of these now," said the new owner. "Hold the rest of them here until I call for them."

Calmly and unostentatiously he walked back to chair 5, munching his sandwich. It is wonderful how far you can smell ham, especially if you are a little hungry. There could not have been more than six square inches of the savory meat in that bun, and yet the delicate odor of it penetrated to the farthermost corner of the Los Amigos. There was an instantaneous rush for the porter's closet, and the fat man, to say nothing of the dyspeptic, looked positively pained as he passed chair 5 and got an extra whiff of that delicious sandwich. Singly and disgruntled, in groups and grumbling, the passengers came trooping back from the porter's closet and cast glances of undying hatred at its imperturbable occupant. Ham, ham, ham! It assailed the nostrils and the salivary glands with a pleading persistence that made ham the only desirable thing in the world at that time. The fat man's tongue hung out, and he fairly panted.

The racehorse man was the first to take decisive action.

"Look here, Colonel," said he, approaching chair 5, "you may not be wise to it, but you're in bad. This little ham-sandwich monopoly of yours is liable to finish in a rough house any minute. Don't we wear colors in this race at all, eh? Are you fixin' to stay fat and saucy in your box stall while the rest of us turn out to pasture on snowballs? We want some of these ham sandwiches, see, Bud?"

"The ham sandwiches are for sale," said the grump quietly. "The present price is twenty shares of Tin Railroad stock per sandwich!"

"Oh! That's the game, eh?" laughed the racehorse man, and then he turned to the ranchman: "I guess I win, eh?"

"I'll double the bet," replied the ranchman.

"You're on!" said the racehorse man. "Trot me out a sandwich, old boy. I'm bound to help you win out. Here's your stock."

III

THE racehorse man, with a chuckle, joined in disseminating the odor of ham, and the united appeal was so irresistible that a lively movement was started in the stock of Tin Railroad, Incorporated. The groom rushed over and traded his forty shares for two sandwiches, in desperate haste lest he should see the incomparable bride fade away before his very eyes. The chinless youth invested in a sandwich as a means of preserving his precious life for the folks at home. The drummer gave up his twenty shares with a flourish and presented the resulting sandwich to the pretty girl across the aisle. The pretty girl promptly tilted up her chin.

"Eat it yourself," she said. "You need it to keep your nerve in good shape."

"Pardon me," said the drummer, without turning a hair. "I only meant to perform what I considered to be my duty as a gentleman. At least you will allow me to exchange your stock for a bite to eat."

"And let that old scorpion own the railroad? Why, he'd vote to tear it up and throw it out of the window, just because it gives him an ache to see anybody else happy. Not for Dear Little Buttercup! I'll starve a couple of days first!"

No. 5 smiled a thin, straight smile that made one want to get up close to the stove somewhere. He now had four hundred and fifty shares of Tin Railroad stock, and needed but sixty more to get control.

The nice old lady handed the pretty girl a piece of chicken and gave her an approving pat on the back. The nice old lady had no use whatever for the drummer.

The fat man suffered in silence. Perspiration dripped from his forehead, but he held out bravely until No. 5 brought in three sandwiches. He came in eating one of them, and stopped square in front of the fat man, where he stood and crunched the sweetly odorous meat until his victim fairly trembled.

"I am now offering two sandwiches for twenty shares of stock," announced the grump, holding the tempting bait under the fat man's nose.

The fat man gasped and was just on the point of handing up his shares when the red-haired man appeared.

"Wait!" he cried. "I've got a trunkful of tinned meat samples up in the baggage-car, and I guess I can dig out enough duplicate cans to feed the crowd. Don't anybody sell any more stock until I get back. I'm for the Tin Railroad and the minor stockholders!"

"Are you Liggett & Amery's man, from Chicago?" asked the grump, turning sharply to the red-haired man.

"I am," answered the other, coming to sudden attention.

The grump handed him a card. The effect was instantaneous.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Clinker," said the red-haired man, while the athlete looked up with a start. "I was just coming out to Eagle City to see you about that provision contract."

"I thought so," said the grump dryly. "I want your Tin Railroad stock."

"Certainly," said the other, handing over his scrip with a smile. "You seem to be very much interested in this game."

"It's just a little practice," rejoined Mr. Clinker. "I don't think you would better part with those duplicate samples, do you?"

"Couldn't think of it!" was the prompt and cheerful reply.

The fat man interrupted with a groan.

"I'll dispose of my holdings in T. R. R. at the last market quotation," he remarked with a feeble attempt to look pleasant.

No. 5 handed him over the two sandwiches and took the stock without a word. The fat man scarcely seemed comfortable, but he ate the very last crumb, nevertheless.

"Suppose we go up in the baggage-car and look over those samples now, while we have plenty of time," suggested the red-haired man, scenting a golden opportunity.

"Not until I get control of this toy," snarled Clinker with an unexpected show of savagery, "and I still need twenty shares of stock."

"There's your prey, then," said the other, pointing to the dyspeptic. The latter was ravenously watching the fat man, and was holding his hands on his stomach while his face was twitching spasmodically. He had the dyspeptic's hunger, and it was intolerably gnawing him. Clinker got two more sandwiches and approached the sufferer.

"Do you want to double the bet again?" asked the racehorse man derisively, leaning over to the ranchman.

"I get odds now," replied the ranchman. "Make it an extra bet of twenty to ten and I'll take you."

"That goes," agreed the racehorse man.

"Two sandwiches for your stock," said Clinker to the dyspeptic, holding them where the tantalizing aroma would be sure to strike his nostrils.

"No!" exploded the dyspeptic. "I'll hold out as long as I can! Take those things away from me, quick!" His

(Continued on Page 22)

How Millionaires Give Money

The Organization and Operation of Private Bureaus of Charity

By Robert Shackleton

WHEN the millionaire of to-day sets out to give away his money he does it with a circumspection unknown to the millionaire of a generation ago. Although a far huger total is given than ever before, it is given more warily.

Nowadays charity makes a demand as inexorable as rent or taxes. The rich man who does not meet the demand is looked on as a pariah: There is no rarity of rich man's charity. We are living in an age of magnificent beneficence, and yet, inexplicably enough, the poor we have always with us.

The public usually knows when millions are given to schools, to libraries, to hospitals. Of charity proclaimed there is more than unproclaimed. The poet of to-day is not apt to sing of doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame.

But what the public does not know is what methods are followed by the financial leaders of the world in distributing money in individual charity. How does Mr. Rockefeller answer appeals for help? What system is followed by Mr. Morgan, by the Astors, by the Goulds? Such are the questions which the public is constantly asking.

"It is easier to make a million than to give away a million." Such is the dictum of Mr. Rockefeller. He makes new millions with ease, but he gives away only after stress of examination and study.

John D. Rockefeller gives huge totals of money freely. He recognizes a responsibility as the richest man in the world, and his gifts are of wide range. But the basis of all with him is the profound conviction that money should breed money. He will not, if he can help it, give golden honey to the drones in the hive of the world.

He has organized a department for the giving away of money, and this department is managed as well and heedfully as is any of his departments through which money is made. His system of charity is iron-clad. Everything must follow the prescribed course. His most powerful lieutenants, and even the members of his own family, know that, if they wish to interest him in any proposed beneficence, an application must be formally made, and formally investigated by the great man's private bureau, and must so bear the test as to receive formal commendation. Mr. Rockefeller absolutely refuses to discuss in advance any case of prospective charity.

A former Baptist minister, the Rev. Frederick T. Gates, was long at the head of Mr. Rockefeller's private beneficence department, and a large number of cases passed through his hands. But not long ago, so the story is told, there was referred to Mr. Gates the question of whether or not to accede to the request of an iron-mining company to take over a mortgage which threatened to overwhelm it. [This hints, by the way, at the varied character of the appeals which are brought to the wealthy, coming as they do from poor individuals or great corporations, and covering a range from single dollars to millions.) The bureau as thoroughly examined into the case as if it had been a poor man's appeal for ten dollars, and then Mr. Gates reported in favor of assuming the mortgage. His advice was followed; the mining company was saved—and, at the same time, just as Mr. Gates intended, Mr. Rockefeller made some two or three millions by the deal! The magnate could not find it in his heart to continue as a dispenser a man possessed of such a gift for money-making, and Mr. Gates is now one of his active business aides, and the mantle of beneficence has fallen upon a lawyer, Mr. Starr J. Murphy.

Every letter addressed to Mr. Rockefeller, in which aid is asked, goes to this bureau. All of such letters are read. But a vast number of them receive no further attention. A sifting process is followed whose results are first dependent upon the instant judgment of the individual examiner. Some seem to be worthy of no consideration whatever; some, even when the request is not to be granted, are courteously answered; a small proportion are set aside for consideration and possible investigation.

When investigation is decided upon it is thoroughly done. It may necessitate a lengthy journey on the part of some member of the bureau, but there is no hesitation on the score of expense.

A wealthy lady of Cleveland, prominent socially, wrote to Mr. Rockefeller in the hope of enlisting his aid in a scheme of benevolence. Some time afterward a taciturn man dropped into the city and began making inquiries. Then he called upon the lady herself, and searchingly put questions to her—probing, comprehensive questions—in regard to every detail of the scheme.

Then he left, giving no suggestion of what his report would be; but not long afterward the lady was delighted to be informed of Mr. Rockefeller's warm coöperation.

Mr. Rockefeller often pays half of the expense of an enterprise till it becomes self-supporting. One of the best schools for girls in the Middle West, founded before higher education for girls was so generally believed in as it is to-day, was nursed into success in his half-expense cradle. And in connection with this there was an amusing incident. Some educationally inclined folk determined to start another school to outshine the first one, and as one of them was a friend of Mr. Rockefeller no doubt was entertained of their gaining his support. He was written to; but no help came. The letter of appeal was not even answered. Not till long afterward did they learn that he was the support behind the school which they had asked him to antagonize!

There has recently been a new bar set up between the impecuniously solicitous and the Oil King, his son and namesake having begun to receive reports direct from the bureau and even to make decisions in cases which are not of the largest consequence. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, is eager in church work and feels a warm interest in Christianizing the world—a sort of modern St. Francis of Assisi, with business ideas; but with the difference that, whereas the real St. Francis gave away his father's money without consent, this modern father and son give money harmoniously together.

Many call but few are chosen by the rich as objects of philanthropy. To give or not to give is a question to which the answer is generally adverse.

A myriad of applications go to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and, as is the case with Mr. Rockefeller, all of the letters are read. To Mr. Carnegie are sent not only letters of appeal but letters offering gratuitous advice as to how to spend his money; but no one ever thinks himself capable of offering Mr. Rockefeller advice. Mr. Carnegie, however, is not in the least the golden-egged goose that some have fancied him.

A personal friend of Mr. Carnegie called upon him recently and complained that a letter had not been answered.

"You must have received it yesterday," he said.

"I try to answer letters promptly," said Mr. Carnegie dryly; "but it is possible for one to be overlooked."

He led his friend into an adjoining room and pointed to a long table covered with letters arranged in classified piles. "That is yesterday's mail," he said simply.

Mr. Carnegie has established a bureau of five men to carry out all details of investigation and distribution, and to handle matters connected with his libraries. The offices of this bureau are on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

Every day, when in New York, it is his custom to devote considerable time with his chief secretary and the head of the New Jersey bureau to a discussion of plans and reports.

Mr. Carnegie spends much of his time abroad, and has come to place great reliance upon his philanthropic bureau. It relieves him of a great amount of trouble and worry; and his giving mainly in large sums instead of small, additionally simplifies the self-imposed task of ridding himself of wealth.

All letters of appeal are not by any means to be called begging letters, for some are business propositions and others are self-respecting presentations of necessity from eleemosynary institutions of the highest standing. There are letters representing every variety of human need. They come not only in English, but in French, in German, in Russian, in Italian. A count wishes for money to support his title. The son of a German merchant, stranded in New York, asks for passage home. And there are daily delineations of heartbreak and misery. The secretaries, however, do not feel the heartbreak, for they have come to believe every applicant unworthy till proved to be otherwise.

Almost every multi-millionaire has one or more secretaries to whom the question of the worthiness of applicants is left. In fact, it is fully as important to know the idiosyncrasies of the secretary, and the character of proof he requires, as it is to know about the millionaire himself. For the verdict of the secretary, at least, if unfavorable, is apt to be final.

The position of almoner to a multi-millionaire is one of high importance. In England, the Lord High Almoner distributes, twice a year, a silver penny each to a few old folk, and the Hereditary Grand Almoner has nothing to do but distribute coronation medals; but the almoners of Americans have the responsibility for enormous totals of disbursement.

Charity that Vaunteth Not Itself

IN THE case of Russell Sage alms and the man seem immitigably adverse. He is the last to whom one would look for an item not nominated in the bond. But his wife is diligent in benevolence. She is an active member of boards for charitable work, and interests herself in many an individual case. "You would be surprised to know how many hangers-on she has," observed one of her friends to me. She often secures simple work for the needy. She feels a peculiar interest in "decayed gentlewomen." She enthusiastically forces her acquaintance to buy needlework and screens and work tables, always first setting the example

More curious is the suggestion, made by intimate friends, that Mr. Sage himself, crusty and sour as he outwardly is, often gives close attention to charitable cases presented by Mrs. Sage, though his pride is to maintain toward the world an appearance of cheap clothes and unqualified illiberality

Those who appeal are not only such as allege themselves to be in actual want or who have some scheme to propose. There is the need spiritual — the longing for a trip to Europe, an education in art, a visit to the seashore, the possession of books — and in many a case the satisfaction of the desire would give peculiar happiness; but in these days of "investigation" of cases it is seldom that any longings of life are heeded except such as come under a strictly practical head

The difficulty in regard to the average letter appealing on the ground of actual need is twofold. First, the applicant may be unworthy of help. Second, the same begging letter is likely to be sent to a number of millionaires at the same time; the appeal to a Vanderbilt is likely to be sent also to a Gould.

Those who have not gone into charity to the extent of bureaus of their own have come to depend largely upon the various societies for organized charity, for it saves them from a great deal of trouble and from the harrowed feelings which come from personal touch with misery. They give liberal checks to these societies, and leave to the societies the aiding of individuals

The Astors do not receive nearly so many appeals as do some others of the wealthy; and this is largely because they are associated in the public mind with the doings of society and with British citizenship. They are looked upon as not overgenerous in individual cases, and they make no effort to dispel this impression. "They are too busy getting real estate to think of charity," gibed a wealthy banker; but their names appear prominently on the subscription lists of charitable organizations.

And, too, most of the impecunious public do not know to which Astor to write, and thus the several Astors escape from many a letter!

One of the family has all letters of appeal classified in piles, as the "apparently worthy," the "doubtful," the "certainly undeserving"; and once in a while a special investigation is ordered, and personal help is sent. Usually, however, nothing more is done than to send some of the "apparently worthy" to one of the societies supported by Astor checks. "If the applicant is really worthy his need will now become known to those who make a business of relief," is the way the argument is put.

The Vanderbilts also escape from many a letter for the reason that they are not looked upon as overgenerous, and because people no longer know the Vanderbilt names. The time when the name of a "Commodore" or a Cornelius Vanderbilt was a household word has passed

As a family, they give generously to organized charity, but beyond this pay little attention to the subject.

The late Cornelius Vanderbilt gave largely through societies for relief, but it was not at all to save himself from the trouble of investigation, for he was not only a member of a number of charitable and hospital boards, but spent a great deal of time in attendance upon their meetings and in studying the results of their work

None, among the very rich men of New York, now spends time in the meetings of such boards. Some are enrolled among the directors, but their membership is not allowed to carry the obligation of personal attention

Mr. George Gould, a man of generous heart, is saved from many an application by the fact that his sister, Miss Helen Gould, stands in the public eye as the charitable representative of the family.

The work of Miss Gould for several years past has been largely among the families of soldiers, and her purse is also open for the cause of religion and missions.

Each week she receives more than a thousand letters of appeal of one kind or another, and the work of answering, ignoring or investigating devolves upon a chief secretary and several assistants. Most of the chaff is winnowed away on a first reading, leaving little that seems to deserve care

Miss Gould has the reputation of giving more aid, in cases of individual need, than any person in the world, although the total of her benefactions, annually, is very much less than the huge college and library gifts of others

The charity of Miss Gould runs largely to the doing of the thing in front of her. When a hotel burned across the street from her home, the firemen, working for hour after hour throughout a long night, found at her door a constant supply of food and hot coffee; a little thing, this, perhaps, but one which shows her swiftness to help.

Generosity is often disagreeably chilled by the discovery that a beneficiary considers the receipt of aid to carry with it the permanent right to more. Gratitude is too often a lively sense of further benefits to come. Many a pensioner has become an Old Man of the Sea.

It is odd that there is a religious distinction in the charities of the rich. Hebrews give mainly for the relief of Hebrews; Catholics give for Catholics; and then it follows that it is principally for Protestants that Protestants give. This has come about so naturally that it is not at all likely that it has ever occurred to any of the generous that such a religious line of demarcation is drawn.

Some Curiosities of the Pursuit of Charity

IN SPITE of the huge sums given by a few, the philanthropy of the average wealthy man is not at all in proportion to his wealth and income. In fact, there is no charity so generous as that of the very poor. The man with twenty millions rarely gives, relatively, as does he who has nothing but his meagre daily wage.

The begging of a quarter of a century ago, when the anterooms of the rich were pervaded by the shabby and the furtive, has disappeared, for a wall of unapproachability is built about the rich men of to-day. So the appeal by mail takes the place of the appeal personal

Curious letters sometimes bring curious results. Not long ago a man in Australia wrote to a New Yorker, merely through reading his name as that of a prominent man, and asked that an effort be made to find a relative who had not been heard from for years, and who, could be but be reached, would hasten to give aid of which the Australian stood in need. The general tone of the letter pleased the rich man, and he felt satisfied that it was not an effort to obtain money from him. So he inserted an advertisement in a New York paper, and then in one of Chicago, and the missing relative was actually found in a little Michigan town.

Now and then a rich man gives millions to establish a fund for the help of the poor along some specified line. Such is the fund of $4,000,000 recently established, on his ninetieth birthday, by Mr. John M. Burke, a retired business man of New York of whom scarcely any one knew even the name, for the benefit of respectable men and women who suffer from sickness or, more particularly, from inability to earn money through having been too early discharged from hospitals.

"To help those who wish to help themselves" — that is the point specially emphasized by Mr. D. O. Mills. He builds great hotels in New York City, where men or women with a few dimes only can obtain a comfortable room and good food, and where, without additional charge, they may have the benefit of such aids to respectability as baths and the use of laundry facilities; and he further interests himself in the building of flat houses, with all improvements and sanitary appliances, in which people of moderate income may live in self-respect

Some men like to put money into works of public utility rather than charity; and Mr. Charles M. Schwab has contributed generously to the town of his childhood for the laying of pavements and the establishment of municipal water-works

The factor of personal fancy, or personal experience, often determines the character of a rich man's philanthropy. As one leans toward libraries, another toward hospitals, still another, like Mrs. Hoe, supports a fresh-air home, and Mr. O. H. P. Belmont feels keen interest in keeping up the St. Andrew's stands — little booths at which the self-respecting poor of New York can buy coffee or a sandwich for a cent. A rich man of Philadelphia maintains a room, with a supply of razors and soap, where any poor man is at liberty to shave himself

Begging letters vary greatly in number. Let a man become famous, in business or in politics, and he is certain to be almost submerged

A Scheme that Victimized the Senate

THAT schemes for monetary betterment are tried upon the politicians as well as upon the wealthy was shown a short time ago by the receipt, by a dozen United States Senators, of charmingly phrased letters, written in a charming hand, and quite evidently from a charming woman, telling each of the Senators that her little child had been named for him. And so sure was almost every man that the delicately phrased compliments in his letter were sincere that ten generous Senatorial presents rewarded the charming letter-writer — and only after a while did the fact of the wholesale christening come out.

But, of course, most letters go to the rich; and the prominence of Mr. J. P. Morgan during the last few years has brought to him an enormous number of requests of every sort

He believes that it is the duty of a rich man to dispose of money freely, and so he spends heavily for art treasures and gives great totals in large charities rather than for private needs Mrs. Morgan, however, gives much attention to individual cases, and particularly for the relief of indigent families

Mr. Morgan himself does not ignore individual cases, and Wall Street tells of how, after a recent disastrous break in the market, he personally made loans to a number of young men, brokers or clerks on the Street, who had lost heavily.

He sits in his private office, in plain view of all who enter the bank of which he is the head; and one day a man, bearing a note of introduction, was ushered into the room. The man was operating a trade school in which his heart was wrapped up, but for the maintenance of which his private means were not sufficient.

Mr. Morgan listened to his story with immovable face, and then rather curtly bade him good-day. The man went away downcast. Within a week or so he received a note from Mr. Morgan asking him to call, and he did so, with reawakened hope — a hope which was cooled by the brevity and apparent aloofness of the great financier's greeting.

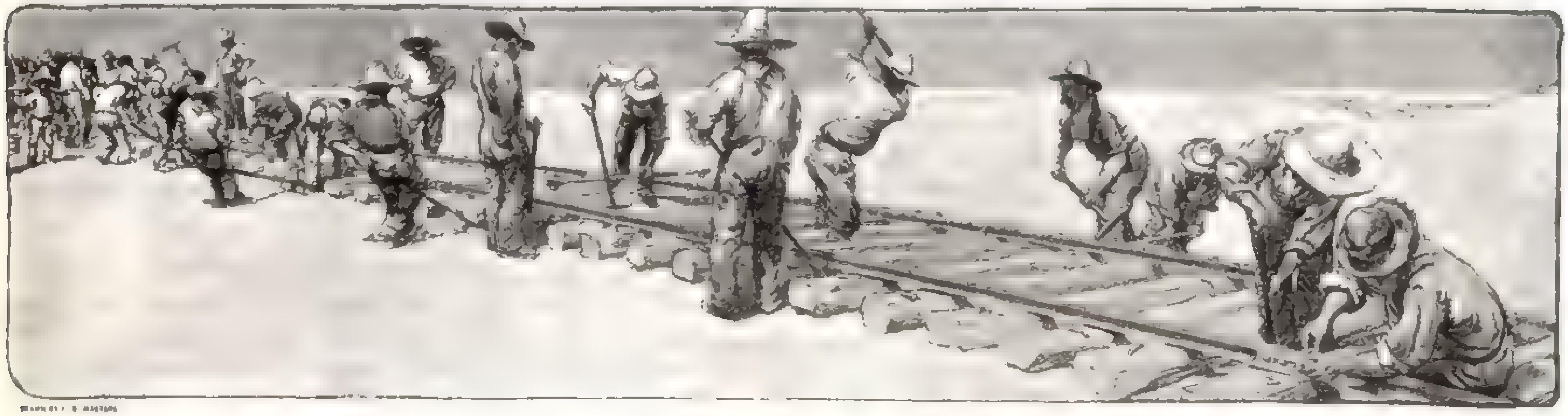
There were a few perfunctory words, and the man, who had gone to the office in a glow of anticipation, thinking that he might possibly get some five thousand dollars or so, felt his hopes steadily shrinking Three thousand — perhaps only one! — and in a few minutes he knew that he would get only a few hundred, or more likely nothing.

"I shall be glad to help with the work, as it seems to me a worthy one," said the financier.

The man expressed his thanks, but with a trifle of perfunctoriness

Mr. Morgan swiftly wrote on a slip of paper. "I have been inquiring pretty thoroughly into the work," he said simply, handing him the slip. The man looked at it and fell in a dead faint on the floor, for it was the realization of the hopes of a lifetime — it was a check for $100,000.

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE



A Romance of the Roadmakers

By SAMUEL MERWIN

IV—THE MEN (Continued)

AN HOUR later the cook's tent was still lighted. Within, seated on blocks of timber around a cracker-box, four men were playing poker; and pressing about them was a score of laborers—all, in fact, who could crowd into the tent. The air was foul with cheap tobacco and the hundred odors that cling to working clothes. The eyes of the twenty or more men were fixed feverishly on the greasy cards and the heaps of the day's pay-slips. By a simple process of elimination the ownership of these slips had been narrowed down to the present players—Jack Flagg, his assistant Charlie, Dimond and a Mexican. The silence carried a sense of strain. The occasional coarse jokes and boisterous laughter died down with strange suddenness.

"It's no use," said Flagg finally, tossing the cards on the box, "they're against us."

The Mexican rose at this, and sullenly left the tent. Dimond, with a conscious laugh, gathered in two-thirds of the slips and pocketed them. It was an achievement to clean out Jack Flagg. The remaining third went to Charlie

Flagg leaned back, clasped his great knotted hands about one knee, and looked across at Dimond. Six feet and a third tall in his socks, hard as steel rails, he could have lifted any two of the laborers about him clear off the ground, one in each hand. The lower part of his face was half covered with his long, ill-kept mustache and the tuft of hair beneath his under lip. The blue shirt he wore had unmistakably come from a military source, but not a man there, not even Charlie—himself nearly a match for his chief in height and breadth—would have dared ask when he had been in the army nor why or how he had come to leave it.

"Dimond," said Flagg, "let me have one of those slips a minute."

The nervous light left Dimond's eyes. He threw a suspicious glance across the box; then, after a moment, he complied

Flagg held the slip near the lantern and examined it. "Eighty cents," he muttered, "eighty cents—and for how much work?"

"Half a day," a laborer replied.

"Half a day's work, and the poor devil gets eighty cents for it."

"*He* gets eighty cents! He gets nothing, you'd better say. Dimond there is the man that gets it."

"That's no matter. He lost it in fair play. But look at it—look at it!" The giant cook contemptuously turned the slip over in his hand. "That devil hounds you like niggers for five hours in the hot sun—he drives you near crazy with thirst—and then he hands you out this pretty piece of paper with 'eighty cents' wrote on it."

"That's a dollar-sixty a day. We was only getting one-fifty the old way—on time."

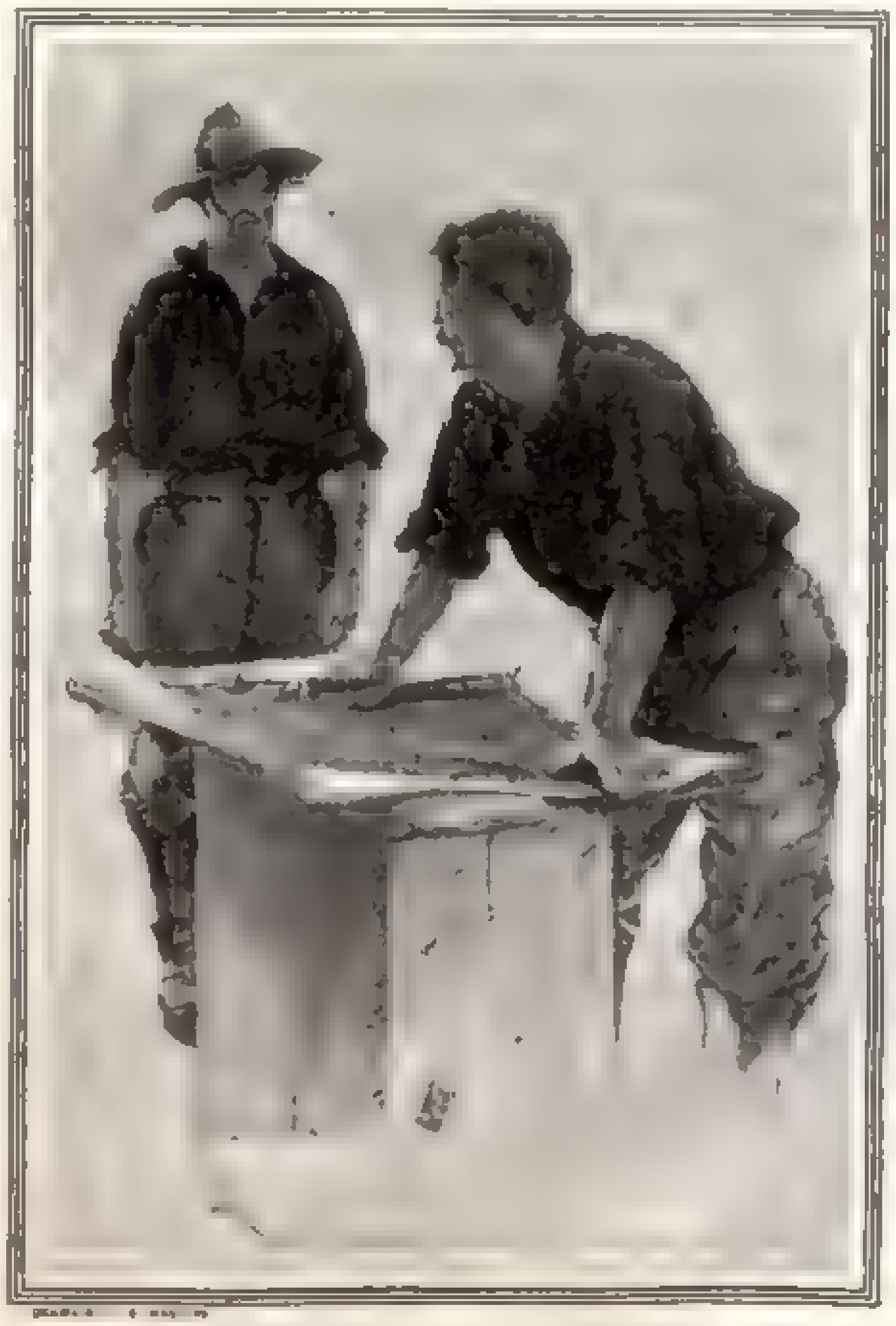
"You was only getting one-fifty, was you?" There was infinite scorn in Flagg's voice; his masterly eye swept the group. "You was getting one-fifty, and now you're thankful to get ten cents more. Do you know what you are? You're a pack of fools—that's what you are!"

"But look here, Jack, what can we do?"

"What can you do?" Flagg paused, glanced at his *vis-à-vis.* From the expression of dawning intelligence on Dimond's face it was plain that he was waking to the suggestion. The slips he had won to-night were worth four hundred dollars to Dimond. Why should not these same bits of paper fetch five hundred or six hundred?

"What can you do?" Flagg repeated. "Oh, but you boys make me weary. It ain't any of my business. I ain't a laborer, and what I do gets well paid for. But when I look around at you poor fools I can't sit still here and let you go on like this. You ask me what you can do. Well, now, suppose we think it over a little. Here you are, four hundred of you. This man Carhart offers you one-fifty a day to come out here into the desert and dig your own graves. Why did he set that price on your lives? Because he knew you for the fools you are. Do you think for a minute he could get laborers up there in Chicago, where he comes from, for one-fifty? Not a bit of it! Do you think he could get men in Pennsylvania, in New York State, for one-fifty? Not a bit of it! If he was building this line in New York State he'd be paying you two dollars, two-fifty, maybe three. And he'd be glad to get you at the price. And he'd meet your representative like a gentleman, and step around lively and walk Spanish for you, if you so much as winked."

Dimond's eyes were flashing with excitement, though he kept them lowered to the cards. His face was flushed. Flagg saw that the seed he had planted was growing, and he swept on, working up the situation with considerable art.



"WELL," BEGAN THE BOSS, LOOKING HIM OVER, "WHAT KIND OF A COOK ARE YOU?"

"Think it over, boys, think it over. This man Carhart finds he can't drive you fast enough at one-fifty, so what does he do? He gets up this pay-slip scheme, so's you will kill yourselves for the chance of making ten cents more. And you stand around and let him do it—never a peep from you! Now, what's the situation? Here's this man, five hundred miles from nowhere; he's got to rush the job. We know that, don't we?"

"Yes," muttered Dimond, with a quick breath, "we know that, all right."

"Well, now, what about it?" Flagg looked deliberately about the eager group. "What about it? There's the situation. Here he is, and here you are. He's in a hurry. If he was to find out, all of a sudden, that he couldn't drive you poor devils any further; if he was to find out that you had just laid down and said you wouldn't do another stroke of work on these terms, what about it? What could he do?" Flagg paused again, to let the suggestion find its mark. "But he ain't worrying any. He knows you for the low-spirited lot you are. So what does he do? He sends out and makes you ride three days to get water, and then he stacks the barrels around his tent where he and his gang can get all they want, and tells you to go off and suck your thumbs. Much he cares about you"

Dimond raised his eyes. "Talk plain, Jack," he said, in a low voice. "What is it? What's the game?"

Flagg gave him a pitying glance. "You're still asking what's the game," he replied, and went on half absently, "Let's see. How much is he paying the iron squad—how much was that, now?"

"Two dollars," cried a voice.

"Two dollars—yes, that was it, that *was* it. He is paying them two dollars a day, and he has set them to digging and grading along with you boys that only gets one-sixty. I happened to notice that to-day when I was a-walking up that way. Those iron squad boys was out with picks and shovels, a-doing the same work as the rest of you, only they was doing it for forty cents more They ain't common laborers, you see There's a difference You couldn't expect them to swing a pick for one-sixty a day. It would be beneath 'em. They're sort o' swells, you see——"

He paused. There was a long silence.

"Boys," it was Dimond speaking—"boys, Jack Flagg is right. If it costs Carhart two per for the iron squad, it's got to cost him the same for us!"

Carhart was turning the delay to some account by shutting himself up with his maps and plans. At ten o'clock on the following morning he heard a step without the tent, and, looking up, saw Young Vandervelt before him

"There's trouble up ahead, Mr. Carhart."

"What is it?"

"The laborers have quit They demand an increase of ten per cent. in their pay."

"All right, let them have it."

"I'll tell my brother. He said no, we shouldn't give in an inch."

"You tell him I say to let them have what they ask."

Young Van hurried back with the order. Carhart quietly resumed the problems before him.

Old Van, when he received the order, swore roundly "What's Paul thinking of!" he growled. "He ought to know that this is only the tip of the wedge. They'll come up another ten per cent. before the week's out."

But Old Van failed to do justice to the promptness of Jack Flagg. At three in the afternoon the demand came:

and for the second time that day the scrapers lay idle and the mules wagged their ears in lazy comfort

"Well!" cried Old Van sharply. "Well! It's what I told you, isn't it! Now, I suppose you still believe in running to Paul with the story"

"Yes," replied the younger brother firmly; "it must go to him. He's the boss."

"All right, sir! *All* right, sir!" The veteran engineer turned away in disgust as his brother started rapidly back to the camp. The laborers, meanwhile, covered with sweat and dust, tantalized by the infrequent sips of water doled out to them, lay panting in a long, irregular line on the newly-turned earth.

"Well, Gus," said Carhart with a wry smile, at sight of the dusty figure before the tent, "are they at it again?"

"They certainly are"

"They don't mean to lose any time, do they? How much is it now?"

"Ten per cent. more. What shall we do?"

"Give it to them"

"All right"

"Wait a minute, Gus Who's their spokesman?"

"Dimond."

"Dimond?" Carhart frowned. "Nobody else?"

"No, but the cook has been hanging around a good deal and talking with him."

"Oh—I see. Well, that's all. Go ahead; give them what they ask."

Again the mules were driven at the work. Again—and throughout the day—the sullen men toiled on under the keen eye of Old Vandervelt If he had been a driver before he was a czar now If he could not control the rate of pay he could at least control the rate of work. To himself, to the younger engineers, to the men, to the mules, he was merciless And foot by foot, rod by rod, the narrow embankment that was to bear the track crept on into the desert. The sun beat down, the wind, when there was a wind, was scorching hot, but Old Van gave no heed. Now and again he glanced back to where the material train lay silent and useless, hoping against hope that far in the distance he might see the smoke of that other train from Flemington Peet had said, yesterday, that it was on the way; and Old Van muttered, over and over, "D——n Peet!"

Night came finally, but not the train. Aching in body, ugly in spirit, the laborers crept under their blankets. Morning came, but no train. Carhart spent an hour on the grade and saw with some satisfaction that the time was not wholly lost; then he went back to the operator's tent and opened communications with Flemington. Flemington expressed surprise that the train had not arrived; it had been long on the way, said the dispatcher

At this message repeated to him by the operator, word for word, Carhart stood thoughtful. Then, "Shut off the dispatcher. Wait—tell him Mr. Carhart is much obliged Shut him off. Now call the nearest operator this side of Flemington"

"There isn't any, Mr. Carhart. You see, this whole line wasn't opened up until just before you came Let me see, though; there's Flemington Junction, two miles this side of the city. That's where this branch practically begins, you know."

"Call the junction, then Say to him—can't you get him?"

"Yes—all right, now."

"Say—'When did the supply train leave you on Saturday?'—got that?"

"Yes—one minute 'When—did supply—train leave—you—Saturday?'"

"Now, what does he say?"

"'Supply—train'—he says—'passed—here—Sunday—ten—morning—west bound' There, you see, it didn't leave on Saturday at all."

Carhart had Peet's message still crumpled in his pocket. He straightened it out and read it again. "All right," he said to the operator, "that will do." And as he walked slowly and thoughtfully out into the blazing sunlight he added to himself: "So, Mr. Peet, that's the sort you are, is it? I think we begin to understand each other."

"Paul!" It was the gruff voice of Old Vandervelt, low and charged with anger.

"Yes—what?"

"What is it you mean to do with these laborers?"

"Build the line."

"Well, I guess it's up to you, then I've done what I could. They've walked out again."

"Another ten per cent.?"

"Another ten per cent."

"Let's see—we've raised them twenty per cent. since yesterday morning, haven't we?"

"You have—yes."

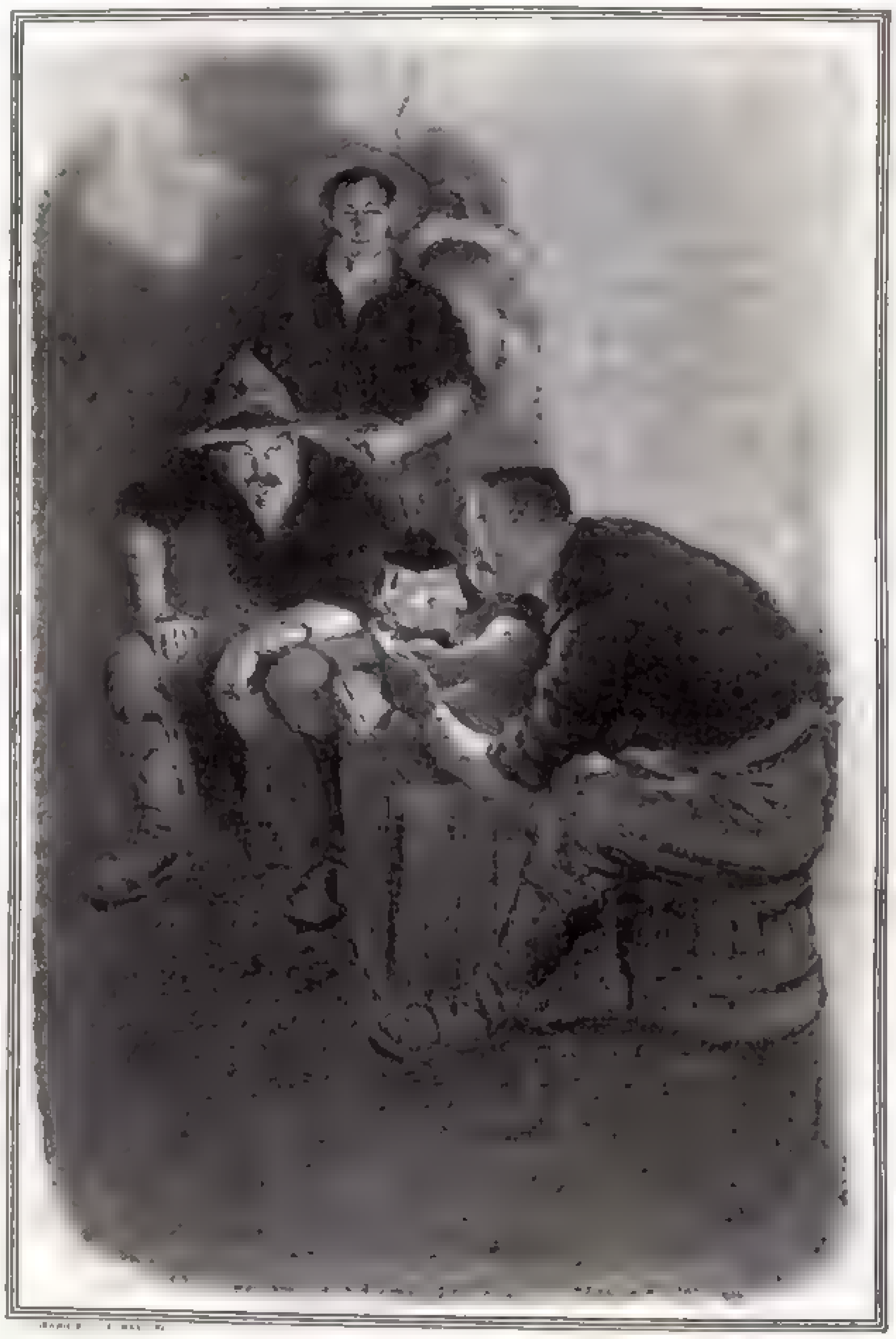
"And that ought to be about enough, don't you think?"

"If you want my opinion—yes."

"Now look here, Van. You go back and bring the mob of them up here by the train. Tell them Mr. Carhart wants to talk to them."

Vandervelt stared at his chief in downright bewilderment. Then he turned to obey the order; and as he walked away Carhart caught the muttered words, "Organize a debating society, eh? Well, that's the one fool thing left to do!"

But the men did not take it in just this way; in fact, they did not know how to take it. They hesitated, and looked about for counsel. Even Dimond was disturbed. The boss had a quiet, highly effective way of saying and doing precisely what he meant to say and do. Dimond was not certain of his own ability to stand directly between the men and Paul Carhart. There was something about the cool way in which they were ordered before him that was—well, businesslike. He turned and glanced at Flagg. The cook scowled and motioned him forward, and so the dirty, thirsty regiment moved uncertainly back toward the train, and formed a wide semicircle before the boss.


FLAGG HELD THE SLIP NEAR THE LANTERN AND EXAMINED IT. "EIGHTY CENTS," HE MUTTERED, "EIGHTY CENTS—AND FOR HOW MUCH WORK?"

Carhart had taken his position by a pile of odds and ends of lumber that lay beside the track. He awaited them quietly, the only man among the hundreds there who appeared unconscious of the excitement in the air. The elder Vandervelt stood apart, scowling at the performance. The younger scented danger, and, climbing up on the train, walked back over the empty flat cars to a position directly behind his chief. There he sat down, his legs swinging over the side of the car

Carhart reached up for his glasses, deliberately breathed on them, wiped them and replaced them on his nose. Then he gave the regiment a slow, inquiring look.

"Have you men authorized somebody to speak for you?" he said, in a voice which, though it was not loud, was heard distinctly by every man there.

There was a moment's hesitation; then the laborers, or those who were not studying the ground, looked at Dimond.

The telegraph operator stepped out of his little tent and stood looking at the scene with startled eyes. Up ahead, the iron squad, uncertain whether to continue their work, had paused, and now they were gazing back. As the seconds slipped away their exclamations of astonishment died out. All eyes were fixed on the group in the centre of the semicircle

For at this critical moment there was, it seemed, a hitch. Dimond's broad hat was pulled down until it half concealed his eyes. He stood motionless. At his elbow was Jack Flagg, muttering orders that the nominal leader did not seem to hear

"Flagg, step out here!"

It was Carhart speaking, in the same quiet, distinct manner. The sound of his voice broke the tension. The men all looked up, even the nerveless Dimond To Young Van they were oddly like a room full of schoolboys, the whole four hundred of them, as they stood silently waiting for Flagg to obey. The giant cook himself was very like a schoolboy as he glanced uneasily around, caught no sign of fight in the obedient eyes about him, sought counsel in the ground, the sky, the engines standing on the track, then finally slouched forward.

Young Van caught himself on the verge of laughing out. He saw Flagg advance a way and pause. Carhart waited. Flagg took a few more steps, then paused again, with the look of a man who feels that he has been bullied into a false position, yet cannot hit upon the way out.

"Well," he said, glowering down on the figure of the engineer in charge—and very lean and short Carhart looked before him—"well, what do you want of me?"

For reply Carhart coolly looked him over. Then he snatched up a piece of scantling, whirled it once around his head, and caught Jack Flagg squarely on his deep, well-muscled chest. The cook staggered back, swung his arms wildly to recover his balance, failed, and fell flat on his back

But he was up in an instant; and he started forward, swearing copiously and reaching for his hip pocket

Young Van saw the motion. He knew that Paul Carhart seldom carried a weapon, and he felt that the safety of them all lay with himself. Accordingly he leaped to the ground, ran to the side of his chief, whipped out a revolver, and leveled it at Jack Flagg. "Hands up!" he cried. "Hands up!"

"Gus," cried Carhart, in a disgusted voice, "put that thing up!"

Young Van, crestfallen, hesitated; then dropped his arm

"Now, Flagg," said the chief, tossing the scantling to one side, "you clear out. You'd better do it fast, or the men'll finish where I left off"

The cook glanced behind him, and saw that the mob was cheering, as a mob will always cheer the downfall of a bully. He was keen enough to take in the situation; and in a moment he had ducked under the couplers between two cars and disappeared.

"Well," exclaimed Young Van, pocketing his revolver, "it didn't take you long to wind that up, Mr. Carhart."

"To wind it up?" Carhart repeated, turning with a queer expression toward his young assistant. "To begin it, you'd better say. I've discharged our cook!" Then he composed his features and faced the laborers. "Get back to your work," he said

And the men went back, proud to obey him. There was now not the slightest question who was boss of the camp

V WATER

HALF an hour later Scribner was informed that Mr. Carhart wished to see him at once. Walking back to the engineers' tent he found the chief at his table.

"You wanted me, Mr. Carhart?"

"Oh"—the chief looked up—"Yes, Harry, it's up to us to get away from this absolute dependence on that man Peet. I want you to ride up ahead ten or twenty miles, or to wherever the soil seems likely, and bore for water. You can probably get away inside of an hour. Take what men, tools and wagons you need—but find water."

With a brief "All right, Mr. Carhart," Scribner left the tent and set about the necessary arrangements. Carhart, this matter disposed of, called a passing laborer and asked him to tell Charlie that he was wanted at headquarters.

The assistant cook—huge, raw-boned, with a good-natured and not unintelligent face—lounged before the tent for some moments before he was observed. Then, in the crisp way he had with the men, Carhart told him to step in

(Continued on Page 31)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Summary of the War

A RUSSIAN soldier, captured by the Japanese, after eating the first square meal he had ever had in his life — so he confessed — submitted to questioning with the grace of gratitude. Finally they asked him:

"What do your officers think of the war?"

"Of what they will gain," said he.

"And what do *you* soldiers think of it?"

"Of what we shall lose," was his reply.

There is a short, clear, complete catechism of imperialism, militarism and "glory" generally.

A Sign of the Times

DOES not the discussion whether Emperor William or his uncle, King Edward, is the more influential factor in world politics rest upon a misstatement of the question.

It is true that, a few years ago, William of Germany, by a noisy assertion of the gospel of force, did create a considerable sensation — just as a man dressed in armor and waving a lance and a battleaxe would create a stir in the streets or roads of any modern country. It is true that King Edward, fat, good-natured, fond of eating and drinking and sitting peacefully about in tweed "bags" and an old Alpine hat, is now causing his uniformed, snorting, bristling nephew to look a rather cheap spectacle. But neither of these men, great though the power of one is in home politics and of the other in home "society," has any very large part in the great, broad, deep current toward common-sense and peace which universal education has set in motion. The fact that the tweed "bags" put the gold lace and buttons out of countenance is important only as a sign of the times.

South America and the Big Stick

SOME of the European ill-wishers of this country assert that the Monroe Doctrine is so unpopular among our Latin neighbors that the idea of making the southern continent independent of our protection through the creation of a United States of South America is making rapid progress

Let us hope that the latter part, at least, of this allegation may be true. We are not keeping up the Monroe Doctrine for fun, and if the South Americans can learn to take care of themselves without our assistance, every sensible Gringo will wish them joy.

Ten jangling little South American republics need a Monroe Doctrine with a big stick behind it, but one great South American republic could swing an adequate stick of its own. It would have forty million people to start with, and if it were governed with decent honesty and common-sense it would rank as one of the great powers of the world.

Perhaps the continental idea is a little too big to be easily put into effect, considering the fact that Brazil, which occupies the heart of the continent, speaks a different language from its neighbors. But even a reduction in the number of South American republics from ten to four would make a wonderful difference in their standing before the world. Chile and Argentina are manifestly two severed halves of one country. Each of them has a sea-coast that the other needs. United, together with Paraguay and Uruguay, they would make a compact and respectable power. If the nine Spanish-speaking republics in South America do not feel quite up to the task of creating a United States it would be a great thing for them to create three Mexicos. But they would have to begin looking for men of the Diaz calibre. If they are going to keep on being ruled by their Castros and Marroquins their present responsibilities are large enough, and even too large.

A Show Down

AFTER every new Japanese triumph we have renewed assurances that Russia will never recognize defeat, and will refuse to make peace except upon her own terms. No doubt these assurances are sincere, but they overlook one of the few good features of war.

In peace all sorts of pretenses and diplomatic fictions may pass at their face value, but war deals with solid realities. It is not a game to be decided by umpires on a comparison of points, or stopped by one of the contestants refusing to play. The victory of one party does not depend upon the recognition of defeat by the other. It is decided by physical force, which puts the victor into actual possession of the thing fought for. Waterloo and Sedan would have been no less decisive if the Great and Little Napoleons had refused to recognize their results.

This is what makes such manœuvres as those recently carried out at Manassas so imperfect as representations of actual war. The umpires may rule a given force out of action, but in real battle it stays in action until all the fight has been knocked out of it. If Manchuria had been the playing-board of a war game the Japanese would have lost many a battle that they won on the field.

So when the Russians say that they will never accept defeat, what does that indicate? Simply a state of mind. But war is not Christian Science. Pain and disease may be delusions, but victory and defeat are realities. The Japanese armies can be beaten only by stronger armies, better led, not by proclamations that the prestige of Holy Russia must and shall be preserved.

Why Not a Permanent World's Fair?

IT IS estimated that the World's Fair at St. Louis has cost $50,000,000. Six months hence there will be nothing to show for that outlay except a modest art gallery and a devastated park. It is hardly surprising that many people are asking whether it would not be possible to lay out the money to better advantage.

The great white marble Public Library of New York is to cost less than $3,000,000. Sixteen such buildings could be put up for $50,000,000. Suppose a city desirous of spending that amount of money on a World's Fair should pay $5,000,000 for a site and for landscape effects to beautify it, and then should group in the most imposing way a dozen marble palaces, each equal to the New York Public Library, at a cost of $15,000,000 more, leaving $10,000,000 for installing and maintaining exhibits: would not that city have a possession that would attract the admiration of the world?

Such an exhibition would be small compared with the wildernesses of staff at Chicago and St. Louis, but would it not be large enough? Who ever sees everything at a World's Fair? The marble exposition would be permanent, and it could be made more perfect from year to year. Everything could be excluded but the very cream of the world's achievement. All the vulgar advertising features, the miles of canned goods, the flaunting Pikes and Midways, the slot machines, popcorn and frankfurters could be eliminated. There would be a vision of pure beauty and the sublimation of instruction.

No city on earth would have a spectacle to match such a university of human progress.

The next time it is proposed to spend $50,000,000 on a summer's riot of glass and plaster, to fade away like a dream, would it not be worth while to consider the possibility of putting the money into a form that would be a permanent enrichment of the community and of the world?

Following a European Example

WHENEVER an American brings home a beautiful painting, a rare piece of ancient jeweler's art, or pieces of furniture from some crumbling palace, the critics of London, of Paris and of Rome unite in a chorus of acrimony and censoriousness. They grudgingly admit that a great American museum may have a little of European treasure — just a sample or so to whet the appetite for foreign travel — but they maintain that even the greatest museum should have no more, and that American individuals should have nothing at all.

The assertion is made so often, so seriously, so loudly, that it is really worthy of attention. Let us see.

Does the Frenchman who cavils at an American's purchase of an Old Master stop to think how few of the treasures of the Louvre had their origin in Paris? Do the London critics realize what the British Museum has gathered, and is still gathering, from all the world?

Do those of Italy who criticise us stop to think that the pillars of the cathedral at Pisa were brought from a dozen lands — that Venice gleaned treasures in every port — that Orvieto lost two thousand statues to Rome? All Italy, for centuries, set the example of indiscriminate loot.

Whether we are right or wrong, Europeans who have been taking from each other for centuries have no right to utter a word of animadversion. The main difference between Europe and America is that a great part of the European acquisitions of artistic and historical value has been by force, and without remuneration, but that the American is always willing to pay, and to pay well

Now, of course, we should all be sorry to see such a taking away of ancient landmarks as would injure or lessen the historic interest of such cities as Florence, or Tours, or Nuremberg. Few Americans sympathize with the desire of a Yankee showman to bring Shakespeare's home to this side of the water

But as for the bringing, now and then, of precious objects of art, which, being for sale, are bound to be purchased and carried away by a wealthy man of London or Paris or Berlin if the New Yorker doesn't buy — what harm is done by bringing them here? And why, in the name of all that is reasonable, are we to be blamed for what no French or English or German millionaire, no French or English or German museum, would be blamed for doing!

Objects of art should be where they can assist in the educating and broadening of the greatest number of intelligent people. And where is that but in America?

Pure Air and Pure Politics

OF THE fifty-one and a half million people living in the North, the West and the Far West, twenty-four and a half millions, or almost fifty per cent., are dwellers in cities and towns; and in the almost purely agricultural South the urban tendency grows steadily stronger

These facts point the vast importance of municipal problems to the American people. Most of these problems are, perhaps unfortunately, involved in political partisanship; but there are two — and these of the very first rank — that are so clear that no partisan, however bigoted, can befuddle them: pure air and pure water.

The rural districts have by no means solved them — bad water and badly ventilated bed and sitting rooms are not unknown among farmers. But Nature helps there; she is excluded from the city and town. The urban dwellers, if they care intelligently for their own health and for the health of the children, will fight for air that is not merely breathable but health-giving, for water that is not merely sightly and free from odors and germs but is a strong wine of health. It would not be easy to degenerate a race that had, pouring through its veins, the spirits that pure air and pure water put into a man.

All Work and a Dull Man

IT IS a sad case, that of the middle-aged golfers who have lately been beaten by college men, and of the college men who have been beaten by schoolboys, but it is not without many an analogy. The classic anecdote of cricket is of the batsman who, being bowled out after making only eighty-nine runs, said in disgust: "I never had a fair chance. My father never taught me the game till I was six years old."

What is true of sports is true of far more important avocations. Professor William James, in his illuminating "Psychology," shows that the love of Nature is strongest in boyhood, and that unless it is exercised then there is small chance that it will reach normal development later. There is a time, which we all know, when most people read the poets with pleasure, and few can be restrained from themselves writing verse. If a man passes adolescence without exercising the poetic sensibilities there is small chance of his acquiring them afterward. Darwin relates that in his early youth he was fond of the best poetry and music, and that having neglected the arts for science he arrived at a time when Shakespeare and Beethoven bored him.

In our endeavor to insure the cultivation of the more serious and fundamental virtues, intellectual and moral, we have neglected the importance of youthful training in habits of relaxation and rational pleasure. Parents and educators are learning to revise the adage, all work and no play makes Jack a dull man. If Jay Gould had spent a reasonable share of his youth among orchids and on the sea his riches might have been less, but he would have been pretty sure to have lived longer to enjoy them. If Mr. Rockefeller had taken to the links at the age when he was fixing the habits of thrift his digestion would not require so much golf now — to say nothing of the profit to his driving and putting!

The Lamb and the Wolves

The Story of a Woman Who Took an Interest in Business

BY WILL PAYNE

JOHNSON loafed at the window of a Dearborn Avenue lodging-house and stared into the dismal back yard The room was shabby—soiled and battered by innumerable occupants. Johnson felt as dismal and shabby as the prospect and the room.

He had been married in November, gone to California for a long wedding journey, and returned to Three Mounds, Iowa, in ample time to assist in putting his firm into the hands of an assignee, the senior partner having been experimenting with the wheat market meanwhile. It was a clean sweep. Then he came to Chicago to take a position with a mutual fire insurance concern. His wife was preparing to follow him, and he was fairly getting hold of the business when the State authorities took a superior hold of it. He was not exactly discouraged; but he did not quite see the point in Fortune's dogging one man's footsteps and throwing brickbats at him for so long

He was thinking of the new white house with green blinds in Three Mounds, Iowa, as he stared into the littered back yard. What was most dismal and shabby about it all was that he was living on his wife's wages

He heard her voice in the hall below, and the fast patter of her feet on the second flight of stairs; but he pretended not to. She opened the door softly, slipped over and threw her arm around him.

"You heard me all the time! You know you did!" she declared. "Do you know, I believe I've got something for you! I came across it in the office to-day. Sit down"

He sat obediently in the big upholstered chair, whose faded and broken chintz offered so many disclosures, and she sat on the arm of it, showing him a bulky and highly-colored prospectus of the Little Dog Valley Irrigation and Settlement Company.

"I asked about it," she went on eagerly while he was trying to read, "and they're just about ready to bring it out—waiting for a good man to sell the bonds. You know how they're all worked up over irrigation at home since the two Texas companies have done so well. I believe you could take this up. You know plenty of people out there with money. I'm sure, I'm sure, Fred"—he could not read, of course, while she was trying to hug his head off—"that you'll strike the right thing. I won't let you take that miserable little clerkship. It would be like giving up. We can live here all right, even if the stuffing is coming out of things."

"While you do the clerking"

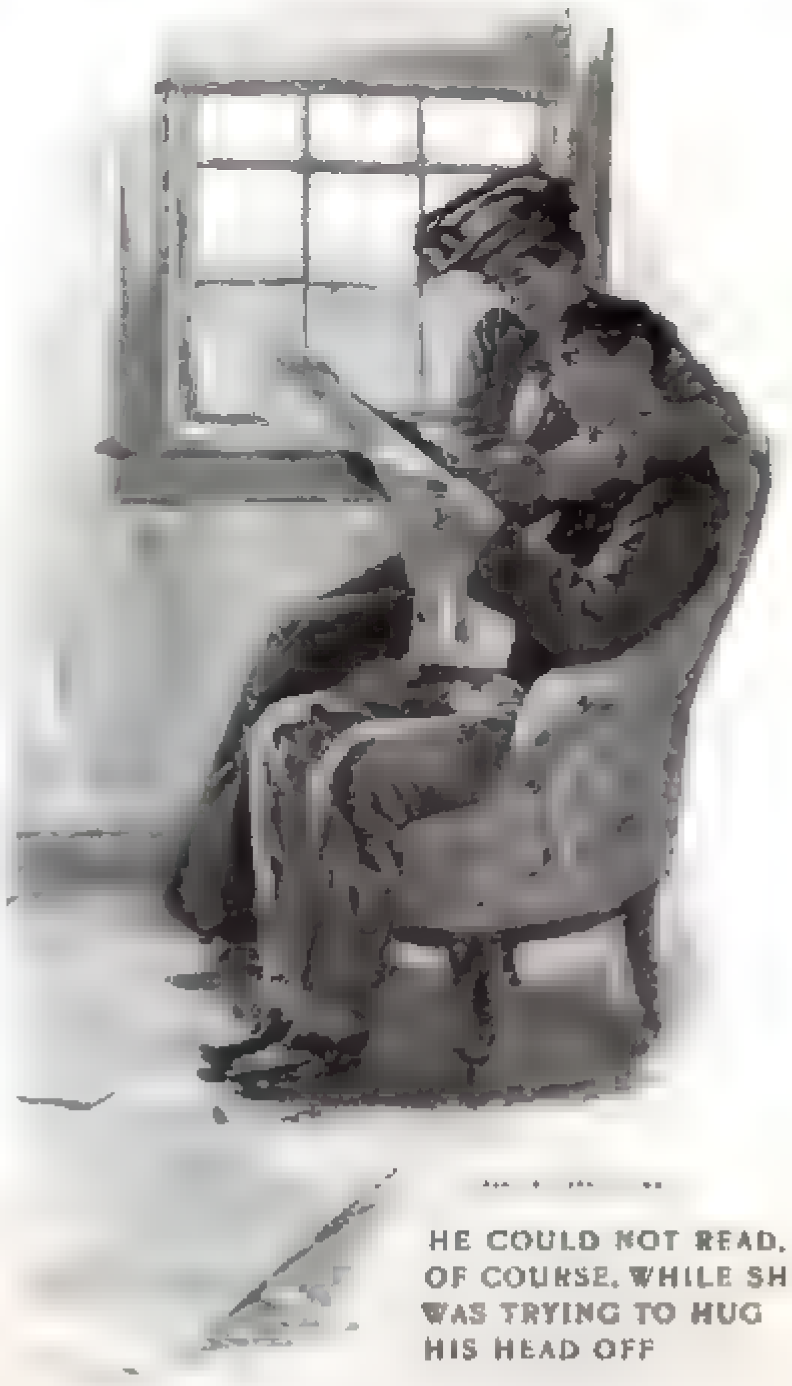
"That's only temporary. They're nice to me in the office The work isn't hard; and nobody will ever find it out, if you're so proud. If you make this succeed we can go back home—if we wish. I'm sure Mr. Follansbee would let us have the house back But you're not reading a bit."

Johnson turned to the prospectus, and as he read on his mind shook off that fallowness which had come from contemplating his defeats and thinking of his wife at work. He felt again the rise of courage, the zest for another try At dinner, in the poor little restaurant on Clark Street, they spread out the prospectus and talked it over, their heads close together, while the roast beef and boiled potatoes cooled.

Johnson fell asleep that night paying off the last of his creditors, and with little starts of fear lest it should develop that there was something wrong in Little Dog Valley and the scheme was not as good as the prospectus promised.

The next day, when Judge Hardwick had finished dictating his letters—which he did in a deep, rotund voice that was clearly audible throughout suite 500 in the Cornwallis Building, now and then frowning impressively and laying his finger to his temple in thought—the stenographer produced a prospectus of the Little Dog Valley Irrigation and Settlement Company from the back of her notebook

"When I asked you about this yesterday," she said with some confusion "I was thinking of a man—a friend of mine—who is looking for some opening of this kind, where he can enlist capital and have an interest. He has a good acquaintance among people that have money, and—I believe he'd like to take this up."



HE COULD NOT READ, OF COURSE, WHILE SHE WAS TRYING TO HUG HIS HEAD OFF

"Why—er——" the Judge began. "The fact is, I wasn't intending to bring that company out just now." He ran his hand thoughtfully through his dark, curly locks. "I have some more important affairs in hand at present"

"I think he'd like to begin at once," said the stenographer. There was an odd little appeal in her voice and in her pretty brown eyes. The Judge—himself a portly and handsome gentleman of fifty—was very susceptible to such appeals.

"Has this man had experience in business?" he asked in a fine, terrifying diapason.

"Yes, sir, he's had considerable experience," the stenographer replied brightly; but she added with some misgiving, "He isn't so very old."

"How old?" the voice demanded

"I think—he's about twenty-six. But I'm sure he's a very deserving young man. He comes from the same place I do. Really, I wish you'd give him a chance."

Judge Hardwick smiled benevolently. "Why, there's no harm in his trying it if he wants to. No harm in his trying it. This company, Miss Martindale—this company is perfectly legal in every way; perfectly legal. I have assured myself of that. But as a matter of fact"—the Judge stirred the ambrosial locks again—"why, you might tell the young man to come around. Tell him to come around, Miss Martindale."

"I will," said the stenographer. "Now, as I understand it, he would sell the company's bonds, get people to buy the bonds, and the people that buy the bonds will own the land after the ditch is opened."

"Quite right," the Judge replied, nodding. "They will own the land after the ditch is opened; and the ditch will be opened by the capital which they furnish in buying the bonds A very pretty scheme, a very pretty scheme."

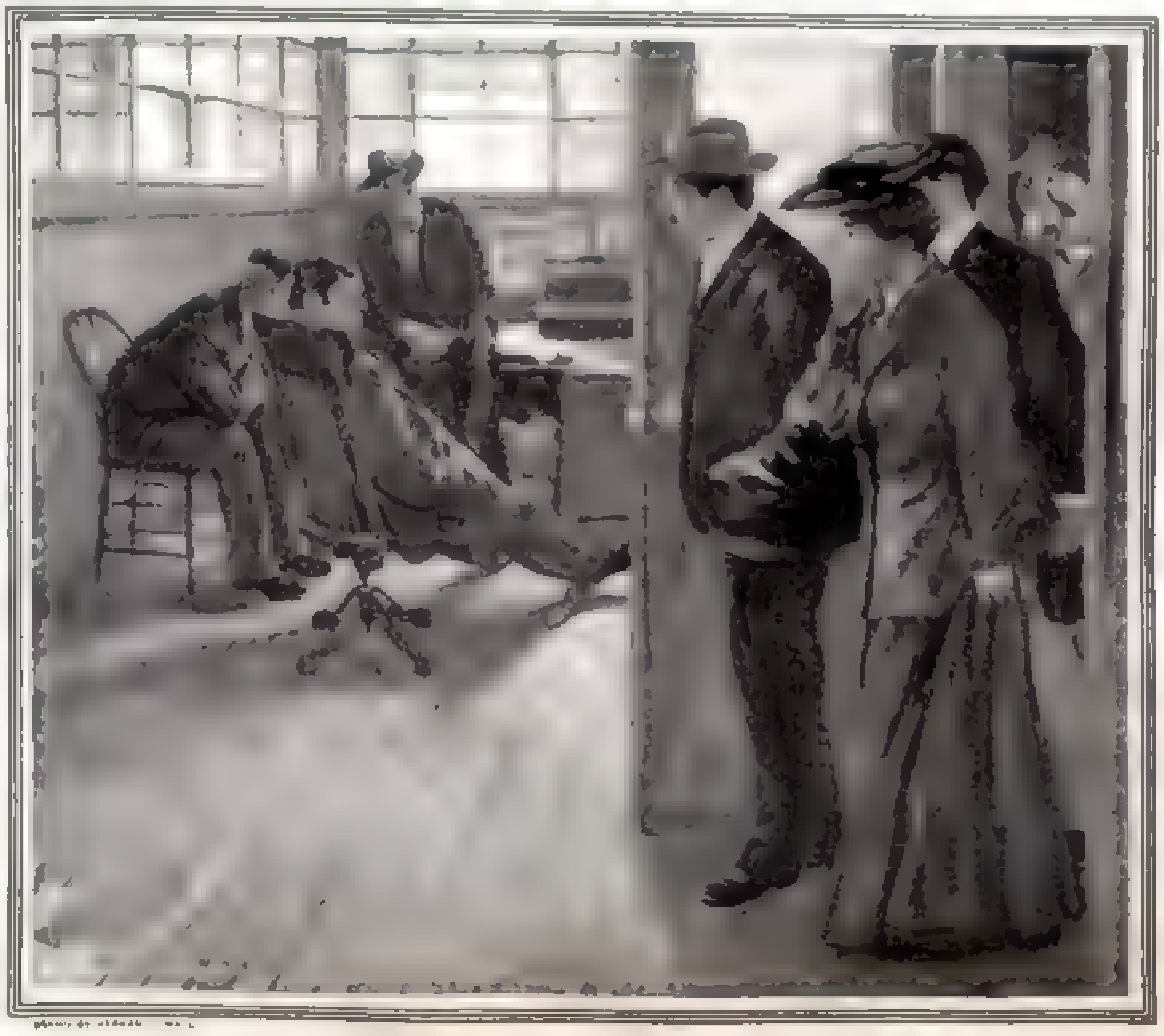
The stenographer, like the desk and chairs in the outer room and the telephone, was a common possession of suite 500, which had several tenants. Judge Hardwick, the time and place of whose judicial services were mysterious, had the corner room, with a door of its own into the cross corridor Mr. Holly, a lawyer who had been disbarred for some trifling irregularity with a client's funds, had the room opposite. Mr. Nordrum, "Investment Agent," had the next den, and Mr. Cherry, who was seldom in, that in the corner next the vault.

First and last, a good many prospectuses besides that of the Irrigation Company gave suite 500 as their main Chicago office. Nevertheless, times were often hard in the suite. There were periods when the stenographer was instructed to say to all gentlemen inquiring for Mr. Holly or Mr. Nordrum that they had gone out of town indefinitely, and Judge Hardwick was the only tenant who could hear the front door open without a qualm.

Times were especially hard the first week in September. The stenographer suspected that Mr. Holly was sleeping in his clothes on the office lounge. As for Judge Hardwick, he still smiled and paid, but he was not wearing his handsome watch or heavy seal ring

It was in this week that F. G Johnson, sparkling with triumph, brought in a committee of two from Three Mounds, Iowa. They had been to Wyoming; they had looked over Little Dog Valley and its irrigation possibilities; they had talked with Mr. Hendricks, the president of the company, and with the foreman of the Big Dog Valley Company, which was making a great success; they had $30,000 to buy bonds with for themselves and their neighbors. Word of it got around the suite. Mr. Nordrum went out gloomily to forget his ill-luck in a place duly licensed for that purpose. Mr. Holly sat shut in his room, thinking in bitterness of spirit that he, an able man, was sleeping on the office lounge while a blockhead, a tailor's dummy, a mere windbag, was taking in $30,000 of real money. As he thought, his prominent light blue eyes stared coldly, and, in meditation, he now and then passed his fat, white hand hungrily over his large mouth.

And nobody was more astonished than Judge Hardwick At first he had not seriously considered the possibility that this youngster would get anybody to listen to him. The youngster's enthusiastic letters he had read and answered with benevolent indulgence. Finally, it began to look as though the youngster would do something—especially after Hendricks wrote and wired—and then the astonishment began to grow in the Judge's overladen mind.



THEY WERE GLOOMILY DISCUSSING WAYS AND MEANS WHEN THE VISITATION OCCURRED

The affair had worked out of itself. Whatever he had pacifically and soothingly represented to Hendricks, he had really not intended to try to sell those bonds — just then. Now the bonds were selling themselves; the money had developed legs and was walking into his hands — and Hendricks' hands. The person who let the genii out of the box could hardly have been more bewildered. Hendricks expected certain things done, evidently; and there were reasons why it was not advisable to take any liberties with Hendricks.

Judge Hardwick bowed out the committee in his grandest manner, with his richest voice, and returned to his room with his usual swelling port; but behind the broad brow the mind was a mere derelict in the flood. He even wondered vaguely why the young man Johnson was waiting for him — smiling, with shining eyes.

"Well, it's all satisfactorily closed up?" the agent asked with a little laugh of sheer pleasure.

"All closed up; all closed up," replied the Judge with a dignified nod. "Oh, yes! There is the matter — the matter, Mr. Johnson, of your compensation, which you have fully earned — fully earned. I give you the four one-thousand-dollar bonds of the company as your commission, Mr. Johnson — as agreed; as agreed."

The youngster's fingers closed over the slim packet. "You've treated me mighty well, Judge," he began with a touch of embarrassment; then he laughed happily. "You see, I'd had rather tough luck, and my wife — well, this puts me on my feet again. By Jove! I'm ever so much obliged to you for the chance. And I think I've done those people a good turn, too. I failed out there, you know — through my partner — and some people made disagreeable remarks; but the best sort stood by me — and I hope I've got them into something now that will do them some good. And I believe I have. They are enthusiastic."

"And well they may be, Johnson; well they may be," said the Judge with another imposing nod. In fact, however, he was not quite clear as to what either of them was saying.

At the door the agent stopped and laughed again. "They didn't take to Hendricks much, though," he said, as though they could appreciate that joke together.

The Judge passed his hand thoughtfully over his chin. "Hendricks — doesn't always make a good impression — at first," he replied. "He is a — very determined man."

The young man went to the outer room and, as nobody was looking, sat down at the stenographer's desk. She had discovered a pressing errand and gone out before the Three Mounds committee arrived. He wrote on a slip of paper: "Meet you downstairs at six; we'll blow ourselves for a swell dinner," and tucked the slip into the top drawer as he had done before.

All that it lacked of perfection was that she was not there on the spot so that they could exult together.

When she came in half an hour later — first peering cautiously to see that the Iowans were gone — she found the note at once, and for a moment reproached him for leaving her only this bit of paper when she so much wanted him himself in their moment of victory, in the hour of the reconstruction of their world. She put the note before her, and by gazing evolved him from it — the hand that wrote; the smooth, youthful face above. She whispered to him, "I knew we could do it," slipped the paper in the breast of her waist, and went to work copying several letters.

The Judge meanwhile sat at his desk, apparently plunged in thought. In reality he was engaged in a strange, helpless sort of fishing — fishing for his courage, which every now and then slipped away from him and sank to measureless depths, leaving him flaccid, until he could painfully drag it up again. Presently he went out, and when he returned he called the stenographer in a needlessly loud voice. Rather laboriously he dictated a letter to Hendricks, president of the Little Dog Valley Irrigation and Settlement Company, as follows:

"I send you by express to-day $30,000, derived from sales of the company's bonds, to be used in prosecuting the construction of the irrigational channel, according to the plans of our engineers, of which you are fully possessed. I send the currency by express rather than make remittance by bank draft, as I know the banking facilities in your neighborhood are limited."

The Cornwallis was not a modern building, and the room partitions in suite 500 were formed, after the first five feet of stained pine, of large panes of common window glass set in frames. So the Judge, rising with a casual air, could see that Mr. Holly wasn't looking, and nobody else was in the suite. He then produced a package, done up in manila paper, from his coat pocket.

"I had the money done up at the bank ready to be shipped," he explained low and confidentially. "I want you to put it in the safe in the vault. When I come back I'll send it off. Of course" — he again glanced into Holly's room — "it wouldn't be prudent to let anybody else know it was here."

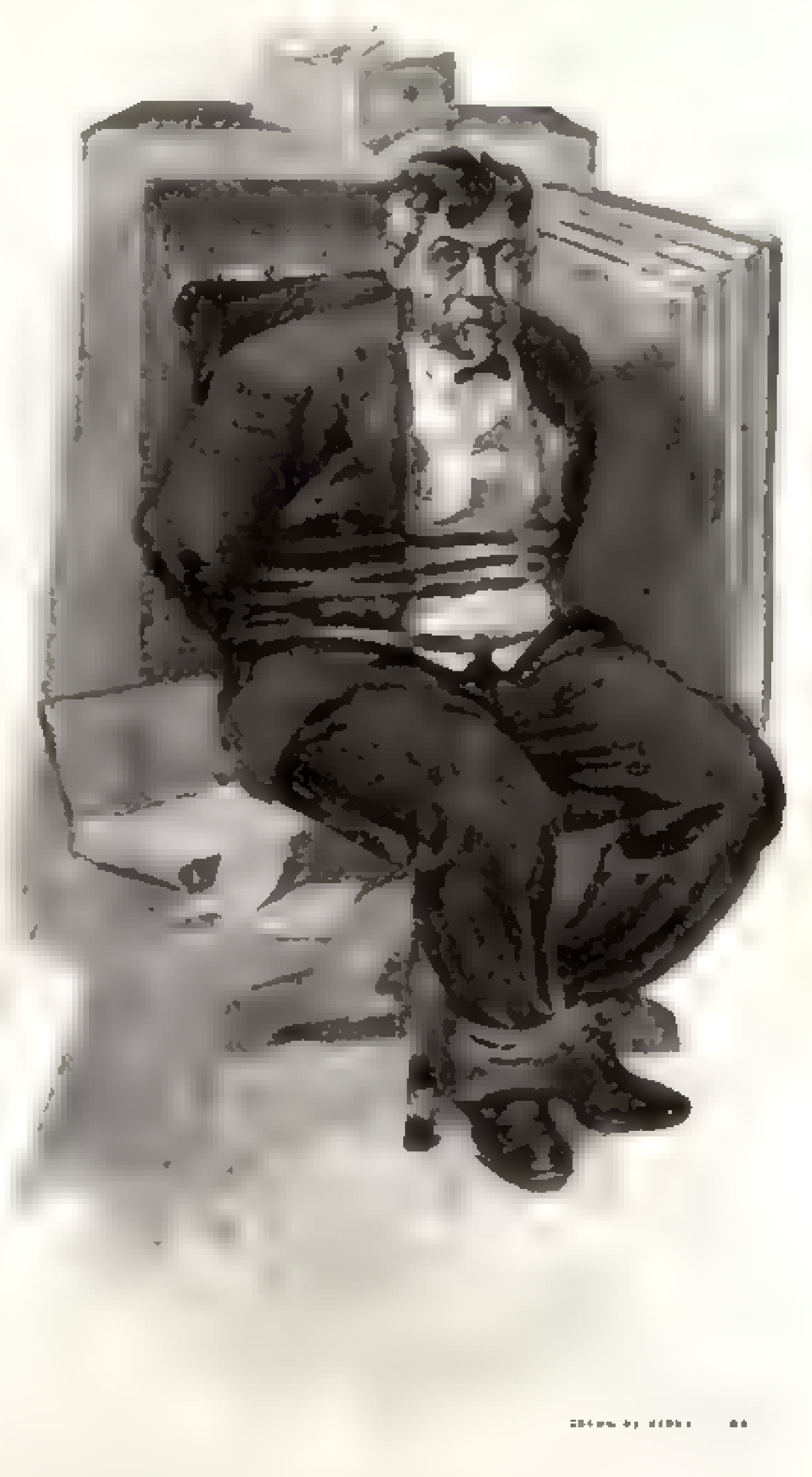
The money was in big bills, making a package by no means bulky. The stenographer, wondering and not quite at ease, held the package against her side, away from Mr. Holly, as she went to the vault. It took but a moment to plump the money into the small safe at the back of the vault, lock that, and, coming out, lock the vault door.

Judge Hardwick was watching her through the glass partition, and when she came back to his room, somewhat flushed and excited as though she had been concealing the *corpus delicti*, he was putting on his hat — nervously, as she observed.

"I've got an appointment at three-thirty," he said. "I'll take care of that" — with a nod toward the vault — "when I return. If I — should be detained past five you just lock up the office and go home as usual. And if anybody should ask for me tell 'em I won't be back to-day."

"Yes, sir," said the stenographer obediently.

When the door closed on the Judge Mr. Holly glanced around, and to the stenographer it seemed that the suite suddenly became ominously empty and still. She someway did not like Mr. Holly, with his fat, white face, long teeth and bulging china eyes. She sat down to write the letter to Mr. Hendricks and comfort her uneasy nerves with the clatter of the machine. It was a short letter. As she finished it she heard the door to Mr. Holly's room opening behind her.



"I'VE BEEN ROBBED," SAID THE UNHAPPY JUDGE

"The Judge coming back?" the lawyer asked cheerfully.

"He said not," she replied, for she always saved the truth when she could.

"I want to dictate a short bill to you," said the lawyer.

She took her notebook to the corner of his desk, and the dictation proceeded, the lawyer sitting sidewise to her and staring at the floor. In a moment her pencil stopped and she looked up at him with a startled, incredulous questioning. Mr. Holly went on dictating deliberately, and she wrote again. When he finished all the color had left her cheeks and she was staring at him with helpless pain as though he had been racking her.

"Mr. Holly — is — is this — really true?" she asked tremulously.

"True as gospel," the lawyer replied. "I know all about it. That old gas-bag Hardwick must be a fool to suppose I don't. The company was started in good faith enough; but the Big Dog Valley Company is on both sides of 'em, with a million dollars capital. It will shut 'em off the minute they try to run a ditch. It notified the fellows that got up the scheme, and they had sense enough to throw up their hands. They traded the company to Hendricks for a yellow pup or a spavined mule, or something of that kind. Hendricks was looking for suckers. Hardwick didn't know enough at first to know it was a gold brick; but he's found it out since. Do you know what's going to become of the $30,000 these corn-fed capitalists have paid over? Well, Hardwick will send it away, and the next you hear the office will be robbed out there in Wyoming, or Hendricks will be held up while he's got the money in his pocket, or some kind friend will discover a big claim against the company and have a receiver appointed. Do you suppose they're going to throw this money away in a perfectly hopeless fight? Not much. They're going to swipe it."

"The corn-fed capitalists will lose it," the stenographer murmured.

"They've lost it already. The only question is, who's going to get it? I don't believe much in interfering with other people's business. But it grinds me to see a mere blockhead like Hardwick, who hasn't intelligence enough to pour sand into a knothole, get away with that money. It was just his bull-headed luck in running across that young simpleton and tout, Johnson. I suppose the capitalists will lynch him when they come to." Mr. Holly smiled humorously. "I've given the company some legal advice, you see, and if I get that money in the bank tied up with an injunction I guess Hardwick will pay me a reasonable fee." The lawyer here passed his fat hand hungrily over his wide mouth. "I'll get this bill all ready to file in the morning before the bank opens. If the Judge comes back this afternoon — as I rather guess he will — you're at liberty to tell him what I'm doing. He can reach me by telephone if he wants to see me before the bill is filed."

In fact, Mr. Holly had counted upon the stenographer's telling the Judge. He preferred not to file the bill if a reasonable arrangement could be made without taking that step.

"You transcribe the bill, and I'll come back presently and get it," he added.

He then went across the street where he could watch for the Judge's return — meaning to drop in after the stenographer had had time to explain the situation to his Honor, and, perhaps, show him the bill.

The stenographer sat down to her machine. She was not very expert at best, and she made a bad job of Mr. Holly's bill. The keyboard blurred before her eyes every now and then; she lost her place time and again, and had to erase a great deal. She forgot that there was money in the vault or that she was alone in the office. All she could think of was that it would be six o'clock before she could see young Johnson, the tout, whom the corn-fed capitalists would presently be calling a swindler.

She was still at work at the bill, blurring and rubbing out, when a stranger entered and inquired for Judge Hardwick. She noticed vaguely that he was thick-set, wore a suit of dark blue ready-made clothes, had a ragged gray mustache, and took off his slouch hat politely. She said the Judge had gone out; she thought he would not be back.

"I'd like to see him particularly," said the stranger. He gnawed at his ragged mustache a moment, and regarded the young woman questioningly. "My name is Hendricks," he added. "The Judge and I are interested together in an irrigation company. I suppose you know about it."

She admitted, rather faintly, that she had heard of it.

"Some parties are about to invest," Mr. Hendricks continued. "A young man named Johnson had 'em out there — a very nice young man. So I thought I'd come on after 'em, and help the Judge close it up. I suppose — maybe they've been in to-day?"

"There were some gentlemen — and Mr. Johnson — with the Judge."

"And — paid over some money, maybe?" Hendricks suggested with polite interest.

"They were with the Judge," the stenographer replied.

"Um — you think he won't be back?"

"He said not."

Perhaps the form of the answer suggested something to Mr. Hendricks. At any rate he said, "If he should drop in tell him I called," and sauntered out.

It was five o'clock when Mr. Holly's bill was finished and laid on his desk. A whole hour must pass before Johnson would come. The stenographer knew of no one else to go to. Indeed, going to any one else did not occur to her. She took up her hat and jacket, eager to get out on the open street, away from the suite which again seemed strangely, ominously empty and silent. She felt that something dreadful was going to happen there. They — she and Fred — were so defenseless, knowing no one in particular, without money, in their shabby little back room, and with that cloud of his failure. The wolves had him. Her heart helplessly broke for a moment; then uplifted, hotly, with a rush of courage in which she recklessly defied them all. With very little of a plan, she walked to the Judge's room and stepped behind the wide-open door.

She had time to be afraid once or twice before a key clicked in the lock, and the Judge entered. It was then half-past five, and quite light through the suite, his room, on the inside, being the darkest. She heard him tiptoeing, less loud than the beating of her own heart, as he peered carefully into Holly's room and Nordrum's. Then he opened the vault door, and her straining ears caught the gentle clicking of the tumblers as he worked the combination of the small safe. Next, he was coming hurriedly, but softly, straight to his own room. She shrank and held her breath and tried to interpret the feeling and fumbling sounds he made. She supposed she was caught. But in a moment he went to the outer room again. He was moving a chair, evidently putting it into the vault. The noises were faint and meaningless, beyond the creaking of the chair. Then all was still. After some minutes of perfect silence she peered out very cautiously. The suite was empty; the vault door only a quarter

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria

Knapp-Felt
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
NEW YORK

Hats for Men

The extra dollar or two you pay for a Knapp-Felt Hat is an investment that will bring big dividends in satisfaction.

Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt De Luxe $6 hats are the best hats made — fifty years' experience guarantees it.

"The Hatman" tells about them and shows the proper shapes for fall. Write for it.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

GLOUCESTER
FISH FOR YOU

Delivered
at your home
express prepaid

Sea food from far-famed Gloucester — the home of fishermen — daintily dressed and packed, and shipped direct

From Ocean to Table

will whet the most indifferent appetite. *A few suggestions:* Choicest Salt Mackerel, Smoked Roe Herring, Sliced (thin) Smoked Halibut, Codfish, Kippered Herring, Shrimp, Lobster, Crab-meat and many other delicacies.

Send for Our Handsome Price List

and learn full details. We allow you to test fish from any part of [illegible] and return [illegible] we pay express and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] lected and packed [illegible] of shipment [illegible] of [illegible] all over the United States. Write us if you like [illegible]

Dock No 11
CROWN PACKING CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS

A Comfort
in
Every Home

Hartshorn Shade Rollers

The standard the world over. Strongest, simplest, easiest running; perfect automatic action.

The "Improved" Hartshorn requires no tacks.

The script signature of Stewart Hartshorn on the label is for your protection.

Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.

open — but surely he was in there. It was nearly time for Fred now; but she could not, for the moment, muster her courage to move, and while she waited a hand was laid to the outer door, a key clicked in the lock, the door opened.

She recognized the heavy, flat-footed step of Mr Holly; knew he was looking about. He walked over to the vault door and swung it wide. She saw the glow of light and understood that he had turned on the electric lamp which hung from a cord in the vault. Still he did not speak; no other voice sounded. Could the Judge have vanished through the solid walls? She peered out again. The daylight was beginning to thicken, and the corners of the Judge's room were shadowy; so she was a little bolder.

What she saw was Mr. Holly standing calmly at the vault door, and Judge Hardwick, sitting in an office chair within, ruthlessly gagged and bound with cords Mr Holly deliberately removed the gag and the Judge, writhing in his bonds, gasped out

"Hurry, Holly! Hurry! They just went out ten minutes ago — two men, one with a red beard and one eye; the other a tall, dark man with a wart on his nose!"

But Mr. Holly seemed in no hurry. "You had the cash here, then, and you've been robbed," he observed

"Robbed! Ruined, Holly! Hurry! Call the police!" gasped the victim.

Somebody tried the outer door, and there was instantly a dead silence. Holly noiselessly closed the vault door upon the miserable Judge and waited; then walked midway of the room, waiting.

The stenographer thought it was Fred at the door. A low whistle sounded — his call, but Holly was five feet away, and she dared not move. In the stillness she heard Fred going down the hall. A little time elapsed, then Holly returned to the vault, and asked a strange question in his thick voice

"Do you remember that case of Pease versus somebody or other in Indiana?"

The Judge merely stared at the lawyer's fat, white face and bulging china eyes

"The question was," Holly continued, "what time the man died. He was locked in a vault about like this one, I should judge. As I remember, the experts fixed four hours as the time he might possibly have lived. Of course, you've hidden the money. Tell me where it is."

"I ain't got the money!" the Judge wailed. "I tell you I've been robbed."

Mr. Holly rattled the handle of the vault door suggestively; but the Judge said nothing more. And the stenographer now understood. Summoning all her nerve, she stole carefully from behind the door, dropped to her hands and knees, and crept to the Judge's desk. She was on her feet again when she heard Mr. Holly saying.

"It is now a quarter of seven. I will open the vault door in two hours and see what you think about it then. If anything should happen meanwhile, you being a rather heavy, apoplectic man, you mustn't blame me."

The sharp click of the vault door shut off Judge Hardwick's scream for help. But the stenographer heard it, and her blood stopped circulating. The horror bewildered her for a moment, then spurred her on.

Holly was standing by the vault door, listening, as she slipped out of the side door of the Judge's room into the cross corridor, and almost ran into Mr. Hendricks, who, also, was listening thoughtfully.

"Oh, Mr. Hendricks," she gasped, "Judge Hardwick says he's been robbed of your money — and Mr. Holly's got him shut in the vault trying to make him give it up. Will you come with me and keep Mr. Holly still — while I open the vault?"

"Sure," said the president promptly.

Thus Holly, walking away from the vault, heard a key in the front door, saw the door open and the stenographer enter with a stranger in a dark blue suit.

"Why, Mr. Holly!" said the stenographer. "Still here? This is Mr. Hendricks, of the Irrigation Company. He's waiting for the Judge."

"The Judge's gone home," Mr. Holly replied as the powerful fingers of the president closed cordially and firmly over his right hand. He winced with the pain and hardly knew what the stenographer was about until she had the vault door open

"Why, Judge Hardwick!" she exclaimed in exactly the same tone of polite surprise that she had used to Mr. Holly.

"I've been robbed," said the unhappy Judge.

"The idea!" cried the stenographer. "Here's Mr. Hendricks to see you."

She caught the look of terror in the Judge's eye as the president and Mr. Holly came up to the vault door, and she fell back

The men were too absorbed to pay any particular attention to her. So she drifted rapidly back to the front door, her jacket over her arm, and out — and ran for her life.

She was uncertain whether she took a street car or how much time elapsed before she fell through the door of the third floor back and cried despairingly into the dark: "Oh, Fred! Aren't you here?"

He leaped out of the shadow by the window and began: "I was waiting for you

"It's all a swindle — the company! Judge Hardwick was going to steal the money and Holly and Hendricks — but I've got it! I've got it here!" She told him, as well as she could in a moment, what had happened

"I've got to get Follansbee at the Palmer House right away," said young Johnson. "He knows a good lawyer here."

So it happened that young Johnson, Mr. Follansbee, a reputable lawyer and a deputy sheriff entered suite 500 that evening and discovered a depressed trio.

Mr. Hendricks had been sympathetic at first. "So you've been robbed, have you?" he had commented as he and Holly unbound the victim's loosely tied legs. "Well, I'm real sorry for you. I am indeed, you poor fellow — because you're going to be robbed again right off." When the Judge weakened and confessed that the money was hidden beneath a loose board under his desk, and failed to find it there, the president became cold. "You needn't mind to get up," he said — the Judge, having been on all fours to find the money, was sitting up on his haunches — "you're in a bully position right now." Nevertheless, the Judge's protestations and tears seemed genuine; and somebody happened to remember the stenographer They compared notes. She had certainly come out of the Judge's room when she encountered Mr. Hendricks, and she had something in her hand under her jacket — Mr. Hendricks hadn't noticed what But nobody knew where the stenographer was to be found, and they were gloomily discussing ways and means when the visitation occurred.

"It's merely to get service on the officers of the Little Dog Valley Irrigation and Settlement Company," the deputy explained cheerfully. "Notice of suit and attachment"

"What you going to attach?" asked the Judge with some sarcasm

"We have already attached $30,000 of the company's funds in the hands of Mrs Frederick G. Johnson," the reputable lawyer explained

As the Judge stared blankly over the name the young agent said, "You called her Miss Martindale — her maiden name — but she's my wife, and she took an interest in this because my reputation was at stake

Hendricks scratched his head "She took an interest, all right," he admitted

"The purchasers of the bonds were not satisfied that affairs were as represented, so concluded they'd take back their money," said the reputable lawyer. "Of course, you can come into court and fight the suit and attachment if you like."

"She certainly took an interest," Mr. Hendricks observed thoughtfully; "walked off with it under the noses of three able men who were scrapping for a show at it. I don't believe you can beat her."

* * *

Worth the Money

TIMOTHY WOODRUFF, the New York politician, says that an old chap in business in a town not far from Buffalo, recently discovering one morning that his safe was out of order, telegraphed to the maker in Buffalo to send down an expert.

When the man arrived he discovered that the vault, which was an old-fashioned affair and locked with a key, could not be opened. After a hasty examination the expert took a piece of wire, and began to dig out a mass of dust and lint from the key. He then opened the safe as quickly as one could desire. With a sickly smile the old merchant meekly asked:

"What's the charge?"

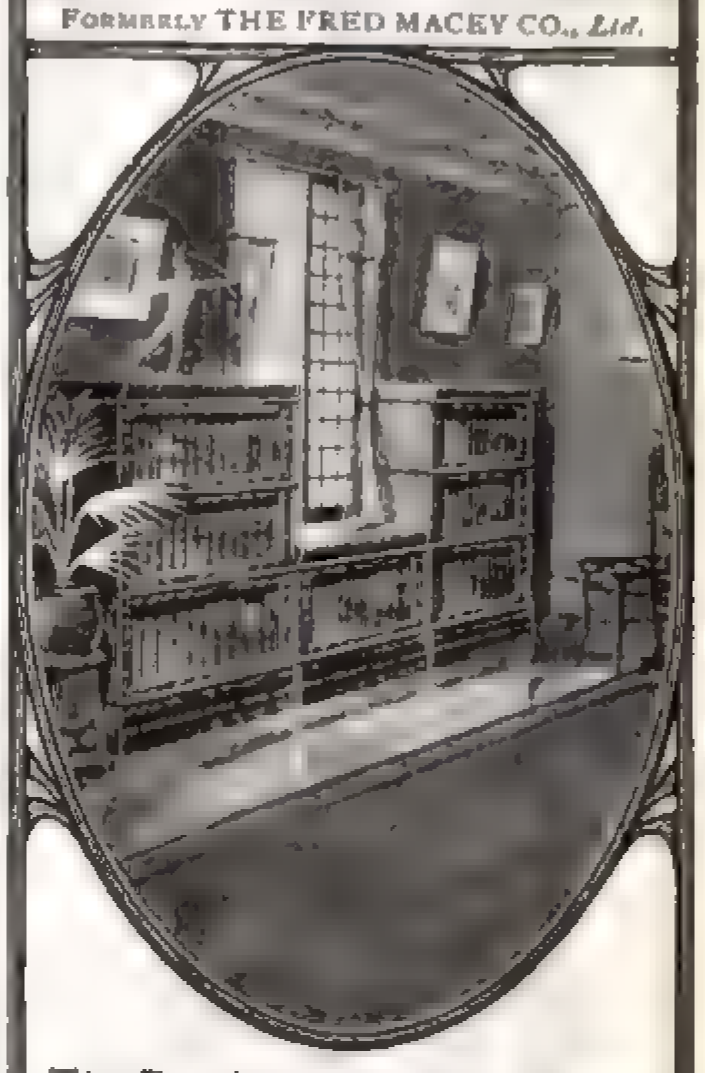
"Twenty-five dollars," was the reply.

"Does any one know you're in town?"

"None save yourself."

"Then here's fifty. You will do me a favor if you'll get out of town by the first train. If any one knew that I had paid a man twenty-five dollars to dig the dirt out of a key for me I'd never do another dollar's worth of business in this part of the State."

Macey-Wernicke Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
FORMERLY THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd.



The Bookcase for the Home

The Macey Sectional Bookcase is mechanically correct and artistically perfect.

Made in Sections and Half Sections in a variety of woods and finishes, with beautiful leaded or other decorated glass effects to suit every place and purse

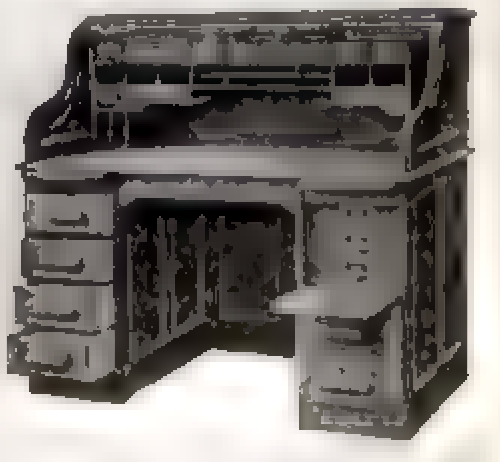
No other make or kind of Bookcase equals the Macey in richness of appearance and the ease with which it can be arranged to accord with the style and tone of any apartment.

Can be increased to accommodate a growing library and re-arranged preserving an effect which conforms with the scheme of furnishing. This case adapts itself under all conditions, to the general design so completely as to heighten the effect and add greatly to the appearance of a room.

You take no risk whatever when you buy a genuine Macey Bookcase. We ship "On Approval," freight paid and satisfaction guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue No. 1304 on request.

Great Desk Value



This genuine Macey Desk No. 270 — 50 inches long, made throughout of selected white oak, front and writing bed, quarter-sawed, finished golden, strictly high grade in every detail — complete with 3 letter files, 9 oak front file boxes and Pigeon hole Card Index Outfit, freight paid, $26.00.

For delivery at points in and west of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, ... $29.90

Many other patterns just as good values.

Catalogue No. 2404 gives full information.

RETAIL STORES
New York, ... 343 Broadway
Boston, ... 178 Federal St.
Philadelphia, ... 14 N. 13th St.
Chicago, ... 152 Wabash Ave.

KARPEN
Leather

The widespread fraud practiced in making and floodi
and selling it for the best Genuine **"Natural**
64-Page Book "W." This **"Split"**
the mercy of unscrupulous manufacturers and even
frauds practiced that it has become necessary for us t
Karpen Genuine Leather Furniture for the protection
to-day, and after reading it no one can sell you **"Sp**
best **"Natural Grain"** Genuine Leather. We
Upholstery Leather on Karpen Furniture, an
marks when making purchases. Insist on seeing the two
to take any other if you want leather that will wear satis

Your dealer will refund your money if Karpen Furniture proves unsa
months' use. Karpen **Sterling Leather** is of fine texture and reta

Write for Our

It gives prices and shows over four hundred new and artis
to $200.00. It should be in the hands of every prospective
tricks above mentioned and tells you how to judge the Genui

Trade-Mark.

Karpen
Guaranteed
Upholstered
Furniture
CHICAGO

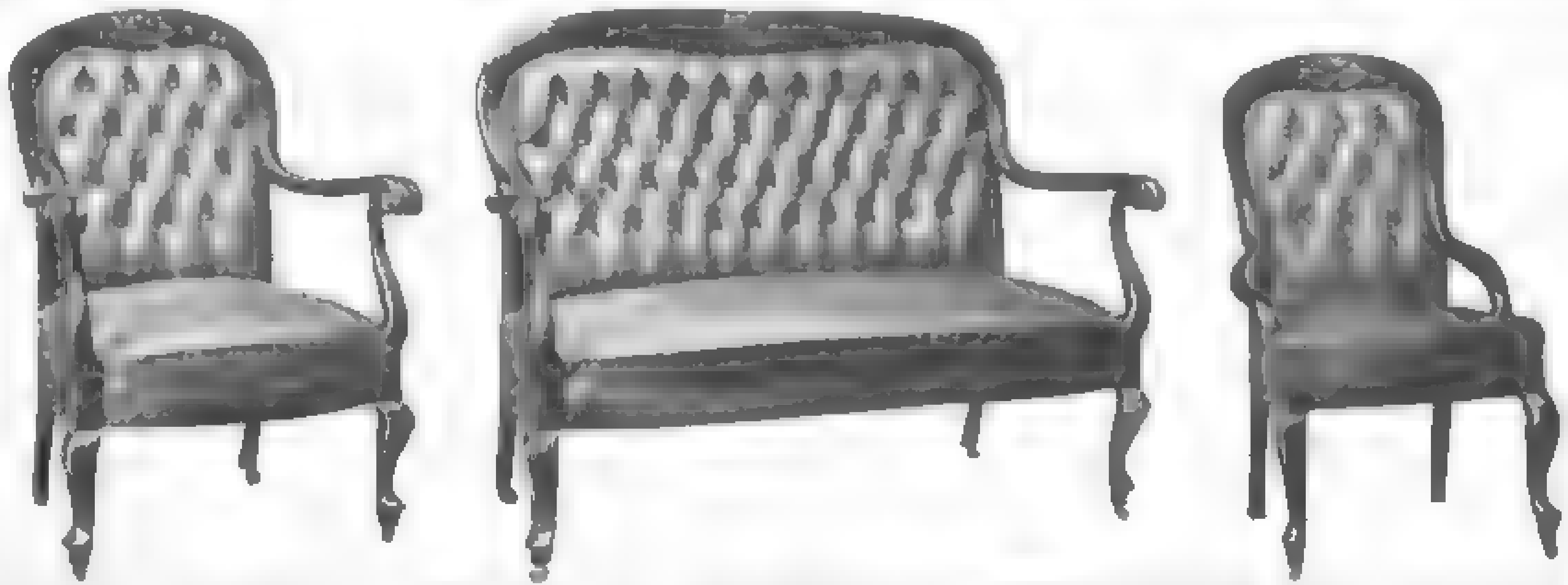
Karpen Furniture is sold onl
throughout the U

S. Karpen &

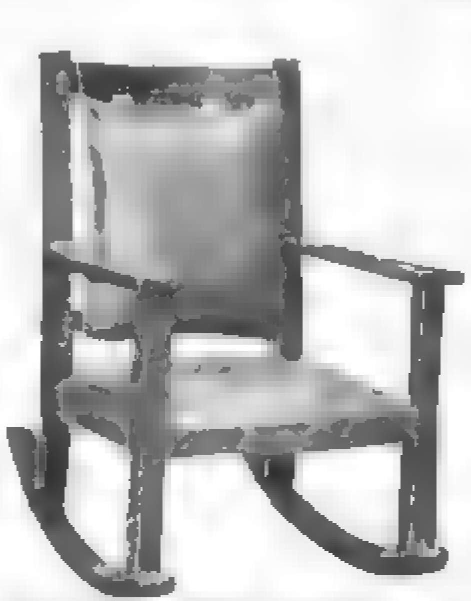
Largest Makers of Fine Upholstere

Karpen Bldg., Chicago St

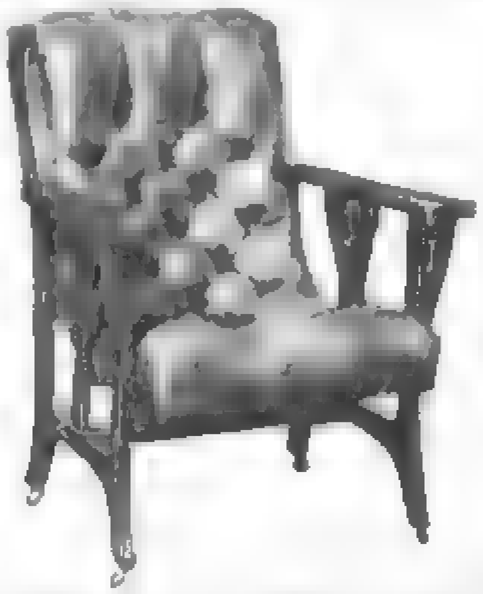
PLEASE WRITE TO-DAY FOR



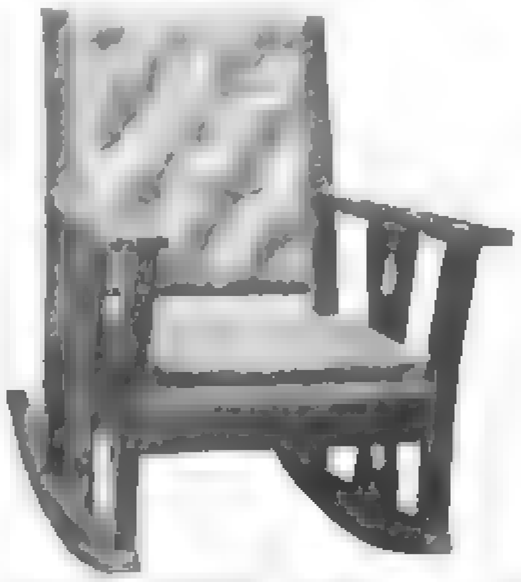
No. 16592—Library Suite. A Colonial suite of much beauty, including sofa, arm [illegible] and side chair. The framework is solid Cuban Mahogany. Our Free Book "W" shows 18 other styles.



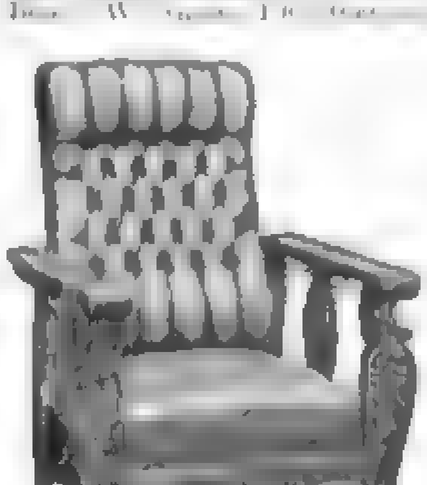
No. 16750—Mission Rocker. An [illegible] in the Mission style [illegible] framework [illegible] Our Free Book "W" [illegible]



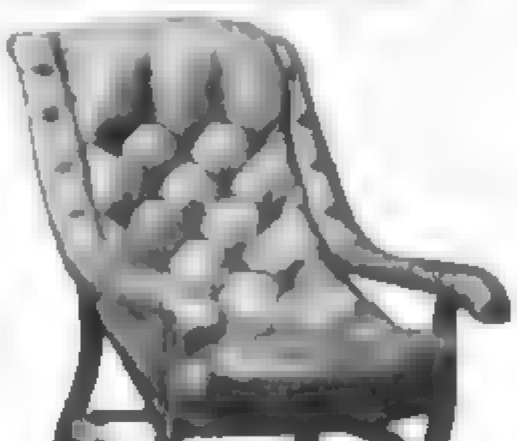
No. 16703 Sleepy Hollow Chair. This is one of the most comfortable and [illegible] chairs ever [illegible] The framework is solid quarter [illegible] weathered or Antwerp finish. Our Free Book "W" shows 8 other styles.



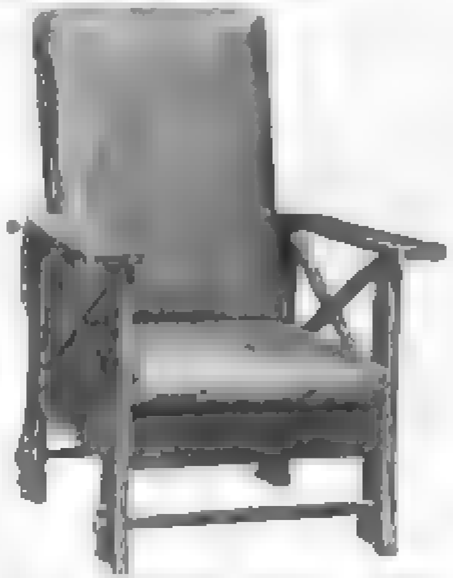
No. 15779—Mission Rocker. A most substantial design of simple but strong and comfortable [illegible] Our Free Book "W" [illegible]



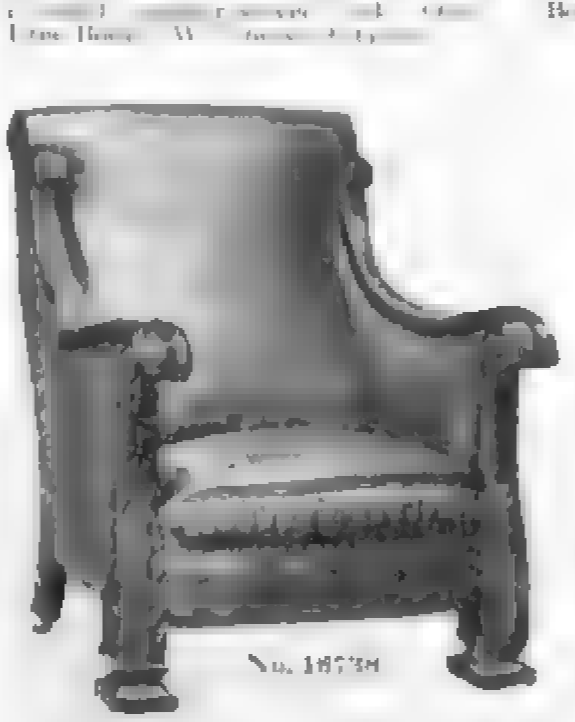
No. 14346 Morris Chair. A [illegible] reclining position. The framework [illegible] Free Book "W" [illegible]



No. 14048 Sleepy Hollow. A chair [illegible] every muscle and becomes [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible]



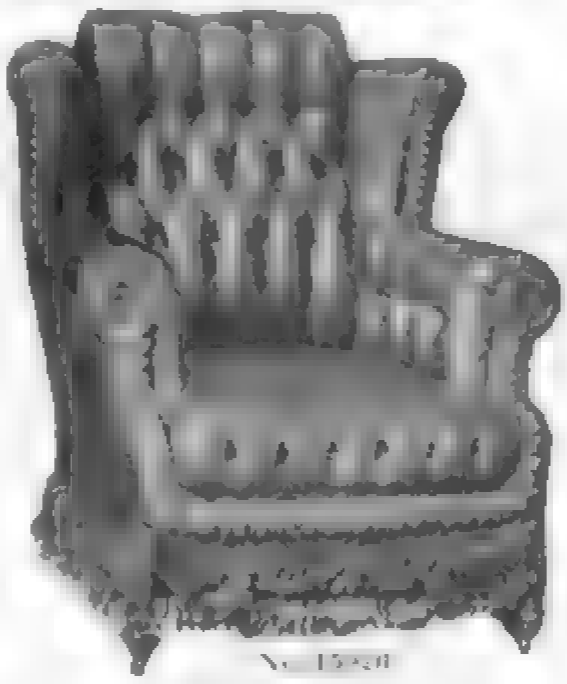
No. 15704—Mission Morris Chair. A perfect example of Arts and Crafts furni ture. [illegible] The frame is [illegible] sawed oak in weathered or Antwerp finish. Our Free Book "W" [illegible]



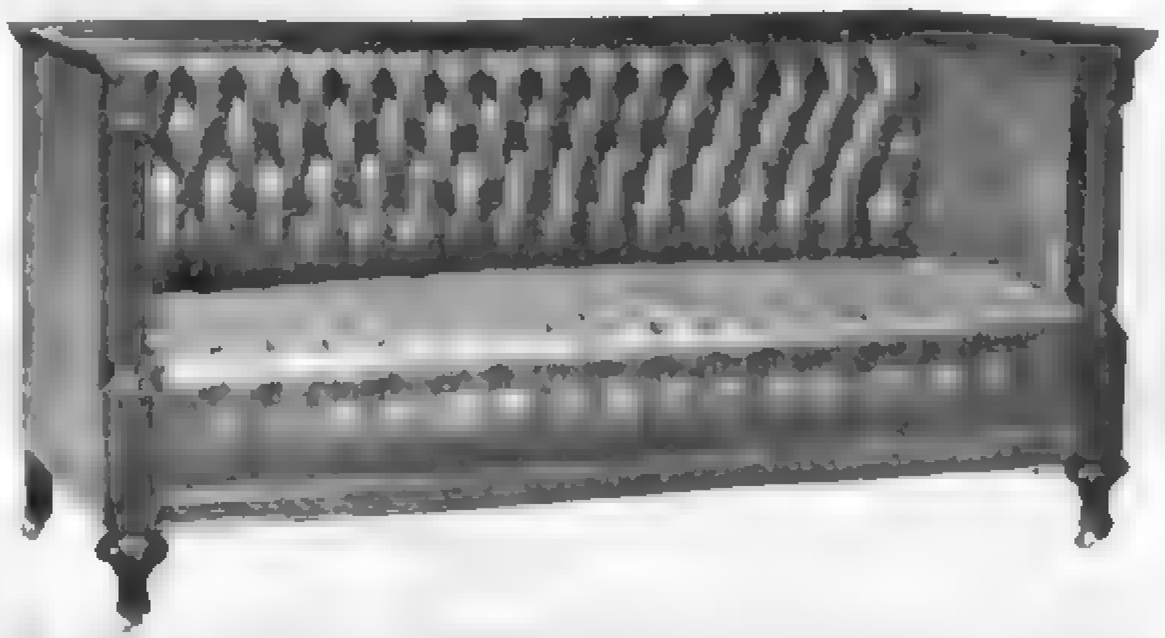
No. 16738

No. 16738 Hotel or Club Chair. A [illegible] and strongly [illegible] especially adapted [illegible] The frame is [illegible] oak in any [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible]

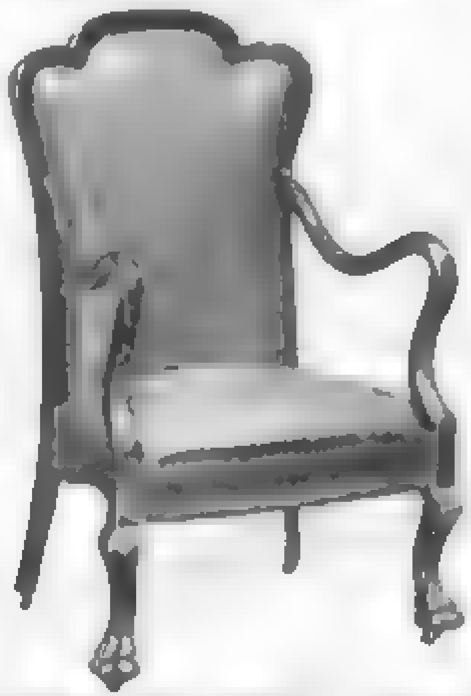
No. 15926 Turkish Rocker. This [illegible] time [illegible]



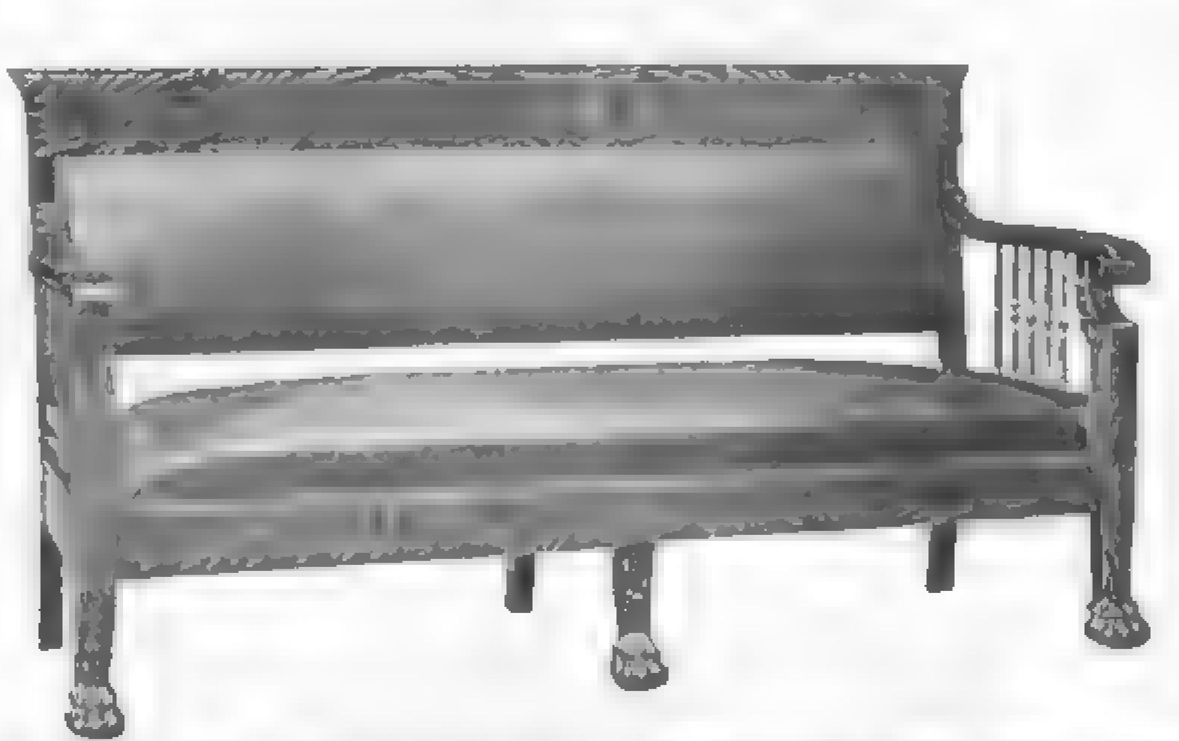
No. 15926



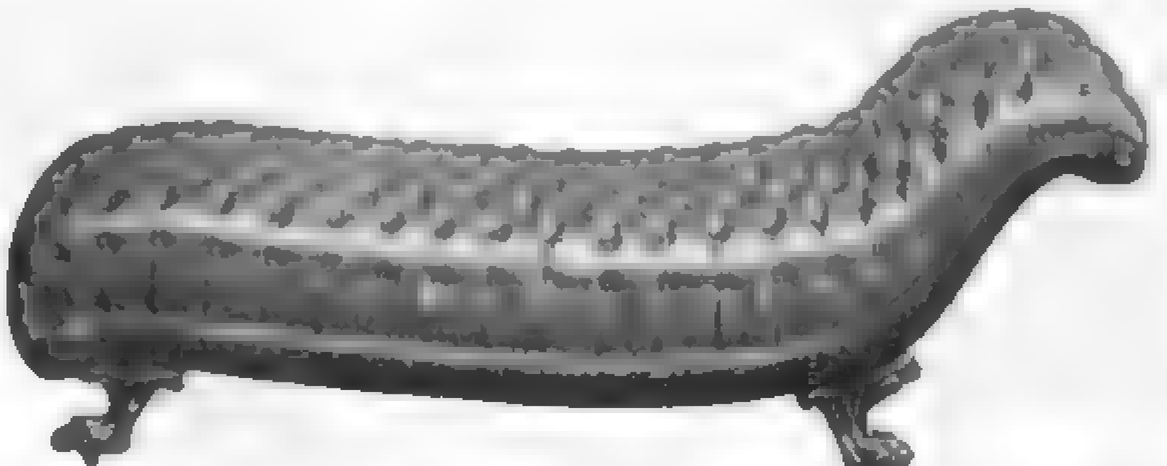
No. 16484 – Davenport. A pure Colonial design of excellent proportions. It can be furnished in any length desired. The framework is solid Cuban mahogany of beautiful grain, or selected quarter-sawed oak in any desired finish. Our Free Book "W" shows 28 other styles.



No. 15726 Library Chair. A high grade [illegible] almost entirely shaped [illegible] by hand [illegible] Cuban mahogany of [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible]



No. 14330 – Lodge Room or Store Settee. A substantial [illegible] serviceable design, made in any required length, height [illegible] solid Cuban mahogany, or selected quarter-sawed [illegible] Our Free Book "W" gives list of [illegible] recently [illegible] of Karpen Furniture.



No. 16474 Couch. A [illegible] design in excellent taste. The beautiful carved [illegible] most effectively. The framework is solid [illegible] quarter-sawed oak in any finish. Our Free Book "W" shows 48 other styles.

Genuine
Furniture

g the stores with cheap **"Split" Leather** Furniture
Grain" Leather Furniture is exposed in our **Free**
eather is so cleverly finished that the public is at
many dealers are deceived. So extensively are these
put our two trade-marks, shown below, on every piece of
of the public and ourselves. Send for our free book "W"
lit" Leather Furniture and make you believe it is the
use nothing but the very best **"Natural Grain"**
l we want you to be able to identify our goods by the trade-
rade-marks shown below and **do not be persuaded**
actorily.

isfactory. **"Split" Leather** cracks, peels and wears shabby after a few
s its life and beauty for generations. Never cracks, peels, or wears shabby.

FREE Book "W"

ic designs for every conceivable use, ranging in price from $7 [illegible]
purchaser of Leather Furniture. It exposes all the shams and
e High-Grade Leather from "Split" Leather and imitations.

Trade-Mark.

by leading dealers
ited States

Bros. Est. 1880

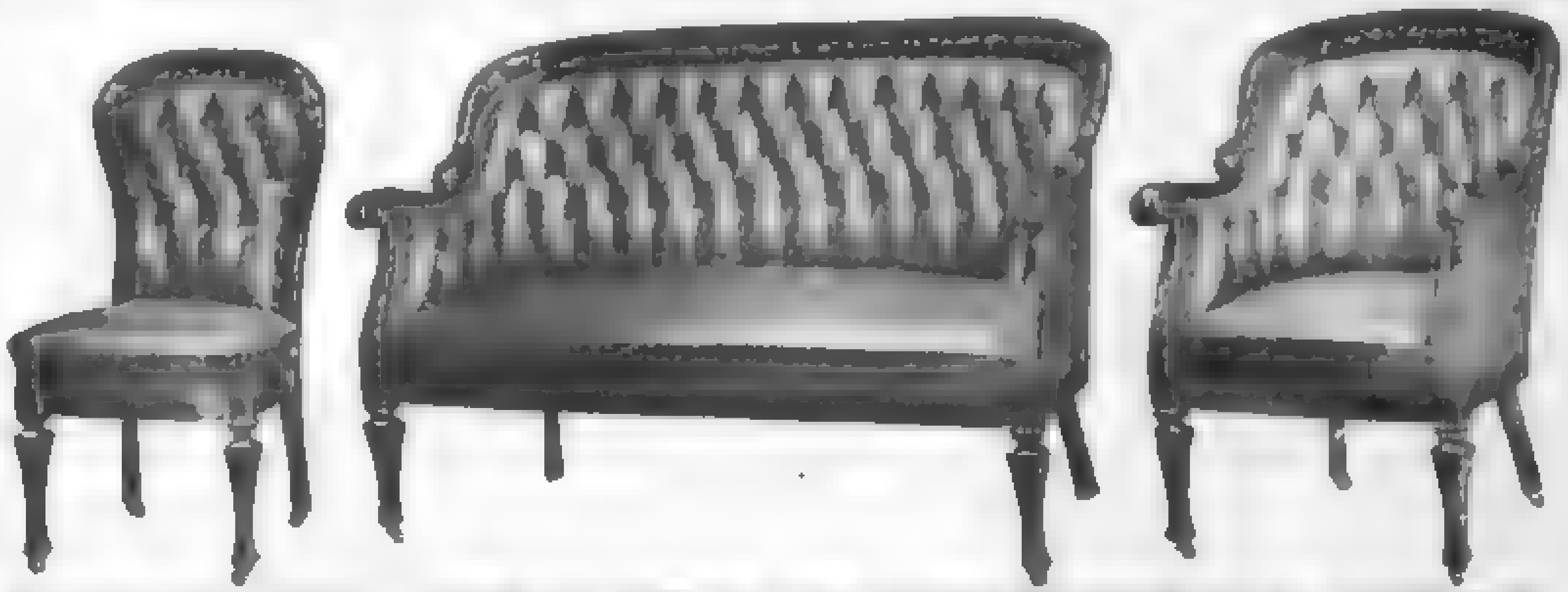
Furniture in the World

James Bldg., New York

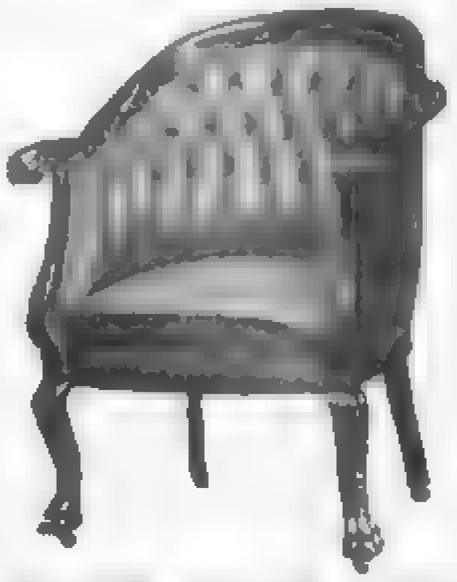
OUR FREE BOOK "W"

What Book "W" Illustrates	
	Pages
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	10
[illegible]	11
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Davenports	[illegible]

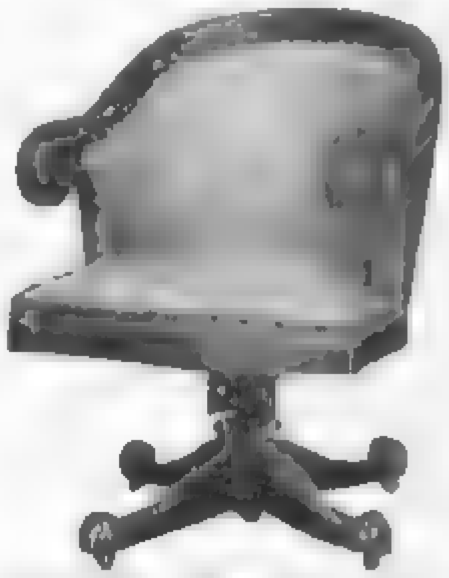
Karpen
Best Genuine
Leather
Sterling Brand
Furniture



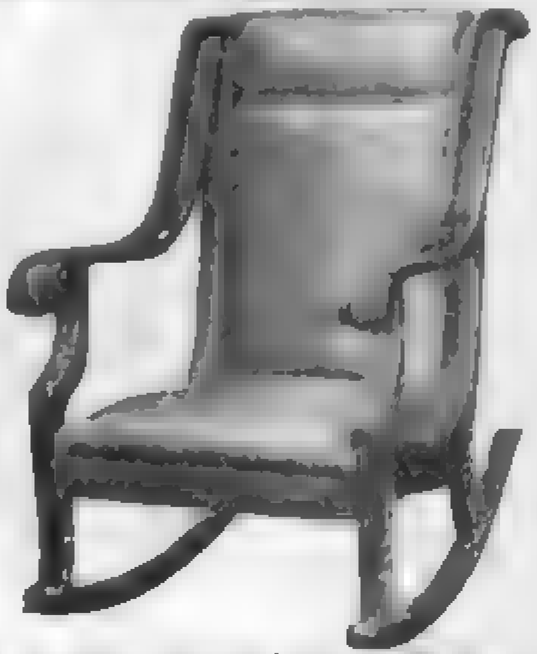
No. 16140 Library Suite. A beautiful [illegible] Colonial [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows 18 [illegible]



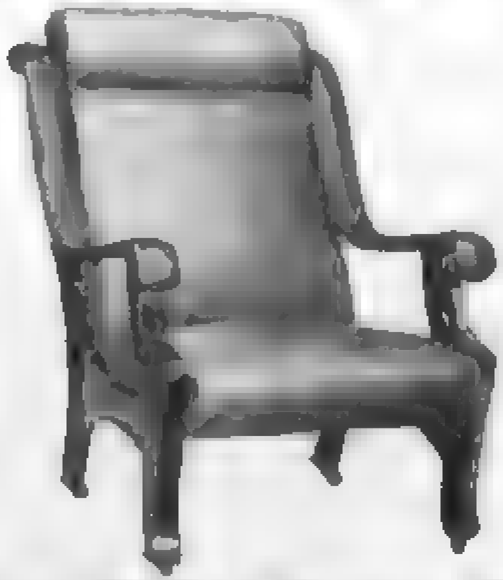
No. 16535 Library or Office Chair. [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible] other styles.



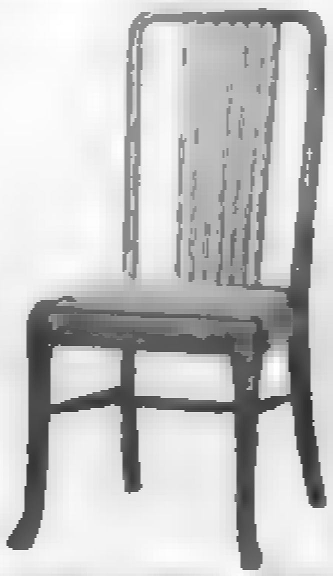
No. 15907 Office Chair. [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows a score of other styles.



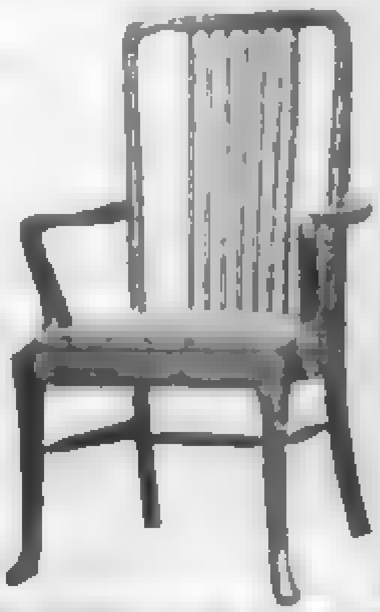
No. 15970 Library Rocker. [illegible] finished in mahogany. Our Free Book "W" shows 50 other styles.



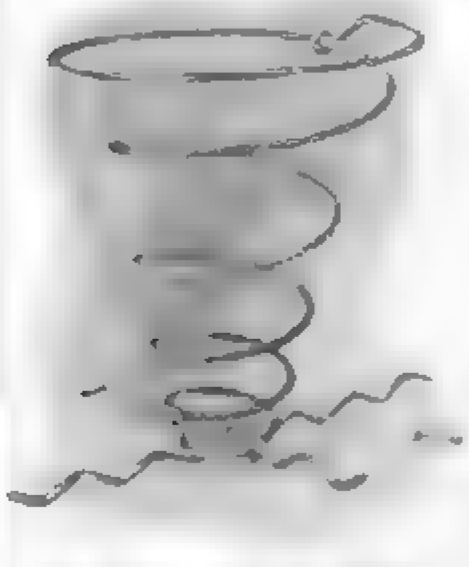
No. 16930 Hotel or Club Chair. [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows 25 other [illegible]



No. 16355 Dining Chair. [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible] styles.

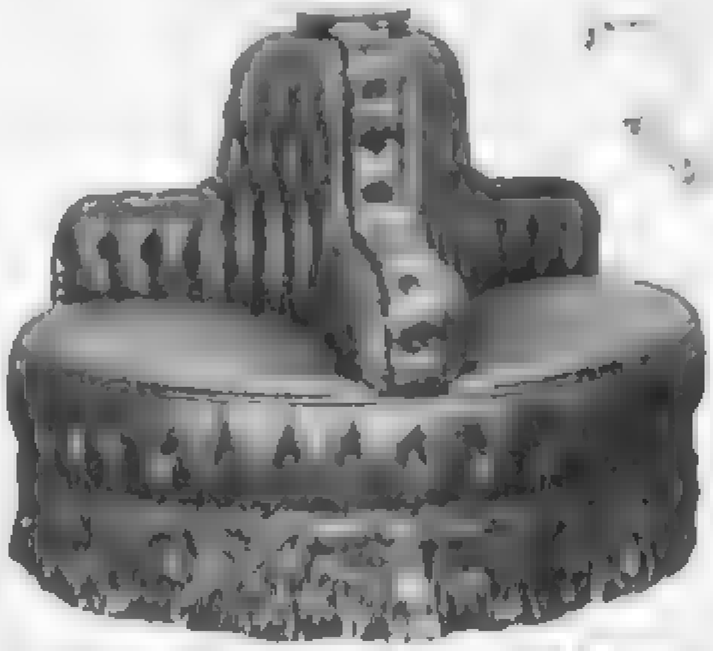


No. 16396 Dining Chair. This is an exquisite [illegible] which the uphol[illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible] other [illegible]

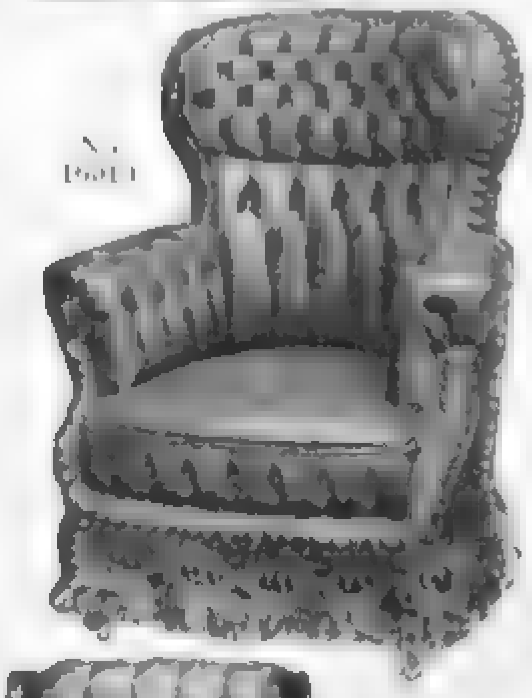


Karpen Spring Construction

[illegible] manly, indestructible, resilient



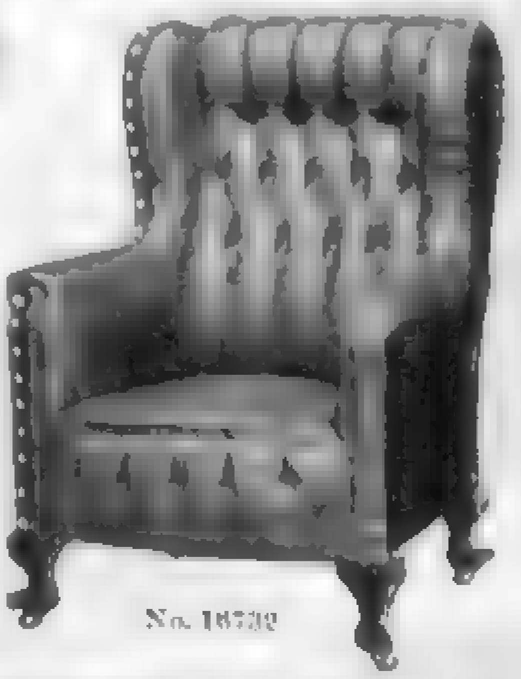
No. 13725 Hotel or Store Settee. [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows several [illegible]



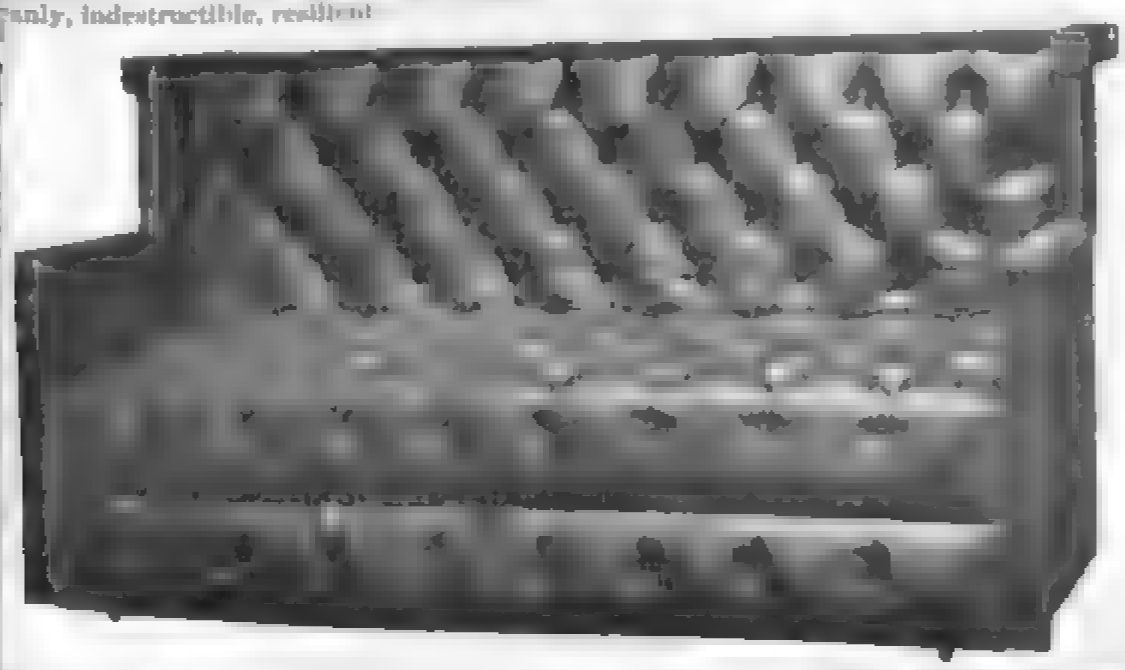
No. 16911

No. 16910 Turkish Chair. This [illegible] artistic outline with a maximum of comfort and durability. It is fitted with Victoria Swing Springs. Our Free Book "W" shows 2[illegible] styles.

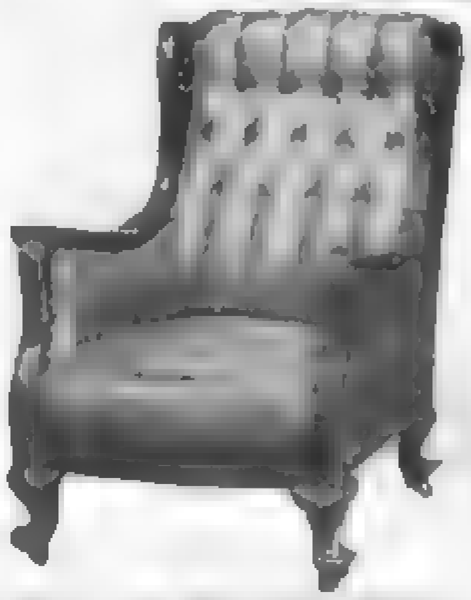
No. 16732 Fireside Chair. This [illegible] The framework is [illegible] quarter-sawed oak in any [illegible] Our Free Book "W" shows [illegible]



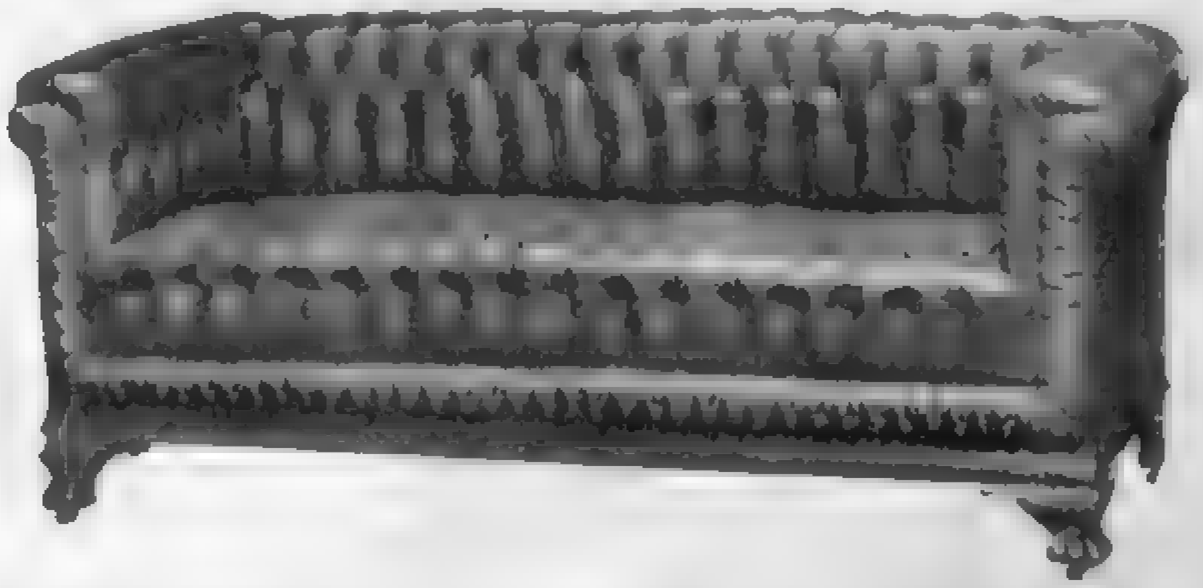
No. 16732



No. 16450 – Karpen Automatic Sofa Bed. A child can [illegible] beautiful sofa into a full sized bed in a few [illegible] quarter-sawed oak. Write [illegible] entire line.



No. 16740 Fireside Chair. [illegible] sawed oak in any [illegible] selected Northern birch finished in mahogany. Our Free Book "W" shows 12 other styles.



No. 15689 – Turkish Davenport. This design can be made in any size or shape to fit any required space. The framework is solid Cuban mahogany of beautiful grain. It has massive claw legs. Our Free Book "W" shows 12 other styles.

Fall and Winter
SUITS AND JACKETS
MADE TO ORDER (Not Ready-Made) $10 up

A Trial Order Costs You Nothing
as we refund your money if we fail to please you. It is very important to us, therefore, that we should make your garment right, otherwise the loss is ours.

WE SEND FREE
samples from our stock of over 400 guaranteed materials, including the handsome new "Normandie" and "Victoria" [illegible], together with our 64-page Catalogue illustrating and describing 120 of the latest styles in Suits, Skirts and Jackets.

No Matter Where You Live
we will make your garment in the latest New York style without trouble or risk to you, and at a price to be reasonable than you can get the same quality in a ready-made suit, besides

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU

Tailor-Made Suits	$10 to $35
New "[illegible]gris" Suits	$15 to $25
Skirts of exclusive design	$4 to $15
Fall and Winter Jackets	$10 to $25
Long Coats, "Tourist Models"	$12 to $25
Rain Coats	$12 to $25

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES ON YOUR GARMENT TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

Full instructions for taking your measurements correctly will be sent with our Catalogue

ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Write to-day for samples and our Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 31—sent FREE by return mail to any part of the United States. Kindly state whether you wish samples for a suit, skirt or cloak, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full assortment of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches.
Established 16 Years.

Buttonless
Suspender

Tell your tailor to leave the six top buttons off your winter trousers. You are going to join the great company of up-to-daters who have forever declared their independence of the treacherous suspender button: henceforth to rest secure in the comforting support of the "Buttonless" suspender.

Ask your dealer. If he won't supply the "Buttonless," we will, on receipt of price, 50c

Write for booklet. Agents wanted.

THE BUTTONLESS SUSPENDER CO.
West St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

Are your glasses comfortable? Do they fit firmly without pinching? Do they constantly get out of line?

Shur-On Eye-glasses

fit the nose without pinching. Built on entirely new principle. Won't come off; entirely comfortable. Don't get shaky or need constant adjusting

At all opticians. Made in all shapes. "*Shur-On*" on every pair.

Valuable book free
for the name of your optician. Bubbling over with helpful hints on how to take care of the eyes.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Department B
204 Court Street Rochester, N. Y.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

JAPANESE ARMY FOODS—The nation, as a people, eats rice, but the fighting man gets meat.

THE Jap is able to digest rice and similar foods much better than a white man because he possesses an intestine one-fifth longer. Such, at all events, is the statement of Dr. B. Scheube, of the Kioto Medical School.

It is a fact, however, that the fighting men of Japan are meat eaters, though the population of the country at large is vegetarian mainly. Even in time of peace beef is supplied to the soldiers; and that is one reason why foreigners find it convenient to reside in the neighborhood of garrison towns, because the butcher is handy. At the same time, the people of Nippon can under no circumstances be persuaded to touch mutton, which they look upon with horror.

The main dependence of the Japanese troops in the field is rice, compressed into balls about the size of one's two fists, for the sake of making it more portable, the instrument used for the purpose somewhat resembling a lemon-squeezer. Before being converted into this shape the rice is cooked, so that, in case of emergency, it may be eaten without further preparation. But ordinarily the balls are either cut in slices and roasted, or else dropped whole into the pot, when, in the process of boiling, they expand greatly.

Large quantities of dried fish are supplied to the Japanese armies. Such material, all other waste being removed, is a highly-concentrated food, and occupies small bulk in proportion to the amount of nutriment represented

PRESCRIBED FOR POOR SLEEPERS—The railways are experimenting in timber seasoning for their beds.

THE scarcity of valuable timbers is felt by no class of consumers more keenly than by the railways of this country, which use every year 110,000,000 ties merely to replace those worn out and decayed. The price of timbers has risen in some instances to a figure that makes their use prohibitive; in other cases the stock is so nearly exhausted that the roads have been compelled to look about for new sources of supply.

Acting upon the suggestion of the Bureau of Forestry, which for some years past has conducted experiments in timber seasoning, a number of prominent roads have faced the problem in earnest, and have bought timber lands for the sole purpose of growing thereon trees from which to make their own ties. Instead, therefore, of purchasing in the open market high-grade, expensive timbers, the roads are now growing the cheaper woods.

It was found that the great Eastern Railway of France had succeeded in doing this, even going so far as to make beech ties last for many years by impregnating them with tar oils. Ordinarily beech ties, if laid green without seasoning or preservation, would last no longer than three years.

The idea of the Bureau of Forestry, which the roads are now testing, is that cheaper timbers other than beech may be treated with preservatives at a cost so low and be made to last such a long time that it will be a matter of economy to substitute them for the more expensive timbers now employed.

The railways have thought so well of these experiments that they are not only carrying them on under the direction of the Bureau, but are engaging the Bureau's help to ascertain where cheap timbers may be obtained. In other words, the railways have decided that if they can be convinced that it will pay to season and preserve cheap timbers for ties they will acquire large areas of timber lands on which they will grow their own trees, cut their own ties, and thus be assured of a steady supply. This means that eventually the roads will be practicing forestry on a large scale, employing many foresters.

Furthermore, it appears that similar experiments are carried on for certain telegraph and telephone companies, one of which alone used during the last fiscal year 150,000 telegraph poles and 3,000,000 feet of timber in cross-arms.

Important and valuable as this work may be to the railway and telegraph companies, it is of yet greater importance and value to the country at large. The use of cheaper timbers for railway ties is in several ways an economic saving, for it relieves the high-grade timbers of a part of the heavy demand that is made upon them, it opens a market for timbers for which there is now little sale, and it affords splendid opportunities for conservative management of timber lands

THE GREAT AMERICAN PEANUT—Some statistics of the enormous aggregate appetite of the small boy.

ACCORDING to the statisticians of the Department of Agriculture, there are consumed in this country annually some six million bushels of peanuts, the production of which forms not the least important industry of the South

The greater quantity of the most valuable nut that grows in the earth comes from Suffolk, Virginia, though there are many that come from Smithfield, Wakefield, Franklin, Waverly and Petersburg

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that the "goober," or "pinder," as the peanut is commonly known in the South, did not come prominently before the American people till the days of the Civil War. It is said that the soldiers of both armies found that the peanut-growing sections of Dixie afforded a most satisfactory camping-ground for such as were short of rations. It was then, when the hungry soldiers fed upon the peanut, and gave thanks that such a hunger-satisfying nut could be obtained by a little foraging, that the humble "goober" began to be appreciated.

Since then the cultivation of the peanut has assumed great importance, and now there are fifty-acre peanut farms in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and other Southern States where in the sixties were only "patches" devoted to the growing of the "goober."

The finest variety of peanut grown in this country is that known as the "bunch," but the "Virginia running" may be said to be the most widely known and most popular with the trade. In fact, it may be termed the typical American peanut. The pods are large and white and will weigh about twenty-two pounds to the bushel. In point of flavor, size and hardness of hull these are the best peanuts grown, and "selects" from these are known as the "Jumbo"

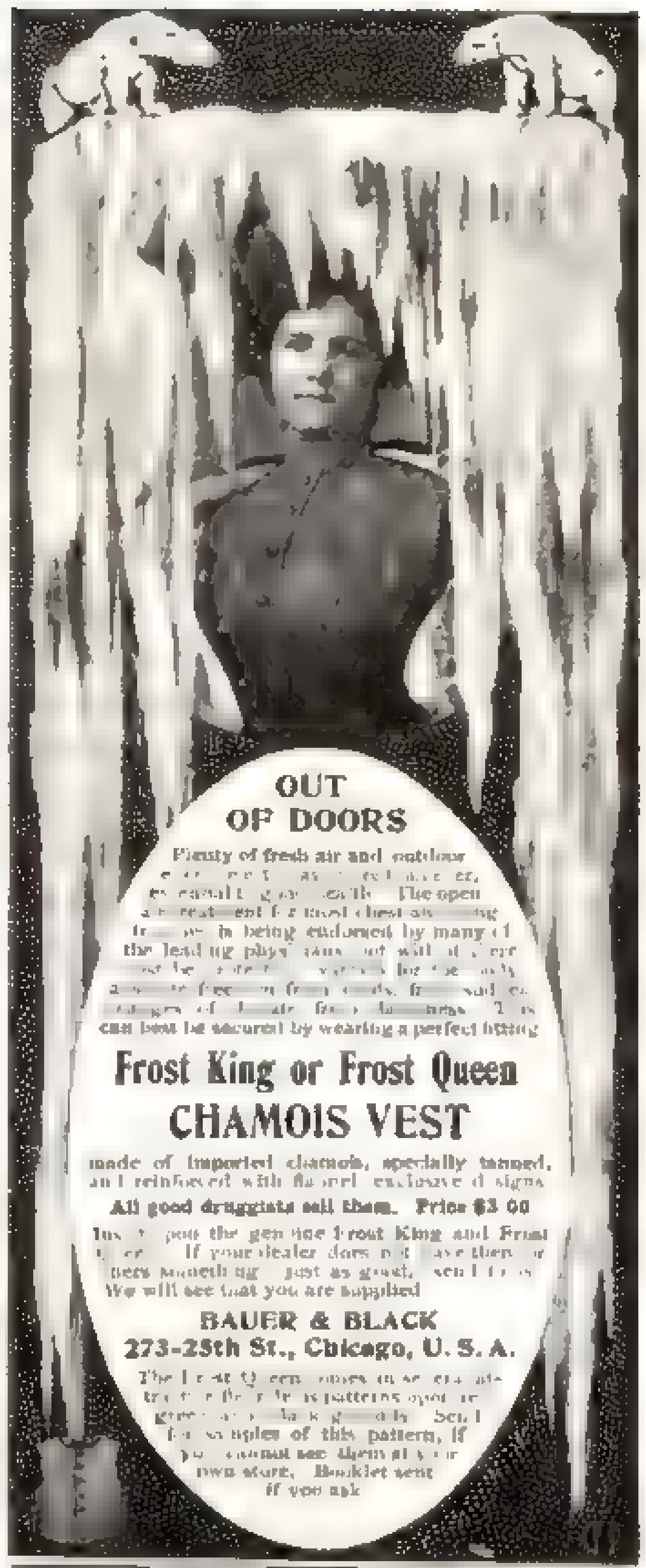
Botanists have placed the home of the peanut in Africa, but some authorities think it native to Brazil. Louisiana finds the Spanish variety, a small but fine nut, best adapted to the climate of that State. The "goober grabbers" of Georgia and South Carolina like the small white and red peanut of Tennessee, and each year shows an increasing cultivation in those States of that variety

Every year the peanut crop becomes more valuable, and it grows evident that the time is coming when diversified interests will make it more so. Millions of bushels are now annually used in the Old World for the production of peanut oil, which by some is regarded as equal to olive oil. Already the manufacturers of peanut oil in the United States have announced that the only drawback to the oil mills here, especially in Tennessee, is the insufficient output of peanuts

THE POTATO OF THE FUTURE—There is some prospect of regaining the flavor our grandfathers enjoyed.

THE new potato is purplish-green in color, and is said to be so far superior to the common "Irish" tuber, both in flavor and in yield, that it is destined to drive all competitors out of the market. It comes from the banks of the Mercedes River, in Uruguay, and is probably the result of a happy horticultural accident. Claim is made that it is immune to the diseases that ordinarily afflict potatoes, but whether or not it can resist the operations of the predatory potato-bug is not stated.

There is no vegetable to the improvement of which more attention has been devoted than has been bestowed upon the potato. It has been mainly, however, for increasing the size of the tuber and to augment the yield Flavor has been almost wholly ignored, and, as a consequence, the potatoes of to-day have less flavor than those which our grandfathers ate fifty years ago. Furthermore, all of the market varieties taste pretty much alike, whereas formerly there were recognizable differences.



OUT OF DOORS

Plenty of fresh air and outdoor [illegible] health. The open air treatment for most chest [illegible] is being endorsed by many of the leading physicians, but with it there must be [illegible] the only [illegible] from colds, [illegible] climate [illegible]. This can best be secured by wearing a perfect fitting

Frost King or Frost Queen
CHAMOIS VEST

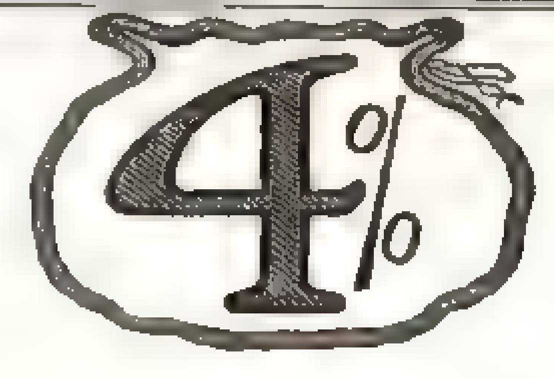
made of imported chamois, specially tanned, and reinforced with flannel, exclusive designs

All good druggists sell them. Price $3 00

Insist upon the genuine Frost King and Frost Queen. If your dealer does not have them or offers something "just as good," send to us. We will see that you are supplied

BAUER & BLACK
273-25th St., Chicago, U. S. A.

The Frost Queen comes in several attractive [illegible] patterns [illegible] Send for samples of this pattern, if you cannot see them at your own store. Booklet sent if you ask



A savings account in a strong bank boosts a man a long way up the ladder of independence.

This bank accepts savings deposits in any amount from $1.00 up and allows interest at the rate of 4% compounded twice a year—Write for booklet, "Banking by mail." *Mention The Saturday Evening Post*

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Capital, $1,000,000 Surplus, $1,000,000
PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Bank that pays 4%

Den Clock, $1.00

Solid brass works, run by a weight; no spring, no key winding

Beautifully designed front executed in good, honest hardwood.

Utility and art combined. A dependable timekeeper and a beautiful wall ornament in one. Double value, yet all for a dollar

Send your dollar, and we will deliver the clock to any address in U. S. *Write to-day for free illustrated booklet of this and other unusual clocks. Exceptional values.*

American Cuckoo Clock Co., Station S, Philadelphia

$10.00 WORTH OF ORIGINAL AND REFINED ENTERTAINMENTS
PLAYS, DRILLS, SOCIALS, GAMES, FAIRS
are published each year in "HINTS." Special Offer: Send $1.00 for a year's subscription to HINTS and we will send you a free copy of our book of "Fairs, Fetes and Festivals." (Price 25c.) Write for FREE 64-page catalogue of ENTERTAINMENT SUPPLIES. Sample copy of HINTS sent for 10c.
Hints Publishing Co., 57 Bible House, New York

HAYNES 3 Speed 1 Lever

EFFICIENCY

In its highest degree can be obtained only through the employment of devices which enable the automobilist to take advantage of existing conditions.

THE HAYNES 3 SPEED 1 LEVER CONTROL MEETS EVERY ROAD CONDITION

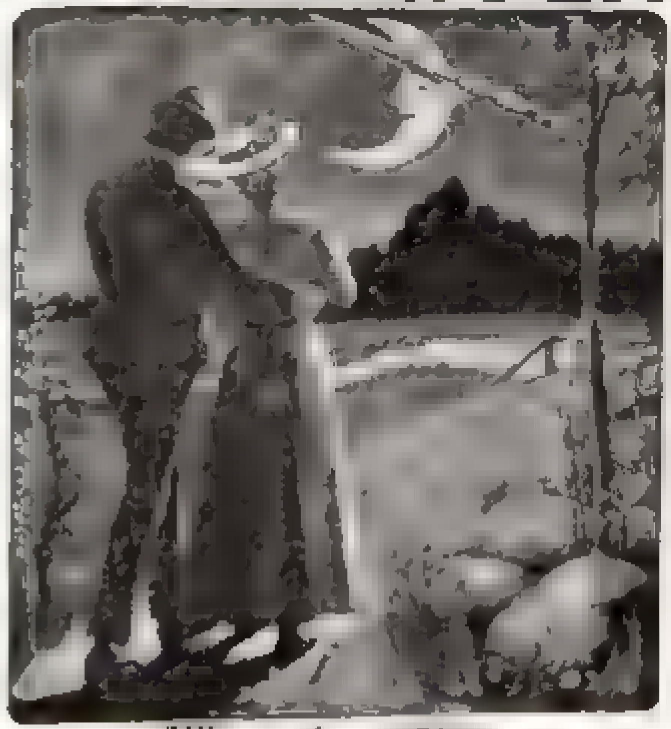
1st Gear for Starting and Mountain Climbing
2nd Gear for Hills, Sand and Bad Roads
3rd Gear for Good Roads and Moderate Grades

RESULT: Never less than 80% efficiency of motor. All obtained by ONE LEVER.

The Catalogue tells why. Write for it today.

THE HAYNES-APPERSON CO.
KOKOMO, IND., U. S. A.
The Oldest Makers of Motor Cars in America
Members of the A. L. A. M.
Branches: NEW YORK—1715 Broadway
CHICAGO—1420 Michigan Avenue
AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

The PARKER Fountain PEN



THE LUCKY CURVE

Lovers of a good pen will have no other than a **Parker,** because it is the Pen of Pleasure. [illegible] Because it keeps the pen clean, and prevents blotting.
THE BEST DEALERS SELL THEM
Let us send you our 20 page catalogue "The Reason Why," and the name of a dealer where you can see the pen with the "Lucky Curve."
PARKER PEN CO., 90 Mill St., JANESVILLE, WIS.
[illegible] and letter opener on receipt of stamp [illegible] Parker Pen.

The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

[illegible] the best [illegible] in **solid Golden Oak.** [illegible] **Sent on approval** [illegible] for Catalogue No. [illegible]

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co.
Little Falls, N. Y.

The Misses Ely's School For Girls. General and College Preparatory Courses. Large recreation grounds
Riverside Drive, 85th and 86th Sts., New York City.

Tales of "Tom" Taggart

BY FORREST CRISSEY

THE election of "Tom" Taggart to the chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee brings another "character" before the country at large. He is a Democrat clean to the bone—socially as well as politically. The wayfaring stranger is expected to address him as "Tom," and a slight acquaintance is enough to put upon his lips the Christian name of any man not armed with especially forbidding dignity.

The confidence and the friendship inspired by the man are best shown by an incident of his earlier life. His first money was earned as a boy in the capacity of "helper" about the station eating-house at Xenia, Ohio. The pies that he dispensed to hungry travelers were cooked by a matronly woman of Taggart's nationality, who "took a liking" to the lively, good-natured lad.

When the latter had accumulated a modest fund of money and a razor he came to Indiana and soon located in Indianapolis, where he secured the position of manager of the railway eating-house. At once he sent a railroad pass to his old friend and brought her to Indianapolis to bake pies for his patrons. Finally he became interested in politics and was nominated for County Treasurer.

When the information of this development reached the precincts of the eating-house kitchen his faithful old friend asked for a talk with the young politician. Fumbling her apron with both hands, she finally managed to stammer:

"You's goin' into a new business, Mr. Taggart. Mebby it'll take more money than you've saved. You's been a good friend t' me; take this and kape it. If things goes right an' it comes aisy, thin you can hand it back; but if not—thin ferget it."

With this she drew from inside her waist a snug roll of bills and handed them to her employer. Without hesitation he counted them and put them in his pocket.

"You're a jewel," he said, "an' I'll be mighty glad to have this help from you. It makes a man feel proud to have friends who'll stand by him in this kind of shape."

He did not want the money, for he had saved a very comfortable sum of his own, but he understood the joy that his acceptance of the offer of aid would give the mistress of the pie department. The money was put in safe keeping, and later returned to its owner with good interest.

In only one particular has Mr. Taggart been a stumbling block and a rock of offense to the other leaders of his party in Indiana. One of them said to the writer: "Tom is the poorest hater in the world. He simply can't keep a list of scores for settlement with the men who don't play fair with him. It is his greatest weakness as a politician.

"There isn't a man in the world for whom Tom Taggart cherishes a hatred—even a political hatred. The men who have tried to 'do' him are forgiven on the slightest excuse, and he is always eager to believe that the man who attempted to throw him was deceived or misled. In a word, he invariably stands ready to put the best possible construction on every man's attitude."

Though Chairman Taggart's disposition is distinctly noncombative, it is not to be inferred that he is lacking in courage, either physical or moral. At the close of a fierce political fight the hall at which the Democratic citizens were to hear the election returns and listen to speeches from their leaders was surrounded by a dense crowd which was not in the best of temper and which the detail of police could not control.

One of the city officials hurried to Taggart's house and said:

"Tom, I've just had a telephone message from downtown that there's a regular mob around the hall. The police can't do a thing with 'em, and your best friends are afraid that if you try to go through the crowd some fool will start a rough house that will grow into a riot."

"That so?" remarked Taggart as he reached for his hat. "Then I'm going down there right now, and you're going with me." No amount of reasoning could dissuade him, and in a few moments he was at the outer edge of the crowd.

"Better slide in at the side door," suggested his companion.

"Not much," answered Taggart. "The front door's good enough for me."

From the moment he reached the crowd until he was safely inside the main entrance he was greeting friends on every side and calling them by their Christian names. Not an unfriendly word was aimed at him, and by a common impulse a pathway was opened up for him to enter the building. Once inside his companion turned to him and said:

"Tom, you ought to be proud of that."

"Well," responded the mayor, "if the people of this town don't understand by this time that I'm on the square I guess they never will." And with this comment the incident was dismissed.

Undoubtedly one of the traits that has proved of greatest service to Taggart is his ability shrewdly and accurately to read human nature. In the course of a hot local campaign a ward worker who was a comparative stranger came to him and asked for money with which to carry out the work in a certain precinct.

"How much do you think it will take to put the thing through?" inquired the local leader.

"Fifty dollars," replied his caller, who well knew that half that amount would amply serve the purpose.

"All right," responded Taggart, handing out the money to him.

Within fifteen minutes the man was back again, saying:

"I've thought this matter over more carefully and have come to the conclusion that it's useless to attempt to do that work with less than a hundred dollars—so I've brought back the fifty you gave me."

With this the ward-worker tossed the fifty-dollar bill upon the desk. At once it was carelessly lifted by Mr. Taggart's fingers and thrust inside his vest pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Taggart, "if that's the case I guess we'll just let it go."

The man who had taken Chairman Taggart for the "easiest mark" he had ever seen, and had returned in order to double the size of his "touch," left the office cursing himself for his stupidity. As he walked out the door Taggart turned to his secretary and said:

"Played just a little over his limit, didn't he? I sized him up for that sort of a chap right at the start, but I thought I'd give him a good square chance, anyhow."

In the matter of political manœuvring Mr. Taggart does not require a chart in order to grasp the vital points of a situation, nor does he do all of his work from the housetop. In the language of politics, he can "turn a quiet trick" with the deftness of an adept. Once, when the labor element in the Democratic organization of Indianapolis became very strong and demanded substantial recognition, the old wheelhorses of the party became decidedly nervous—but not so Tom Taggart, who was then chairman of the local central committee. The labor vote asked for the nomination on the legislative ticket of a favorite shop boss named Flynn. With apparent cheerfulness this concession was readily granted and the labor interests were not only satisfied but delighted.

A few days after the nomination, however, Flynn came to Chairman Taggart's house and presented a very solemn face and a formal resignation from the ticket. He explained that he had talked the matter over with a very influential Democrat who had admitted that the chances of his election were hopelessly small, even if he had plenty of money and all his time to put into the fight; that the owner of the shops, who was absent, might not take kindly to the idea of having one of his best men dabbling in politics; and that there was much to lose and little to gain in the game, anyway. Chairman Taggart listened to this with apparent astonishment and finally accepted the resignation with seeming reluctance. Later, with the sanction of the central committee, he appointed a Democrat thoroughly acceptable to the "old line" following in the party and fairly so to the labor contingent, to fill the vacancy on the ticket. This man was easily elected—a fact that was never overlooked by Flynn, who still blames Taggart for his narrow escape from being a statesman.

In stature Chairman Taggart is about medium size—quick, alert, always observant, and bubbling over with irrepressible good-nature. He is distinctly a family man, and finds his chief recreation in riding with his wife and daughters. For a man who is notoriously a "good mixer," Mr. Taggart is remarkably quiet and domestic in his tastes. His age is fifty-four years.

The
FOX
TYPEWRITER
The 20th Century
Stenographer is
the Standard
Bearer of the
FOX

(Fox Quality)

The success of the Fox Typewriter, during the short time it has been on the market, has been due to the fact that the machine is mechanically superior to every other typewriter. Thousands of them have been sold that have never required the attention of a repairman. It is the highest grade, piece by piece, of any typewriter manufactured to-day, surpassing them all in mechanical construction.

COST OF MAINTENANCE

The cost of maintenance is a vitally important thing about the purchase of a typewriter. It is frequently entirely overlooked. The FOX costs practically nothing for repairs. Other typewriters are frequently very expensive to keep in order.

Four Fox Typewriters in the Chicago Post Office in three years cost only fifty cents for repairs.

DEALERS WANTED

We have some very desirable territory unoccupied at the present time. We desire to secure responsible dealers for our machines in these localities, and are prepared to make an attractive proposition.

Our Free Trial Plan

enables any one, anywhere, to test the merits of the Fox Typewriter.

Our new handsome catalogue will be sent for the asking.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO., Ltd.
468 Front Street
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN
See Our Exhibition, Block 23,
Liberal Arts Building,
World's Fair,
St. Louis, Mo.

A MAN from New York came into my office and said he had been impressed with my advertising and wanted to see what I was really doing

He said: "I have been smoking a clear Havana Perfecto for which I pay $11.00 per hundred." I offered him one of my cigars and as he sat smoking I asked him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, all I can say is, it is better than you advertise it. I'll take one hundred right now." That was some time ago. That man is still a regular purchaser, and has sent others to me

My business is manufacturing cigars. I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers, at wholesale prices.

Every cigar I sell is made in my factory. I have standing orders for thousands of cigars, from all quarters of the United States, to be shipped on given days of the month as they come around.

It costs me more to make a customer than the profit on his first purchase. If purchasers failed to reorder I could not continue in business. In order to keep my custom my cigars must be even better than advertised. Buyers must be pleased and must continue satisfied. That they are satisfied is shown by the fact that last month over fifty per cent. of my new orders came from men who bought on the recommendation of my customers.

My cigars must sell themselves.

My Offer is: I will, upon request, ship one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars to a Saturday Evening Post reader, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety, at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied and he keeps the cigars, of course he agrees to remit the price—$5.00—for them within ten days. This applies also to subsequent orders. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

In ordering, please use business letter head, enclose business card or give references and state whether mild, medium, or strong cigars are desired.

My claim is that the equal of my Panetela cigars, which I sell at $5.00 a hundred, is not retailed anywhere for less than ten cents straight, and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at a price so near the actual cost of manufacture.

EXACT SIZE
PANETELA
EXACT SHAPE

My customers are bankers, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen—men who would not buy my cigars at any price unless they were actually *good*. Another fact, every visitor to my factory buys cigars.

There are no discounts to dealers or clubs. I cannot afford to make a discount on any quantity. I can only hope to succeed by giving my customers a much better cigar than they can procure in any other way at or near the same price. And I do.

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer: one-tenth of my cigars (all of them should some unworthy take advantage of me), and expressage both ways. How can a smoker refuse to try my cigars? Where is the possible risk to him?—Provided, of course that $5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke. HERBERT D. SHIVERS, 906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPERIAL
PINLESS
DIAPER
Patented 1903

NO DIAPER PINS,

[illegible]

Imperial Pinless Diaper.

[illegible] perfectly. Made of antiseptic bir[illegible] eye. Has three [illegible] Draw strings [illegible] legs and button holes [illegible] Sold by dealers or by mail. 3 for $1.00. Give age or waist measure.

[illegible] No canvassing nor selling

IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR CO
106 Jefferson Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.
J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind

The Reading Table

Partners in Crime

PETER NEWELL, the artist, has a young son who seems to possess the faculty of making ready and cogent replies. Penetrating the kitchen, recently, with a normal small-boy appetite, he purloined a bulky slice of cake and was disposing of it, when he was detected by the cook, a person of generous proportions and formidable aspect

"Ahr-r, there, you young scapegrace," she exclaimed in menacing tones; "I've caught ye this time! What's to prevint me from telling yer mother on ye, st'aling cake like a that?"

"Honor, Bridget, honor," replied the youth, taking another bite. "Don't you know there is honor among thieves?"

A Heaven-Kissing Inspiration

ONE of Chicago's young literary men whose work has attracted attention of late was holding forth at the Press Club on the subject of moods and related topics. Opie Read chanced to be present

"It's queer, still it's a fact," said the author, "but I don't believe I could write ten lines away from my own desk. And unless I have my regular light gray paper I feel lost.

"Young man," said Read, looking at him in a large, benevolent manner, "I understand perfectly. I used to be just that way myself But one day, while I had a little country paper down in Kentucky, the sheriff came in and carried off every last bit of furniture down to the doormat. The printers were waiting. Something had to be done. So I stood up and held a pad of paper against the wall with one hand and wrote two political editorials and a column of local news with the other." He paused a moment and then continued: "But it was tiresome, and I felt that I was not doing the best that was in me. So I lay down on the floor on my face and turned out a humorous sketch and the department of Agricultural Notes"

"But, Mr. Read," began the author, "you

"Just a moment," insisted the veteran in an even more kindly tone. "I soon felt stirred to loftier themes. Besides, the printers were still shouting for copy. So I went out and borrowed a high stepladder, climbed to the top, sat down and placed my pad against the ceiling and wrote a column of Religious Intelligence and a poem for our Poets' Corner. Young man, the experience broke me of thinking that I must have things just so. All I've asked since is elbow-room."

A Fable for Bargain Hunters

ONCE upon a time, when men were not as wise as they now are, 'way back in the days of good King Alfred, there was a man who essayed to save money from his ample salary that he might have a bank account. For he was married and he had two sons, and, from what he had seen of the weather since he was old enough to take notice, he was morally certain that rainy days were to come

And one day his wife gave him a list that he might purchase certain things for her in town, and upon that list were these items: Meat, clothes, coal, a piano

And he went to the butcher man to buy some meat. And he asked the butcher man, "How much is it that you charge for your beef?" And the butcher man made answer, "Twenty-two cents a pound." And the wise householder said, "Make it twenty cents and I will buy ten pounds" And the butcher did as he was asked and the man departed, happy in the thought that he had saved twenty cents. For the current price of meat was twenty-two cents.

And he went to the clothier's to buy him clothes for himself and his family, and he asked the clothier, "How much are these clothes that you sell?" And the clothier made answer and said, "They are forty-five dollars and a half a clothe." "Let me have them for forty-five and I will buy four clothes." "They are yours," said the man, "although a clothe at such a price is ridiculous."

And the householder departed joyous, for he had saved two dollars on the purchase price.

Then went he to the coal man to buy coal, and he said, "How much is coal a yard?"

ACKER MERRALL & CONDIT
MAUNA
COFFEE

MAUNA (Mountain) **COFFEE**
Perfection of Selection
Plantation to Breakfast Table

THE ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY has established, in its successful business career of almost a century, its reputation as the largest dealers in fine groceries in the world—and it now proposes to introduce into every household in the United States the use of its MAUNA COFFEE.

This coffee is a blend of the choicest Java grown in the East, and selected hand picked Arabian Mocha—imported by us—scientifically roasted in our own establishment—packed (Powdered, Granulated or in the Bean) in 5 pound air-tight cans

On receipt of $1.75, post office or express order or registered letter, we will deliver, all charges prepaid, to any home in the United States, a 5 pound air-tight can of this perfection of coffee blends. When ordering state whether you wish coffee Granulated, Powdered or in the Bean.

Our new Catalog, indispensable to every housekeeper and caterer, will be sent FREE with first order

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY
(Dept. S) NEW YORK CITY

The Chocolate Girl
TELLS THE STORY

You will find her on every genuine package of

TRADE-MARK

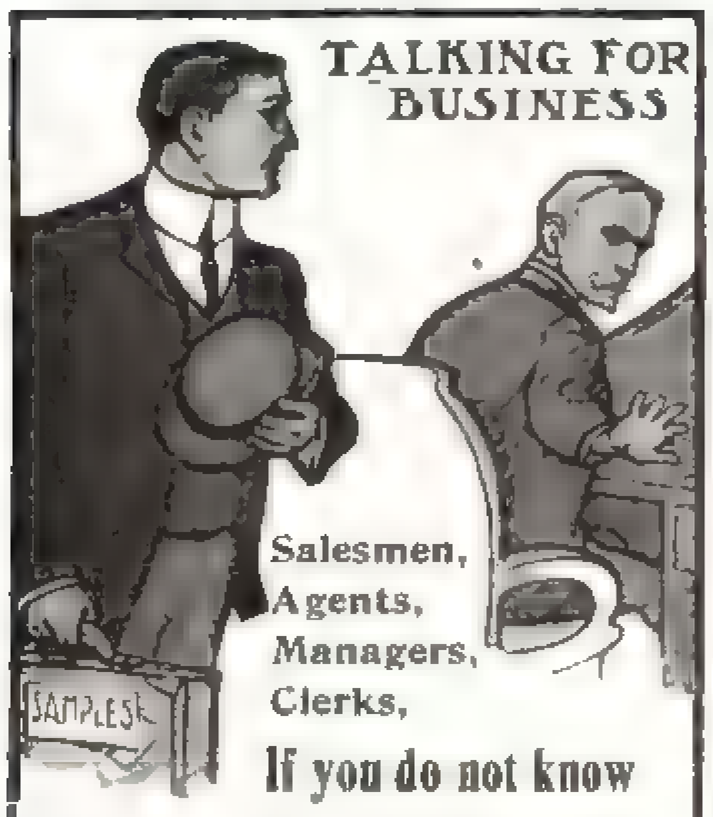
BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

The Finest in the World

41 *Highest Awards in Europe and America*

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.



TALKING FOR BUSINESS

Salesmen,
Agents,
Managers,
Clerks,

If you do not know

How to Converse

You will surely be "Turned Down"

The requirements of any good position are **Intelligence**, which you have, **Education** which you have, **Integrity**, **Determination**, **Perseverance**, all of which are yours already. One thing more — and this is absolutely indispensable

The Ability to Approach Men
At The Right Time,
In The Right Place;
To Say The Right Thing,
With The Right Result.

We teach by mail — the Art of Putting Things.

It is not so difficult to acquire as possibly you imagine. It depends on certain general principles as old as language itself but not [illegible] books, and never before so practically and definitely formulated.

We apply these general principles to the individual student, meet his personal requirements, [illegible] wherever necessary prescribe supplementary work.

The course is [illegible] expensive. [illegible] it has proved for [illegible] of our graduates who were no better [illegible] than the average the Open Door to Positive Success.

TALKING IN SOCIETY

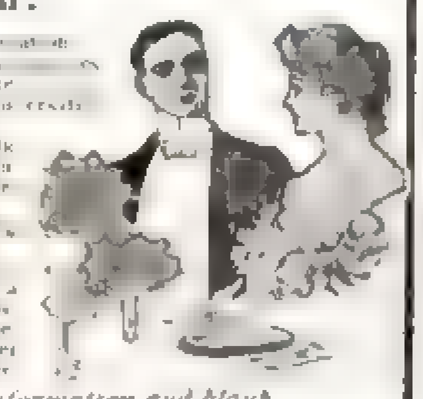
You May Learn:

How to begin a [illegible]
How to fill the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Send for information and blank

A. P. GARDINER, Pres't.

20th Century Instruction Co.
Box I, Central Bank Bldg., New York, N. Y.



Subscribe NOW to THE ART INTERCHANGE

It is the OLDEST, BEST AND MOST PROGRESSIVE ART AND [illegible] MONTHLY MAGAZINE [illegible] to Art Workers and [illegible] guide to ALL BRANCHES OF [illegible] DECORATION. 35 cents a copy at all dealers. One year $4.00, six months $2.00.

Special Offer [illegible] THE ART INTERCHANGE into new homes, and that every Post reader may [illegible] work, we will send to any address for **only 25 cents**, a [illegible] copy with two beautiful companion [illegible] **Roses** and **Violets**, each [illegible] 23 inches. These [illegible] for $ [illegible]

Special Limited Offers — For $2.00 you will get **THE ART INTERCHANGE** complete for **15 MONTHS** [illegible] June, 1905) for **only $2.00**. For $4.00 [illegible] for 1905 and send you all 13 months [illegible] and free [illegible] (1904 and 1905) [illegible] **only $4.00**. We want [illegible] art [illegible] All the [illegible] color and other supplements [illegible] **REMIT NOW, or you will be too late.** [illegible] free.

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 7 West 18th St., New York

From riches to poverty

is a short step when a man dies uninsured. Have you provided for the future welfare of *your* wife and children?

Send for booklet, "The How and the Why."

We insure by mail

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

And the coal man said, "We do not use the coal yard to measure coal. It is six dollars and twenty cents a ton delivered."

"Deliver me ten tons at six dollars and they are mine."

"They are yours," said the coal man reluctantly, yet glad to sell ten tons. For in these days coal was not much bought, the people using wood.

Then the man departed yet a third time, happier than before, for he had saved two dollars, or altogether four dollars and twenty cents. And he remembered that his wife had made mention of a fourth thing that he must buy. And after a time of brain cudgeling he looked at his list and saw that it was a piano that she wished. So he went to a wareroom with the determination of spending not more than $500, for more than that he could not afford.

And he asked to look at one, and ran his fingers over the keys in the manner of those who play not, and he said: "Will this piano make good music?"

"As good music as you can make on it," said the dealer; "and its price is six hundred dollars, and it is a sin and a shame to sell such a fine instrument for such a price, for good pianos have been scarce all through this reign of good King Alfred."

"But I cannot afford six hundred. I have laid aside five hundred for music, and more than that I cannot go."

"Make it five hundred and fifty dollars and your children can carve their names on the rosewood lid this evening."

And the householder said: "All the morning I have saved. What is a little thing like fifty dollars when one is well up in the hundreds."

And the piano dealer knew not the answer thereto, and so the householder bought the piano and went home to recount to his wife his judicious acts.

"In my minor shopping," said he, "I saved no less than four dollars and twenty cents. Praise me."

And his wife praised him so that the warm blood gushed through his face and he determined to tell her still more that he might be praised the more. And he said, "I have saved yet fifty more on the purchase of the piano, for I have bought a six-hundred-dollar one for five hundred and fifty. Praise me again."

And his wife, who was an arithmetician born and bred, said, "As you meant to pay but five hundred for the piano you have lost fifty dollars less what you saved on the minor purchases, or forty-five dollars and eighty cents.

"While you were saving pennies with one hand you were losing dollars with the other. And there are many like you."

The moral of this lovely fable oozes out of every paragraph.

— *Charles Battell Loomis.*

Home Again

BISHOP POTTER says that when he first visited Europe it was a most difficult matter for him to become accustomed to hearing himself addressed as "My Lord," which title, he avers, was given him right and left, wherever he went.

"I was in danger of becoming spoiled," the Bishop observes, "by this obsequiousness in the Old World; but a little incident that occurred when I was descending the gangplank of the steamer that brought me back to New York mercifully delivered me. An old friend, hurriedly running on to the steamship, met me. Pausing for a moment, he hastily grasped my hand, wringing it in the heartiest fashion.

"'Why, hello, Bish!' exclaimed he, 'so you're back, too, are you?'"

As Per Specifications

LEWIS NIXON tells an amusing story of a wealthy man from the West, now living near Greenwich, on Long Island Sound, who was made the commodore of a yacht club having headquarters near that village.

One day the newly-fledged yachtsman shouted to one of the petty officers of a certain craft:

"Have you weighed anchor yet?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the response.

"Then why the deuce don't you announce the weight?" thundered the commodore.

We don't know all about paper making

although we have been making good paper since 1866. We used to think we knew it all, so we made bond paper, ledger paper, flat writing paper, bristol board — in fact, about every kind of paper that could be produced in a high-grade, strictly "loft-dried" paper mill.

But we found that there were some of our rivals who made some kinds of paper better than we did. One user would tell us that A's ledger paper erased better than ours — another that B's flat writing paper had a smoother writing surface, and so on — and **we didn't like it.**

There was one class of paper we made which people didn't criticize — *that was our bond paper.* Furthermore we found our competitors were water-marking their bond papers with names that sounded like ours. From this we gathered that the public and our rivals were agreed that our bond papers were better than others — **very good authority we thought!**

Therefore,

We are specialists

After careful consideration we agreed with these authorities that we did know how to make bond papers, and *we decided to devote our efforts exclusively to the production of a high-grade bond paper for business stationery, checks, stock certificates, bonds, etc.* That our efforts in this direction are being appreciated is proven by the constantly growing use by the best houses for their business stationery of

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"LOOK FOR THE WATER MARK"

That Old Hampshire Bond is good paper for commercial stationery, is the testimony of discriminating business men — many of them have told us it is the best.

Prove this for yourself — have your printer show you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens, — or, better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond. ❡ *Please write on your present letterhead.*

Made "A Little Better Than Seems Necessary"
Old Hampshire Bond

Old Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

YOUR TAILOR

How to be well dressed at a reasonable price, is the problem that confronts men of moderate means.

We have solved the problem by eliminating all unnecessary expense.

By buying direct from the mills hundreds of nobby, up-to-date fabrics, sending samples of the same to your town, and by equipping large tailor shops with every improved labor-saving device in a city where skilled labor is abundant.

It is the twentieth century method of making clothes to individual measurement for $20 to $35, good enough for a millionaire to wear.

There is but one such house — better investigate. Write us for the name of the merchant in your town who will show our woolens and take your measure.

Ed. V. Price & Co., *Merchant Tailors*
Chicago

Every Home

[illegible]

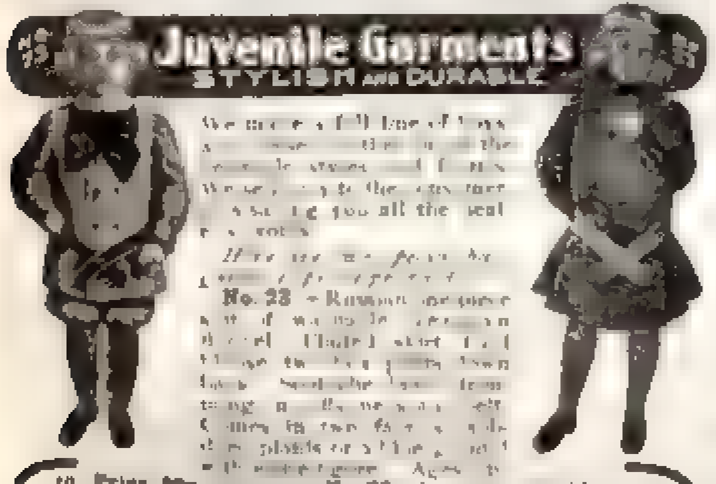
Stewart's Duplex Nickel Plated

DRESS PINS

They are made of the best nickel and are of the finest workmanship. After you once use them, you [illegible] no other. All purchasers are [illegible] they are the best pins made [illegible] **Solid Ball-headed Pin** [illegible] we will send sample [illegible] one dozen each of three sizes of Duplex Dress Pins and one dozen Solid Ball headed Pins, Gold Plated, all for 15 cents by mail [illegible] would cost double the money in any store. [illegible] sample to the same address.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
28 Farrand Street **Bloomfield, N. J.**

Juvenile Garments
STYLISH AND DURABLE



We make a full line of boys' [illegible] you all the [illegible]

No. 23 — Russian [illegible]

[illegible] **Price, 89c** [illegible] **No. 75** [illegible] **Price, $1 50,** [illegible]

IDEAL SUIT CO., 87 to 89 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

DERMOPHILE

Pure Wool Underwear

(MADE IN FRANCE)

Guaranteed Unshrinkable or Money Refunded

Is the best and most appreciated Underwear in the market. Made in four weights for men, women and children.

For Sale at the Best Stores.

THE DERMOPHILE COMPANY
436 Broome St., New York

The Tin Railroad, Incorporated

(Continued from Page 8)

face was drawn with pain, but, underneath it all, he had the look of a "game" man, and the pretty girl, who passed him just then to get a drink, flashed a glance of approval at him. She also smiled her amusement at Clinker, but Clinker misunderstood her. He made her an instantaneous offer.

"I'll give two sandwiches for ten shares of your stock," he bid

"No, thank you," she sweetly replied. "I never eat, and, besides, I'm holding for a rising market. Tin Railroad, Incorporated, has already advanced three sandwiches a block of twenty shares, and I'm waiting for a whole ham for mine." Then she passed on.

Clinker scowled and picked his way back to his seat, baffled. The nice old lady handed the dyspeptic her last piece of chicken as a reward of merit. The pretty girl got her drink and, gathering her flounces about her, threaded the inconvenient maze of the tin track until she reached her own chair. She had no more than settled herself comfortably than she looked up to find the athletic young man towering over her.

"Should you like to have a couple of those sandwiches?" he asked with impersonal bluntness.

She gazed at him a full minute, weighing and estimating him, before she answered. Just then she caught the eye of the drummer fixed upon her. The drummer was half smiling and waiting for the reply. He knew from experience that the athlete was in for a scorching retort.

"Indeed I should," the pretty girl dimpled up at the athlete. "That is, if old Crosspatch doesn't get any more stock for them."

"There will be no price to pay but a pleasant look," promised the athlete, and he swung confidently back to the smoking compartment.

A moment later the sounds of a hot argument came from that end of the car, a smack and a howl followed, and, shortly after, the athlete, cool and unruffled, reappeared with four sandwiches, two of which he passed to the pretty girl.

"Remember, I get a pleasant look for these," he reminded her, drawing up her footstool and calmly sitting down upon it.

"I'm doing my best," said she, smiling down at him, while the drummer across the aisle shriveled up and took a sudden interest in the swirl of snow outside. "How did you get them?"

"Punched the coon in the eye and paid him two dollars — one for the punch and one for the sandwiches," he answered quite cheerfully.

"You get two looks for that," she said. "I ought to be shocked, I suppose, but it's too funny," and her silvery laugh pealed all through the car. Every man in hearing enjoyed that laugh — every man, that is, except Clinker. Even the groom listened, but he knew better than to turn his head. As for the president, he was frank in his admiration of it. He raised his head and listened, looked back with a smile of approval, and confided to Aunty that it was the jolliest and most refreshing laugh he had heard in many a day. Aunty agreed with him, but inwardly wondered how so nice a man could admire such forwardness. Aunty disapproved of the pretty girl, but she need not have worried. The pretty girl was of the sort men rave over, but Aunty was of the sort men marry and count themselves lucky ever after.

The athlete and the pretty girl were munching their luncheon in healthy enjoyment when Clinker stalked over and interrupted them.

"Do you know that those are my sandwiches?" he demanded.

"Are they?" pleasantly responded the athletic young man. "They are mighty good."

"You are not playing the game!" angrily charged the grump.

"Oh, yes, I am," replied the athlete. "I'm playing your game, exactly. You see, I know you. You are Nicodemus Clinker, commercial pirate and highway robber. You ought to know me, too. My father was the only man who ever came whole out of your clutches, and he had to take you by the throat and squeeze his money out of you. My father is General Fitzhugh."

"What!" gasped the pretty girl. "Why, you must be Billy Fitzhugh! Is Evelyn Fitzhugh your sister?"

"She's been my sister all her life," said Billy. "Did you know her at school?"

Pantasote

Special Offer How to Get Art Calendar Free!

Until January first to every one remitting for seats, and five cents for postage, we will send **free** our beautiful three-leaf Art Calendar for 1905, 10 inches by 15 inches, exquisitely reproduced in 12 color printings from original paintings by Maud Humphrey, of which this illustration on the right shows one of the three designs.

ROUGH WEAR WILL NOT INJURE
Pantasote

Copyright, 1904 [illegible]

WE WILL send, on receipt of price and name of your upholsterer, chair seat, size 18 x 18 inches, 25c; 25 x 25 inches, 50c; 27 x 27 inches, 70c; 36 x 36 inches, $1 00. This offer is to enable you to upholster a chair for trial purposes. State color desired.

The genuine Pantasote Leather is durable, always bright, easily cleaned, and not affected by climatic changes.

Imitations are substituted for Pantasote because they are cheaper and the dealer secures a larger profit by the substitution. Test the goods offered by holding a lighted match to the coated surface. The imitations burn violently, Pantasote will not burn. Word Pantasote embossed every ¼ of a yard on selvedge edge.

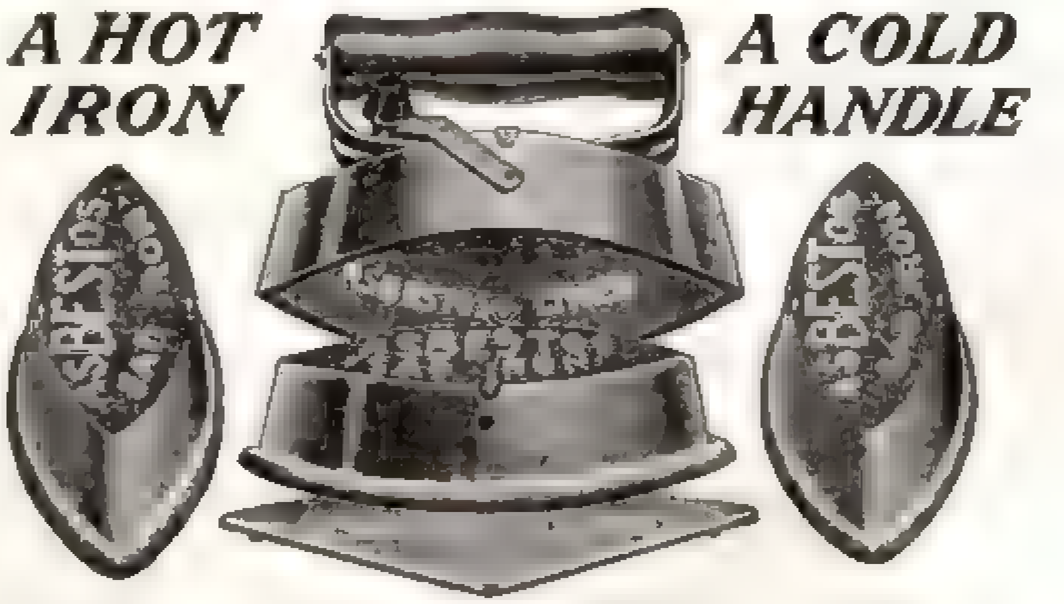
THE PANTASOTE COMPANY (Dept. S), 11 Broadway, N.Y.

PRESSING IRON
Weight 8 pounds. Price $1.00

ASBESTOS SAD IRONS

FLOUNCE IRON
Weight 3½ pounds. Price 75c

A HOT IRON **A COLD HANDLE**



LAUNDRY SET. Two 7-pound irons and one 6-pound with cover. Price $2 50

COMBINATION HOUSEHOLD SET

Including every iron described and illustrated in this advertisement

Price $5.00

Asbestos Sad Irons not only do superior work, they save frequent trips to the stove for reheating and loss of time and fuel. An iron for every purpose.

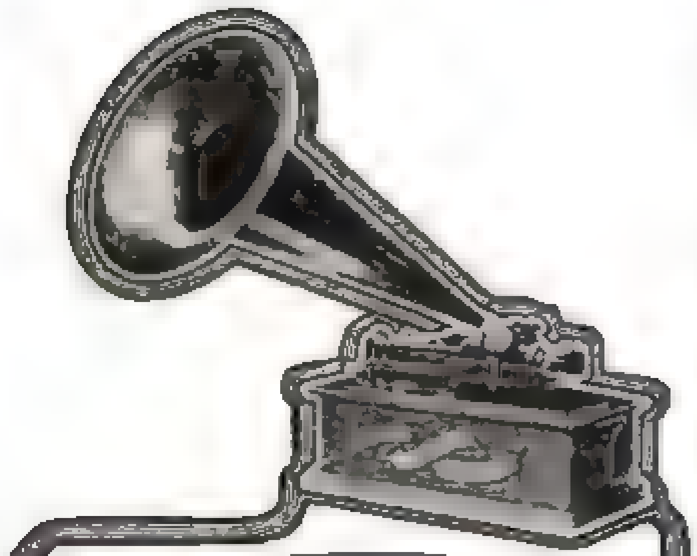
TOURIST IRON
Weight 1½ pounds. Price 75c

Sold in Leading Department and Hardware Stores Everywhere

If your dealer doesn't keep Asbestos Sad Irons send us his name and address [illegible] Waxer and Polisher FREE

Dover Mfg. Co., Canal Dover, Ohio

SLEEVE IRON
Weight 3 pounds. Price 90c



TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison
GOLD MOULDED
PHONOGRAPH
RECORDS
35c Each

Alone in Unmatched Perfection

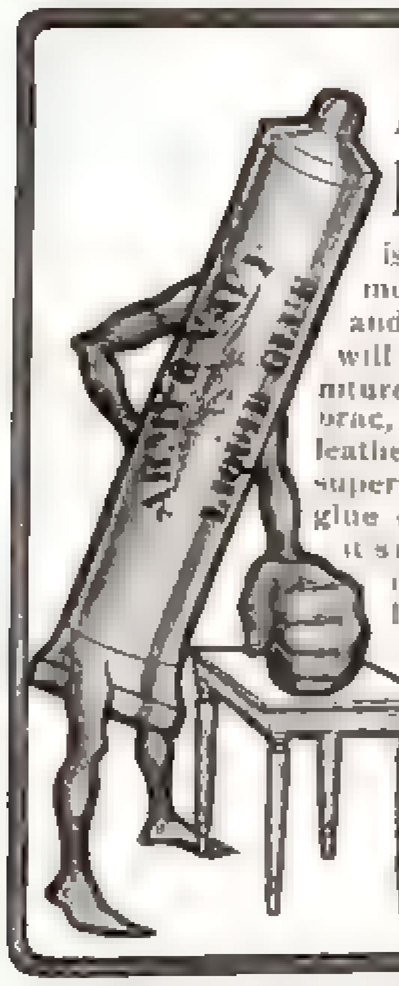
The Perfection of these records is beyond belief till you hear them.

The scratching sounds and nasal quality of tone are not simply reduced — they are *absolutely eliminated*, leaving a rich purity, a natural quality, a resonant volume that was long considered impossible, and is not approached by old styles or imitations.

Dealers everywhere will tell you that this is true and prove it on the spot, but if there is no dealer near you write to us for catalogue.

National Phonograph Co., Orange, N. J.
NEW YORK CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON

I. C. S. Language Courses taught by Edison Phonograph



But one trial of
Army & Navy Liquid Glue
is sufficient to demonstrate its merits and to prove that it will mend broken furniture, china, bric-à-brac, glassware or leather, because it is superior to any other glue or cement; and it's not a fish glue, but made from pure hide and sinews.

If your dealer hasn't Army & Navy Liquid Glue send 5 cents for sample tube to

Wachter Mfg. Company
509 West Pratt St.
Baltimore, Md.

POISON
has never been found in the Enamel of

AGATE
TRADE
L & G MFG. Co.
MARK
NICKEL-STEEL WARE

THIS BLUE LABEL PROVES IT

IT PAYS men with small capital to give Public Exhibitions with a **Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit.** Catalogue free.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

"Know her!" exclaimed the pretty girl. "Why, she was my dearest chum. I'm Dorothy Leonard. Perhaps she mentioned me."

"Shake!" cried Billy. "Eve's letters were so full of you they sloshed over around the edges. If I remember rightly you are the wicked child who got rusticated, with Evelyn and two others, for locking the Dean's cow in the chapel."

She acknowledged this with a burst of glee.

"Well, isn't this perfectly splendid!" she exclaimed. "And to think we owe it all to you!" she went on enthusiastically, calling over to the grump.

"You go to blazes!" growled Nicodemus Clinker.

IV

THE dyspeptic had finished his chicken and everyone was at peace. The fat man was snoring, to ease his guilty conscience. The bride and the groom were eying each other with the same old ineffable gaze. The athlete and the pretty girl were deep in basket-ball, football and other college "shop talk." The president and Aunty were discussing favorite books, beautiful scenery and the longings of the human soul. Dangerous talk, that!

And the small boy? Well, the small boy, all unheeded, was carefully taking the track apart and packing it in the box!

When they saw this last development, Nicodemus Clinker and the red-haired man sat carefully and kept from breathing any more than was absolutely necessary. The silence became oppressive, and it finally aroused Aunty. She had been with the small boy long enough to have become suspicious of silence.

"Harold Archer!" she called, shocked at his occupation; "come here!"

Young Harold Archer never heard her. He took up another piece of track.

"Harry!" she cried, a little more sharply.

Harry shrugged his shoulders, but he didn't hear her, harder than ever. He calmly and deliberately took up another piece of track and packed it neatly in the box. Aunty said no more. She merely strode up to the official tooter and dragged him, by the arm, back to her chair.

"You bad boy!" said she.

"Want to take up the track!" he protested.

"Why, Harold! After the kind gentleman built it so nicely for you? I'd be ashamed!"

"Want to take up the track!" he persisted, knowing no shame.

"Look here, young man," said the president, "can you play on a tin horn?"

"Want to take up the track!" replied the young man.

For one fleeting moment both Aunty and the president looked at the young man with sweetly virtuous and resigned faces, while secretly itching to spank him until he got black in the face. Then the president dived into his grip and brought forth a tin horn with six piston keys and a red strap on it. He blew six torturing, discordant blasts of different tones, each worse than the first, and handed the rasping thing over to Harold Archer. The Tin Railroad was promptly forgotten by that young gentleman, and he proudly marched up and down the aisle of the Los Amigos, tormenting the helpless passengers, while the president and the dyspeptic repaired the track.

"This is an outrage!" fiercely protested the grump. "I will not submit to it!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" the president assured him in tones of icy politeness. "I still own a controlling interest in this stock."

"We'll see about it!" retorted the grump, and he stalked away to hunt up the porter.

The grump came back and resumed his seat, the Tin Railroad was repaired and resumed business on the old schedule. The Tin Flyer was skimming along the aisle at a fine rate of speed when the snow-clad conductor and porter entered the car.

"What's the trouble?" asked the conductor gruffly. He had a shovel in his hand, and he looked tired and cross.

"I want this toy track cleared out of the way!" demanded the grump. "It is a nuisance and I have a right to have it removed."

"You are not playing the game!" taunted the athlete.

"When anarchy breaks loose civil law gives way to military rule," said the grump, waving his hand with fine oratorical effect. "You upset my monetary system of sandwiches and rendered it valueless, and so I call upon the authorities" (with a bow to the conductor) "to get my rights. I want this track up, and at once! Do you hear?" This last, peremptorily, to the conductor.

vose PIANOS
Established Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-One

¶ Their exceptional musical value has won for them a widespread and enduring reputation as

The Model Pianos of Today

¶ It is the constant effort of piano makers to duplicate Vose Quality.

¶ By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a **vose** piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense.

¶ You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
169 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.

Why should new shoes have to be broken in any more than new clothes?

We couldn't see why, and that accounts for the existence to-day of the *only* shoe anatomically perfect — *The Ralston Health Shoe* — a shoe that feels like an old shoe because it fits every curve of the foot. It is mostly in the sole, not only in shape, but built in five layers (leather, cork, rubber), warm and dry. Let us show you the vast difference.

Our Handsome Catalogue

sent you upon request. Where we have no agent, we will send direct and guarantee satisfaction or money back (only 25 extra for delivery).

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street
Campello
Mass.

Union Made

Stock No 78
[illegible]

MUSIC!
A CENT A SHEET

YOU can own the best music in the world — vocal and instrumental — for about one cent a sheet.

Our "Library of the World's Best Music" — eight beautiful volumes, sheet music size — contains all the famous compositions of the masters, as well as the popular pieces of recent years. It is within your easy reach.

"The World's Best Music"

The eight volumes in this library are light and easy to handle, and they open flat at the piano. The library contains **300 instrumental pieces**, such as popular and operatic melodies, dances, classic and romantic pieces, etc.; **350 best old and new songs**, including duets, trios and quartettes; **500 biographies** of musicians; and **400 illustrations**, many of which are handsome chromatic art plates in colors.

In the instrumental section there are 100 recent pieces by American composers, selections that sell at 25 and 50 cents each in retail stores. The whole library is thoroughly indexed, so that any desired selection may be found instantly.

This is the only musical library in existence intended for the home, and for pianists and singers of average ability. It contains the world's *best music* but *not the most difficult*. Wagner, Chopin, Liszt, Chaminade, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Paderewski, Sullivan, and all the great composers are represented, but by selections that appeal to the taste of those of ordinary musical culture.

The Editors. The pieces were selected by an experienced board of editors, including such renowned musicians and composers as Victor Herbert, Reginald De Koven, Helen Kendrick Johnson, Gerrit Smith, and others equally well known, whose names are a guarantee of the value and importance of the work.

Every Home Can Afford it

The 2,200 pages of music in this library would cost you over $200.00 if purchased one piece at a time. The set regularly sells at [illegible] in cloth and $4[illegible] in half leather, but you can secure it for about half that amount by ordering through our Music Club, which has purchased an entire edition.

No Money Required Now Mail the coupon to-day and you will receive a set for examination, charges prepaid. You may return same at the end of five days at our expense if not satisfactory. If the library pleases you, and you wish to own it, you can pay at the rate of $1.00 or $2.00 per month. Through our Club, the price is only $22.00 for the cloth bound [illegible] at regularly sells at $4. Mail the coupon promptly, as only a limited number of sets are available.

HOW TO GET 16 Beautiful Pictures FREE

Every subscriber whose coupon reaches us in time will receive, absolutely free of charge, a set of 16 beautiful pictures, entitled "Portfolio of Music in Art." These pictures are from famous paintings, being reproduced on heavy plate paper especially for framing; size 14 x 11 inches. The set sells at $4.00 in art stores.

What an associate editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal" says:

"I have seldom seen anything so well worth having in one's home. I have lingered over each part with peculiar pleasure, and have no hesitation in saying that you have made a collection of great value, both in the music and in the artistic and biographical features." — MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The University Society
78 Fifth Ave., New York

COUPON

S. E. P.
10-6

The University Society, New York

Please send me on approval, express prepaid, a set of "THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC," in half leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1.00 within 5 days and $2.00 per month thereafter until $26.00 has been paid. If not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days. Also send me the bookcase and pictures, which I am to retain, free of charge, if I keep the books.

Name..

Address

In ordering cloth, change $26.00 to $22.00. If you prefer to pay $1.00 per month alter coupon accordingly.

The man of the brass buttons was scratching his head in perplexity when the hurried entrance of the brakeman saved him from making a decision

"The snow plow is coming through, sir!" said the brakeman breathlessly. "We'll have to back up or she'll bump us when she breaks out at this end."

The conductor and brakeman hurried out Nicodemus Clinker was furious. He sprang at the track and had two sections of it in his hands when the athlete picked him up and sat him gently in his chair

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world," said the athlete, "but you'll have to be a good little boy. If my father were here I'd let the old gentleman choke you again, just for old sake's sake. If you've got any friends here who don't like this they may speak to me about it." He glared savagely at the drummer and the red-haired man. Those two friends were both looking out of the window and seemed intensely interested in the swirling snowflakes

Slowly the train backed up. There was a whir and a rumble as of an approaching cyclone. The ground shook. There was a sudden opening roar, a deafening clatter The snow plow had come through! In a moment more the din of two mighty engines began and the train crept forward. Slowly the parlor car Los Amigos entered Eagle Pass and crawled warily between the two cliffs of dazzling snow

Then it was that the pretty girl shocked the adherents of the Tin Railroad. She went over and touched the grump on the shoulder

"Huh!" ejaculated that individual, straightening up and frowning.

"You're a pretty nice sort of an old gentleman, after all," she sweetly observed, "and I'm ashamed of having helped to tease you so long. I'm tired, anyhow, of pretending I own twenty shares of toy railroad. Please take this bit of paper and do with it as you like."

So saying, she handed the grump her slip of paper neatly folded.

The grump blinked his eyes and tried to comprehend it. One thing, at least, he was certain of. He held the stock

"Won't you — er — have some sandwiches or something?" he asked

"No, thank you," she replied. "I have only done my duty."

As she passed back to her chair she received a petrifying look from Aunty, but she refused to petrify. She merely tossed her head. The nice old lady, too, gave her a look through her spectacles that should have made the pretty girl shrivel and curl up around the edges, but she didn't shrivel The athlete started to "call her down," but at him she dimpled mischievously. The president was disappointed, but he looked after her more in sorrow than in anger, then shrugged his shoulders and turned to Aunty for her ready sympathy. The dyspeptic had such a cramp over it that he made a terrific onslaught on his pepsin bottle. The bride and groom did not know that anything had happened. The fat man looked relieved to find that there was another traitor in the ranks. He nodded at the pretty girl in approval, but, to his surprise, she turned up her nose at him. The ranchman and the racehorse man took it very quietly.

"You win," remarked the ranchman, peeling a twenty-dollar bill from a wad he took out of his trousers pocket, and passing it over to his opponent in the bet.

The racehorse man stuffed the bill in his waistcoat pocket and shook his head, rather regretful in spite of winning the money.

"I never thought that little highstepper would break in any of her paces," said he. "I thought she was game clean down to the calks on her shoes. Looked like a thoroughbred to me, but the points don't always tell the breed."

"You can't ever tell a thing about females from the looks," rejoined the ranchman. "Now I knew a woman once ——"

"I hold in my possession five hundred and ten shares of the stock of the Tin Railroad, Incorporated!" declaimed Nicodemus Clinker, rising to his feet. There was triumph, full and round and complete, in his voice. "Five hundred and ten shares, I beg to remind the stockholders here present, is the controlling interest, and I hereby call for a vote on the proposition to tear up the track and rolling stock and toss it all into the beautiful snowbanks of Eagle Pass!"

Already he was down on the floor, tearing up the track, when the pretty girl made another diversion

"My gracious!" she cried, looking feverishly through her wrist-bag. "If I haven't given him Evelyn's recipe for fudge instead

LORENA
BEACH

All Eyes Turned Toward

San Diego, California

An Earthly Paradise

Think of a city where it grows neither hot nor cold — where the average temperature is 67 degrees throughout the entire year — where flowers bloom and fruit ripens every day — where you can go sea-bathing whenever you wish — and where the cost of living is less than in any city of equal size in the entire United States. Is it any wonder that Bishop McCabe calls it "the capital of an earthly paradise?"

Every plant, shrub and flower known to the temperate and semi-tropic climes, grows and blooms and reproduces in San Diego. In the public parks and private grounds of the city are to be found more than 400 varieties of roses; 50 species of palm adorn our streets and drives. Banana trees and date palms thrive in all parts of the city; geraniums grow for generations from a single cutting and are often trellised from the ground to the second story windows of our homes. San Diego is the natural home of the fig and date, the olive, orange, lemon, lime and the loquat. Plum, pear, peach, apricot, raisins and nectarine grow everywhere in great profusion; guavas, strawberries, and in fact every variety of berry can be had fresh from the vine every month in the year. Pansies, carnations and sweet peas are as common at Christmas tide with us as snow and ice and coalmen's bills with our less fortunate eastern friends. Instead of the whistle of the cold north wind, or the roar of the blinding blizzard, we have bright sunshine and balmy breezes, the perfume of the rose and the orange tree and the song of the nightingale. If you prefer a carpet of emerald green to a blanket of ice and snow, come then and make your home in San Diego

No matter what your occupation or your income San Diego offers you the opportunity to enjoy life at its utmost. The city is growing in every way, socially, industrially and commercially. The Panama canal will make the port of San Diego

Nature's Doorway to the Orient

for it will be hundreds of miles nearer to China, Japan, Australia and the Philippines than is any other American port. And the commerce of the Orient last year amounted approximately to $1,500,000,000 One trans-continental railway now has its western terminus in San Diego and another trans-continental line is about to bridge the last gap to the coast at San Diego Harbor

These are some of the reasons why San Diego offers greater opportunities for joyousness in living and for the accumulation of wealth than in any special section of our great country. Real estate in San Diego is steadily advancing in value and the advance is a wholesome and legitimate increase. In our beautiful suburb of Pacific Beach, only 20 minutes' ride to the business center of San Diego, and five minutes' walk from the finest ocean beach in the world — 600 feet wide, and four miles long, smooth and hard as asphalt pavement — you can now secure a

Beautiful Residence Lot for $10.00 down

and monthly payments of $10.00, without interest or taxes on deferred payments. These lots range in price from $100.00 to $500.00, and are all convenient to the motor cars and the ocean strand. Every lot is sold under an absolute guarantee that the title is perfect, that the lot is suitable for residential purposes, and that the soil will grow any shrub or flower known to this latitude. Many beautiful homes are already established at Pacific Beach and many more are in course of construction, while several hundred delightful homes are planned for construction this fall and winter. Lots that sold a few months ago for $100.00 are now bringing $250.00 and will undoubtedly sell for $500.00 within a year

Write us to-day for further information, and let us reserve for you the choicest $100.00 lot unsold at the time your letter reaches us, until you can investigate and satisfy yourself that you want to be a San Diego property-owner. We will hold the lot until you write us further and will consider you under no obligation to buy unless your sound business judgment prompts you to do so.

FOLSOM BROS. COMPANY, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

References: Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Agency and any Bank or Trust Company of San Diego, California.

CHOOSE your Bank as you would any other investment —

First for its known strength.
Then for the best rate of interest you can get.
This bank has assets of

$24,000,000.00

It has 39,000 Depositors living in all parts of the country and pays

4% Interest

On Savings Deposits.

Usually deposits may be withdrawn without previous notice.

Write to-day for the booklet on Banking by Mail.

The Cleveland Trust Company
No. 1 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

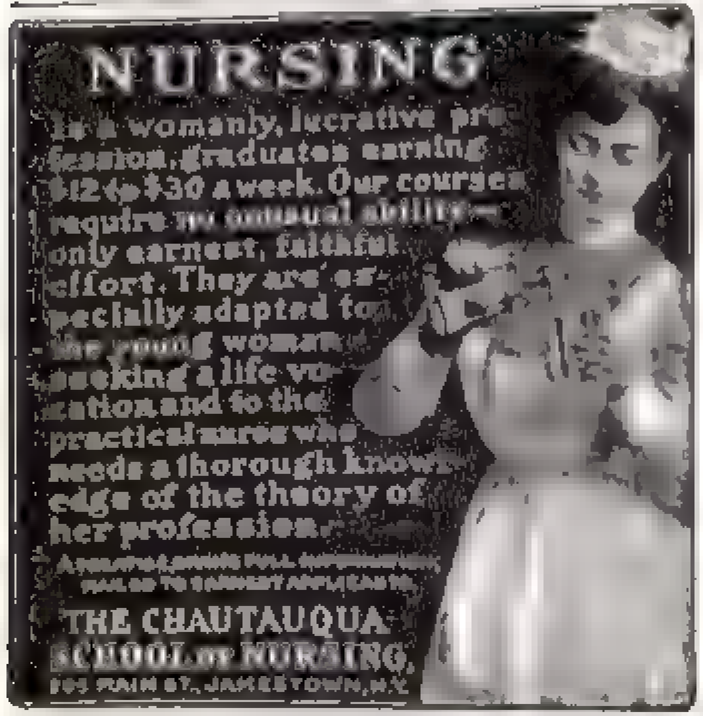
Scarboro Beach CLAM CHOWDER

SCARBORO BEACH
CLAM CHOWDER

This Maine Chowder

differs from all others of the Atlantic Coast. Its delicious flavor is imparted by the small, choice, white-shell clams of Maine [illegible] with a fine selection of [illegible] ingredients. A revelation in good things to eat, [illegible] Served on Pullman Buffet Cars, [illegible] of American [illegible]. Sold by leading grocers. If your dealer [illegible], send us his name. Sample can 10cts, postpaid. [illegible] Booklet free on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
6 Franklin St., Portland, Maine


NURSING

is a womanly, lucrative profession, graduates earning $12 to $30 a week. Our courses require no unusual ability — only earnest, faithful effort. They are especially adapted to the young woman seeking a life vocation and to the practical nurse who needs a thorough knowledge of the theory of her profession.

[illegible]

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
[illegible] MAIN ST., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Does Farming Pay?

It all depends on how you farm. Send at once for our free book, the

100% Farmer

showing how to [illegible] the most successful methods of farming

Correspondence Agricultural College
432 Nebraska Street Sioux City, Iowa

of the twenty shares of stock!" She only twinkled a little as she said it

Nicodemus Clinker hastily opened the slip of paper she had given him, and then turned purple

"D—n!" he said, and tore the paper into little bits. Thereupon he sat down and conversed with himself in language that bubbled and sizzled and steamed

The engine of the Overland Flyer gave a snort and a screech and the brakeman poked his head in at the door

"Eagle City!" screamed the brakeman

"Excuse me!" said the ranchman, leaning over to the racehorse man "Excuse me! I'm afraid that twenty dollar William I gave you was a counterfeit, eh?"

"It sure was!" assented the racehorse man, digging into his pocket. "I'll just hand it back, and here's three saw-bucks of my own to go with it — all real money I'm glad to see, anyhow, that the little filly is a thoroughbred. I thought I could pick 'em"

Meantime, Nicodemus and the red-haired man were making preparations to leave the car. Mr. Clinker was not in a good humor, and the red haired man made the mistake of talking business at an ill timed moment

"If you don't mind, Mr. Clinker," said he "I'll just have my sample trunks sent right up to your place."

"Don't do it!" snapped the grump. "I don't want to be bothered with it to-day I like Hammonly's goods better, anyhow"

When the train came to a stop the red haired man followed the late occupant of chair No 5 with a troubled brow, but he contrived to step on one of the switches of the Tin Railroad and smash it flat as he went Nicodemus Clinker managed to kick open the end curve as he stalked on to the door, and so he, too, felt a little better They stood on the platform of the station, and Nicodemus Clinker had turned to speak a little more graciously to the red haired man when a car window opened and the pretty girl stuck out her head

"I've just found the twenty shares of Tin Railroad stock," she told him in suspiciously honeyed accents "So sorry I made the awkward mistake! It will teach you, however to look more sharply after your contracts next time"

Nicodemus Clinker licked his lips and glared savagely upon her, then stalked to his carriage and slammed the door shut on himself without one glance at the red haired man

"Shake!" said the athlete with profound cordiality as the train pulled out

The pretty girl, thus invited, with the utmost gravity shook hands, and then, catching sight of Aunty's perplexed face she threw herself back in her chair and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks Aunty looked a trifle embarrassed and began to gather her impedimenta about her

"Do you leave the train soon?" asked the president anxiously

"At the next stop — Copperville," she answered

"Copperville — Copperville," the president mused. "I only go to Keno, about twenty miles farther on. Copperville! Copperville!" He silently went over and over the name, until at last his memory served him. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, brightening up. "I know a man in that town Jimmy Collins — an old pal of mine — is out here in charge of some mines. I must drop back and see Jimmy some day this week. It would be a shame to come out this way and not see Jimmy!"

"You must have him bring you over and introduce you to the Archers," she replied, blushing prettily. "They are splendid people, and I am sure you would enjoy meeting them"

"I know I shall!" the president earnestly assured her "I shall be there the day after to-morrow, and if — if Copperville suits me I shall probably spend my entire month's vacation there. I am quite interested in — in copper mining"

At this juncture the conductor entered

"I'm sorry," he stated courteously but firmly, "but I'm afraid you'll have to take up this track"

"With joy!" replied the president, getting down on the floor at once, and going to work with enthusiasm

A sigh of relief went up from every occupied chair in the Los Amigos, and fourteen people were delighted to see the Tin Railroad, Incorporated, go out of existence, totally bankrupt, and its stock not worth the paper it was written on. Nicodemus Clinker gone, the litter in the aisle had become unendurable.

"It was a confounded nuisance under foot," said the ranchman

COAL BILLS

We enable you to cut your coal bill in half — often the saving is two-thirds — by making a ton of the cheapest grade coal produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade. Every claim we make is proved by abundant voluntary testimony.

[illegible] inquiry from a friend in Ft. Wayne, Ind., the leading dealer in Kansas City, who sells over 200 of our furnaces annually, recently wrote

"You can't afford to put in any but the best and that is the Peck-Williamson Underfeed. I have installed a large number and have found them to be great heaters as well as great fuel savers. You know Mr.——. I installed one for him two years ago. He has heated his house of 14 rooms comfortably on $40.00 worth of coal a year, where for ten years previous his coal bills averaged from $140 to $160. Without doubt

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed is the BEST FURNACE ON EARTH."

In this furnace the fire is [illegible] the fire is on top — the rational way. [illegible] as they do in ordinary furnaces [illegible] through the fire. Immune [illegible] gas, smoke and soot, less ashes and no clinkers. [illegible] easy to operate

Let us send you Free our Underfeed book, with [illegible] simile voluntary letters, proving every claim we make

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTED
BEST FURNACE ON EARTH
99

Your Investments Solicited upon which we will pay **5% Per Annum**

Assets $1,700,000 Surplus and Profits $160,000

OUR patrons participate in the earnings of [illegible] business, established over 11 years [illegible] New York Banking Department. [illegible] Withdrawals [illegible] earnings.

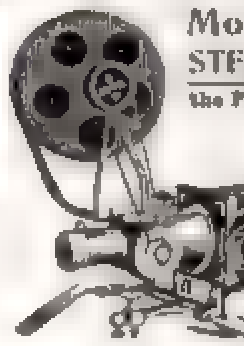
[illegible] particulars upon request.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

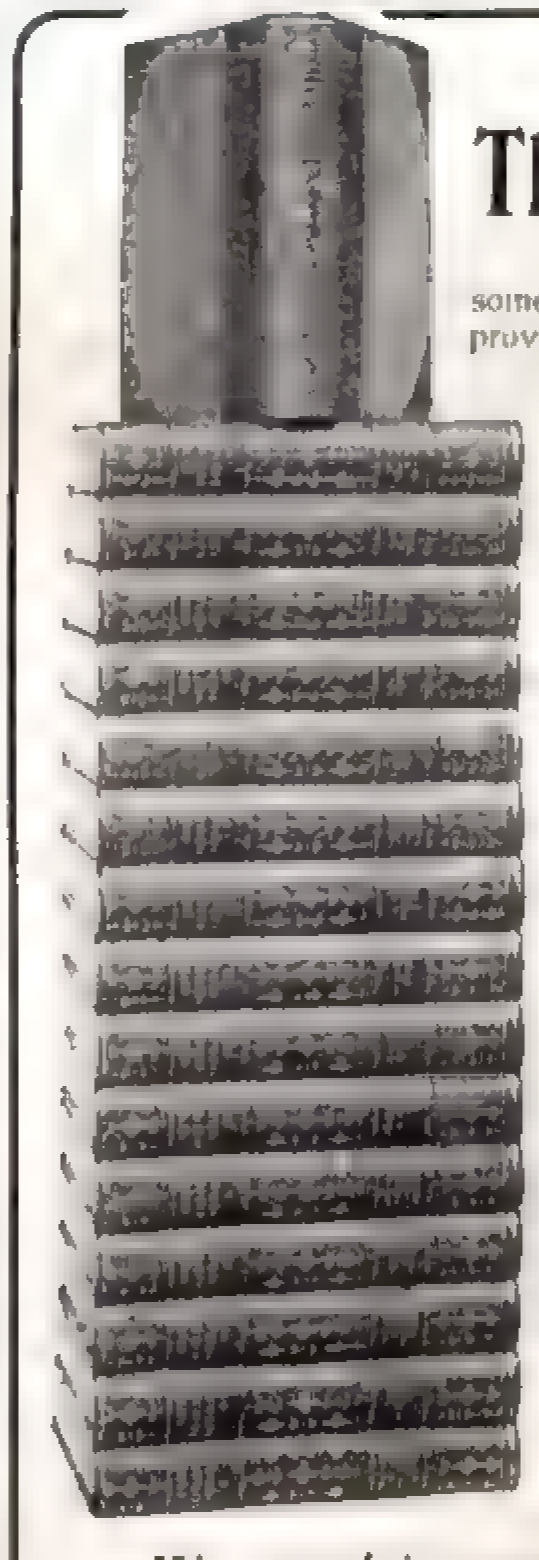
Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1135 Broadway, New York

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS [illegible] BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better [illegible] Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains everything sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street Department L. Chicago, Ill.



PRESIDENTIAL RACE Most fascinating game ever devised. [illegible] Intensely interesting. Highly [illegible] 10 cts. Write to-day.
OHIO GAME CO., Department 2 Steubenville, Ohio



This is

The New Science Library

This work — just published — consists of sixteen handsome volumes, written and arranged with the idea of providing the average reader with a well-rounded Library containing just the knowledge of modern science he demands — and requires, if he expects to be well informed. It is a set of books to be *read and enjoyed*, for the great authors who wrote it were too close to nature to be dull, and too big and human to be narrow.

It contains the best work of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and their disciples. The roar of controversy that arose about these men and their original views has not yet died away. They taught the world new conceptions, larger ideals, and a system of science founded on logic and facts. The New Science Library is the corner-stone of a modern liberal education. Read it, and be abreast of the times.

A Modern Book of Wonders

It will tell you how the phonograph was invented; upon what principle wireless telegraphy rests, exactly what the famous Darwinian theory is; how the distance to the stars is measured; what ideas Herbert Spencer brought into the world; how prehistoric man lived and fought twenty thousand years ago; how electricity makes the trolley car go — and a thousand other interesting stories. This library is unique in that it covers comprehensively the entire field of Science, Astronomy, Geology, Invention, Discovery, Natural Philosophy, Anthropology, Electricity, Political Economy and Evolution.

We want to send you our Free Booklet

PUBLIC OPINION has obtained exclusive control of the first edition of the New Science Library, which will be distributed for introductory purposes at half-price and on the Individual Payment Plan, by means of which the purchaser arranges the payments to suit himself. We cannot begin to describe all the attractive features of the Library in this limited space, because it touches upon too many points of interest. The coupon cut from this advertisement and mailed to us will bring you full particulars of the Library and our Introductory Half Price Offer, together with a handsome specimen page book, beautifully illustrated with photogravures, half-tones and color plates. Prompt action is necessary if you wish to secure a set at the low Club price, for the introductory edition is limited. Mail the coupon today — *right now* — and get our free booklet by return mail.

PUBLIC OPINION
44-60 East 23d Street New York

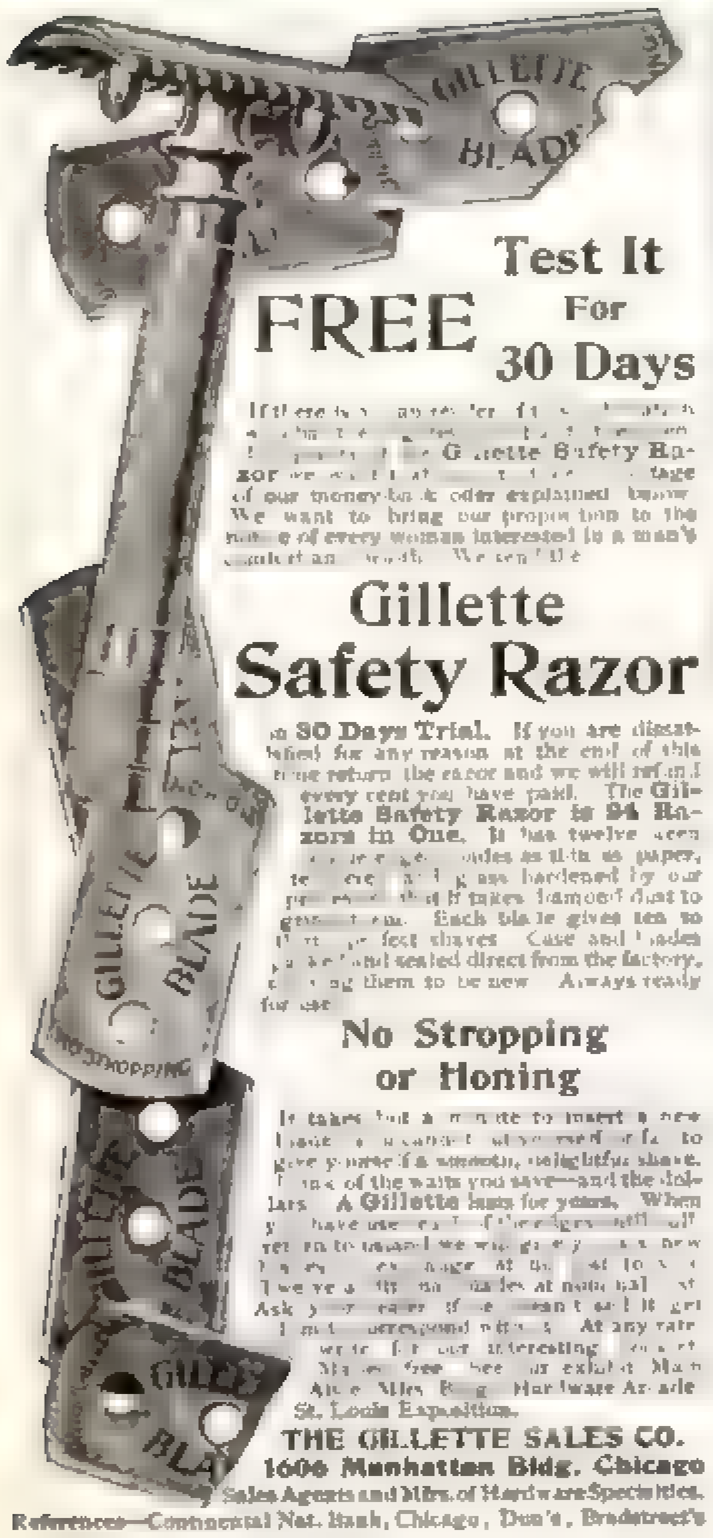
SIGN AND MAIL TO PUBLIC OPINION

Without cost to me, please mail your specimen page book of The New Science Library as per your advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Name

Address

S. E. P. 10-8



Test It
FREE For
30 Days

If there is [illegible] Gillette Safety Razor [illegible] of our money-back offer explained below. We want to bring our proposition to the notice of every woman interested in a man's comfort and [illegible] We send the

Gillette
Safety Razor

on 30 Days Trial. If you are dissatisfied for any reason at the end of this time return the razor and we will refund every cent you have paid. The Gillette Safety Razor is 24 Razors in One. It has twelve keen [illegible] blades as thin as paper, [illegible] are hardened by our process [illegible] it takes diamond dust to grind them. Each blade gives ten to thirty perfect shaves. Case and blades [illegible] and sealed direct from the factory, [illegible] them to be new. Always ready for use.

No Stropping
or Honing

It takes but a minute to insert a new blade [illegible] to give yourself a smooth, delightful shave. Think of the waits you save—and the dollars. A Gillette lasts for years. When you have used [illegible] return to us and we will give you [illegible] at nominal cost. Ask your dealer. If he can't sell it get [illegible] correspond with us. At any rate write for our interesting [illegible] free. See our exhibit [illegible] Hardware Arcade St. Louis Exposition.

THE GILLETTE SALES CO.
1606 Manhattan Bldg. Chicago
Sales Agents and Mfrs. of Hardware Specialties.
References—Continental Nat. Bank, Chicago; Dun's, Bradstreet's

Impertinent Poems

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Author of Chronicles of the Little Tot

The Price

In, or under, or over the earth,
  What will fill you, and what suffice?
No matter how mean, or much its worth,
  It is yours if you pay the price.
Never a thing may a man attain,
But gain pays loss, or loss pays gain.

Lady of riches, riot and rout,
  Fair of flesh and sated of sense,
Nothing in life you need do without
  Except the trifle of innocence.
Counterfeit kisses you paid, and got
Just what you paid for—which is what?

Man of adroitness, place and power,
  Trampled above and torn below;
Set in the light of your noonday hour,
  Playing a part in the public show;
Fooling the mob that the mob be ruled:
You know which is the greater fooled.

Artist of pencil, or paint, or pen,
  Reed, or string, or the vocal note,
Making the soul to suffer again
  And the wild heart clutch the throat;
Ever your fancy has paid in fact;
You rack my soul, as yours was racked.

The Conservative

At twenty, as you proudly stood
And read your thesis, Brotherhood,
If I remember right, you saw
The fatuous faults of social law.

At twenty-five you braved the storm
And dug the trenches of Reform,
Stung by some gadfly in your breast
Which would not let your spirit rest.

At thirty-five you made a pause
To sum the columns of The Cause;
You noted, with unwilling eye,
The heedless world had passed you by.

At forty you had always known
Man owes a duty to His Own.
Man's life is as man's life is made,
The game is fair, if fairly played.

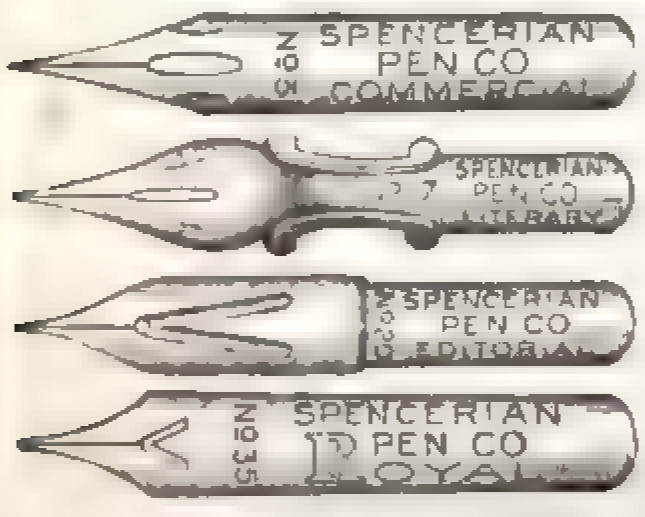
At fifty, after years of stress
You bore the banner of Success.
All men have virtues, all have sins,
And God is with the man who wins.

At sixty, from your captured heights
You fly the flag of Vested Rights,
Bounded by bonds collectable,
And hopelessly respectable!

Humbler Heroes

It might not be so difficult to lead the light brigade,
While the army cheered behind you, and the fifes and bugles played;
It might be rather easy, with the war-shriek in your ears,
To forget the bite of bullets and the taste of blood and tears.
  But to be a scrubwoman, with four
    Babies, or more,
  Every day, every day setting your back
    On the rack,
  And all your reward forever not quite
    A full bite
  Of bread for your babies. Say!
    In the heat of the day
You might be a hero to head a brigade,
But a hero like her? I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

It might be very feasible to force a great reform,
To saddle public passion and to ride upon the storm,
It might be somewhat simple to ignore the roar of wrath,
Because a second shout broke out to cheer you on your path
  But he who, alone and unknown, is true
    To his view,
  Unswerved by the crush of the mutton browed
    Blatting crowd,
  Unwon by the flabby-brained, blinking ease
    Which he sees
  Throned and anointed. Say!
    At the height of the fray,
You might be the chosen to captain the throng:
But to stand all alone? How long? How long?



SPENCERIAN

The Standard of Excellence for over forty years STEEL PENS

Select a pen for your writing

from a sample card of special numbers for correspondence. 12 pens for 6c in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

LIGHTS
INSTANTLY
WITH
ONE
MATCH

CANTON Incandescent Gasoline LAMP

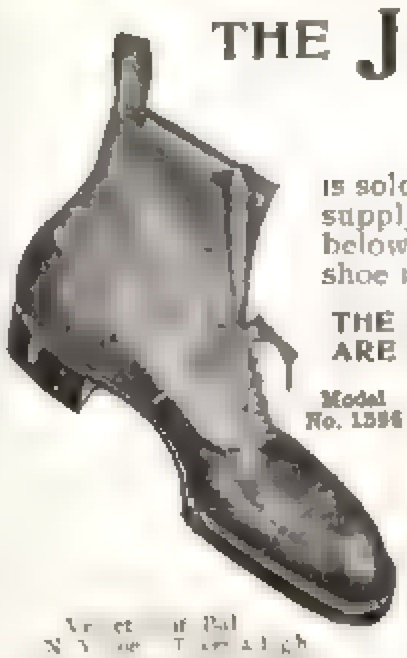
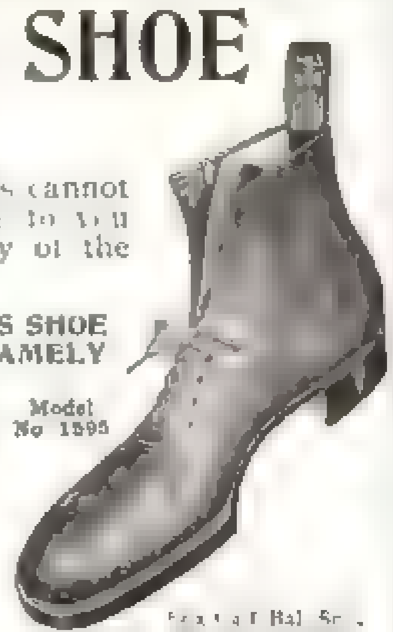
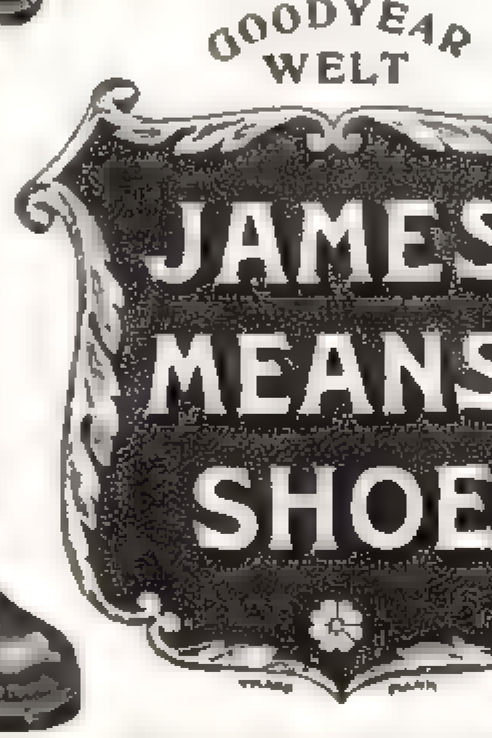
Most Light at Least Money. 100 Candle Power 3c Weekly. [illegible] danger. [illegible] finished [illegible] double burners, $2.75 up. Agents wanted—[illegible]

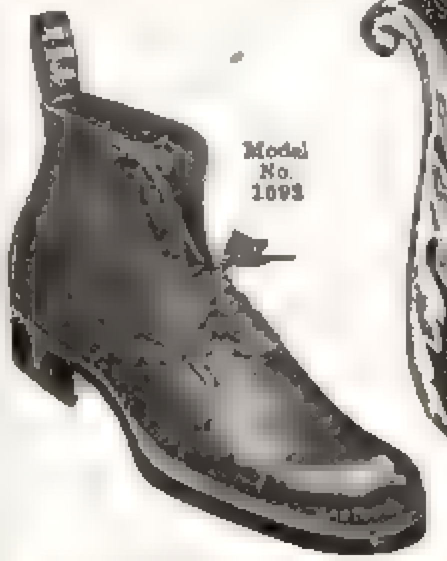
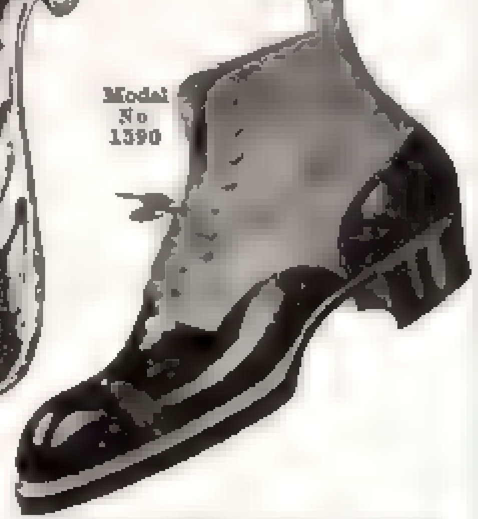
Canton Incandescent Light Co
Box 602 Canton, Ohio

MOORE PUSH-PINS

[illegible] CALENDARS [illegible] Made of steel and polished glass [illegible] for fastening [illegible] wall pictures, posters, [illegible] house furnishings [illegible] for 10 cents per packet of [illegible] dozen [illegible] like cut; [illegible]

MOORE PUSH PIN CO 111 S 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
[illegible]

THE JAMES MEANS SHOE
FOR MEN

is sold by leading retailers. If *your* retailers cannot supply you, read the offer which we make to you below. It is unprecedented in the history of the shoe manufacturing industry.

THE RETAIL PRICES OF THE JAMES MEANS SHOE ARE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT THE U. S., NAMELY

Model No. 1594 $2.50 and $3.00 Model No. 1595

Send postal [illegible] Illustrated Booklet 4 [illegible]

Model No. 1594: [illegible] Heavy sole. Price, delivery free in U. S., $2.50.

Model No. 1595: [illegible] Price, delivery free [illegible] $3.00.

Model No. 1593: Box Calf Blucher, "Pacemaker Last." Ideal shoe for hard usage. Splendid leather. Heavy sole. Price, delivery free in U. S., $3.00.

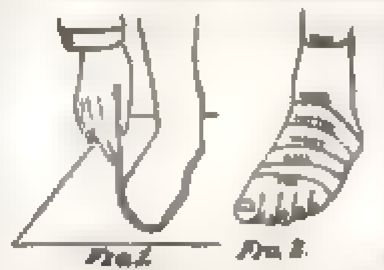
The above trade-mark is stamped on soles of every pair. Famous for more than a quarter of a century.

Model No. 1590: Krakau Patent Leather Blucher. Military Heel. Popular Toe. Very swell. Heavy sole. Price, delivery free in U. S., $3.00.

OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

The above cuts show four immensely popular styles of the **James Means Shoe.** Where not obtainable of dealers, we will send any of these or other stock styles, **delivery charges prepaid,** to any post-office or express office in the United States on receipt of $2.50 or $3.00, as indicated. See directions for ordering. No delay in filling orders.

We can fit you accurately. We inaugurated this system, and we had it in successful operation for years before other manufacturers thought of reaching out to the consumers.



MAIL ORDERS.—Directions for Measuring.—Take a sheet of paper and place it on the floor. Place your foot upon it, and then, with a pencil held upright, mark the shape of your foot on the paper (see Fig. 1). In doing this, press the pencil firmly against your foot all around. Then take the best fitting shoe you have and mark the shape of that on the paper in the same way. Then take a tape measure, or a narrow strip of paper, and measure **exactly** where you see the lines in Fig. 2. In doing this let the tape touch at all points without drawing it tight. Be accurate, measure each foot, stockings on. You are now prepared to make out your order.

Directions for Ordering.—Take a sheet of ruled letter paper and number the lines from 1 to 16 [illegible] 1, Your Name. 2, Street and No. 3, Post-office. 4, Express office. 5, County. 6, State or Terr. 7, Model No. and description of shoes wanted. 8, Amount of your remittance enclosed. 9, How many pairs ordered? Now the foot measurements: [illegible] 10, Top. 11, Heel. 12, Instep. 13, Waist. 14, Ball. 15, Toe. 16, Size and width worn. Enclose diagrams of your foot and shoe with the above.

TERMS, CASH WITH ORDER.—Remittances may be in any of the following forms: Post-office order, express money order or bank draft. If none of these are within your reach, send money by registered letter. In that case protect coins carefully by wrapping.

TO ALL RETAILERS OF SHOES. If the agency for this celebrated line of shoes has not been established in your vicinity, we are prepared to make you an interesting offer. Send postal to-day. Our large force of salesmen cover the United States. Would you like to receive a call from the one in your district? Address Dept. 4.

CHARLES A. EATON CO., Makers of the James Means Shoe for Men, BROCKTON, MASS.

Multiply This in Your Head

Wouldn't you like to be able to figure this and hundreds of other similar problems in your head? Wouldn't you like [illegible] any problem almost instantly without writing any partial [illegible] write the answer?

Our Free Book, "Rapid Calculation"

[illegible] It describes a system by which you will figure instantly [illegible] groups of figures and fractions as easily as single whole figures; in fact, cut [illegible]

A better position and a large salary [illegible] your work easy and interesting instead of tiresome, you should write for this [illegible] but the trouble of asking for it. A postal will bring it [illegible] Write for it [illegible]

COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
380B Com'l Building ROCHESTER, N. Y.

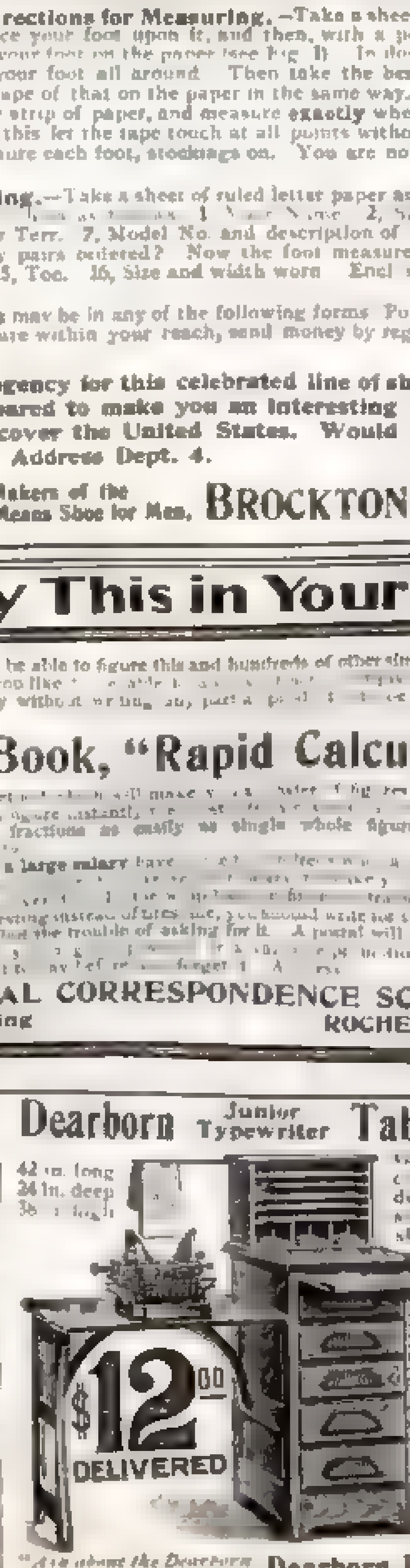
PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers and twenty other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100. Also [illegible] Uprights at $125, [illegible] A fine instrument at [illegible] Good pianos [illegible]

FROM

[illegible] $10 down and $5 a month. Freight rates are low. Write for list and our four plans of piano selling. You make a genuine saving. *Pianos from us bear the impress of Quality.* Illustrated Piano Book Free.

LYON & HEALY
71 Adams St., CHICAGO
World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music



Dearborn Junior Typewriter Table Cabinet

42 in. long
24 in. deep
36 in. high

Guaranteed the most complete and perfect device [illegible] We ship on approval [illegible] $12.00 [illegible] prepaid east of Rocky Mts. [illegible] price $13.00. Made of solid [illegible] *Invaluable note book holder free with Cabinet.* Illustrated catalog **Free.**

"Ask about the Dearborn Typewriter Chair, $6.00" Dearborn Desk Company
1926 1st Av. Birmingham, Ala. Suite 810, 160 Washington St., Chicago Ill.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

ACCORDING TO THE PUBLISHER'S WORD — The advertisements of Sir Gilbert Parker's romance exactly describe it.

¶ "Full of exciting intrigue and startling situations," reads the publishers' advertisement. "They were of a day," writes the author, "when men held their lives as lightly as many men hold their honor now, when championship was as the breath of life to men's nostrils, and to adventure what was worth having or doing in life the only road of reputation." They both come to pretty much the same thing, and of the two we prefer the publishers' rhetoric. It is more honest and it gets better home to the heart of the historical romance.

A Ladder of Swords *(Harper & Bros.)* is hardly a title of peaceful suggestion, and one is not surprised that Sir Gilbert Parker's pair of lovers found the reality dizzy climbing. Shipwrecks and duels, plots and counterplots, poisoned gloves and prison cells — all the machinery of a resourceful and hostile novelist beset them. They won — and, what was better, escaped from — the perilous favor of Elizabeth. Mary, Queen of Scots, too, and Catherine de Medici throw a sinister shadow across the pages. It seems not quite in the rules of the game — elastic as they are — to attaint Mary, purely for personal ends, of a crime wholly without warrant in fact. There are names in history — Cæsar Borgia, for instance — who stand before the world less as personalities than as entities of crime, and a murder more or less to their credit hurts no one's feelings; but Mary has still too many lovers to let a slur against her name pass lightly. Fair or unfair by the laws of fiction, the unsupported assumption of her complicity in an attempt against Elizabeth by poison is sure to raise hot protest from hosts of readers. It serves well, though, the ends of the intrigue. Angèle, the Huguenot heroine, discovers it, apprises Elizabeth and wins her lasting gratitude. Elizabeth, as by right she was meant to be, is the central figure. Whatever the injustice done Mary, Elizabeth seems wholly understood and adequately realized — as woman and as queen, in her weaknesses and vanities, her strength, her cruelty and her wisdom. Her sudden fondness for the high-born, pure-minded girl thrown headlong into the whirl of court life is unfolded as a true revelation of character.

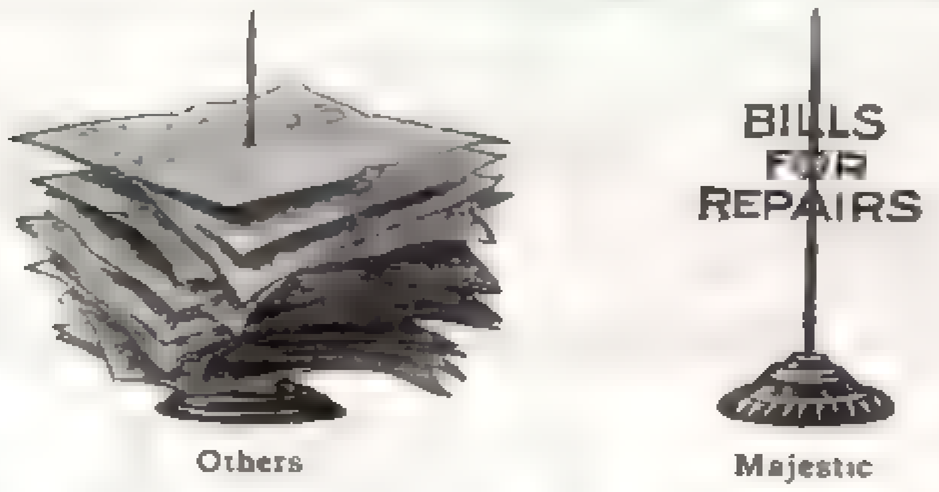
Leicester — who also figures largely in the complications of the plot — is less convincing. One does not blame Sir Gilbert. Nothing is harder than to cut clean with tools so worn by much using. What could be more nearly impossible than to write freshly and sincerely in the stilted conceits of forgotten fashions about a courtier and a trickster? It is to Sir Gilbert's credit that he does so well. There is not a single oddsbodkins, and only once does he forget himself and permit the hero "to clasp" the heroine "to his breast." It is the only obviously banal thing in the book — one point off, on the whole a very creditable score. . . . None the less the book is banal. The essence of fiction is not merely to be mindful of literary good breeding, not to conduct skillfully an exercise in counterpoint. The writer of that advertisement first quoted, striving for the utmost word of praise, found it, and found it all — "Full of exciting intrigue and startling situations." What was it the distinguished French visitor said who, having shot the chutes and looped the loop and bumped the bumps, had enough of startling situations for one day?

Très banal, mais très amusant!

A COOK-BOOK OF AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE — May its name be sweet in the nostrils of all generations.

¶ It is not often that masculine readers can be asked to wax enthusiastic over cook-books, but the Blue Grass Cook-Book, compiled by Minnie C. Fox *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*, fairly takes place in the literature of good eating. There is something almost wistful in the way John Fox, beleaguered in Tokyo with the other war correspondents, sits down to write the introduction. "It is June in Japan," he begins, "and it is June in that blessed land of the Blue Grass." Memories of meadows in bloom, of the song and laughter of darkies in the fields, of the mid-air calls of the meadow-lark, rise up before him. He writes gratefully, feelingly, much better for being hungry — it is a wholly delightful introduction.

THE MAJESTIC
Not Cheapest but Least Expensive



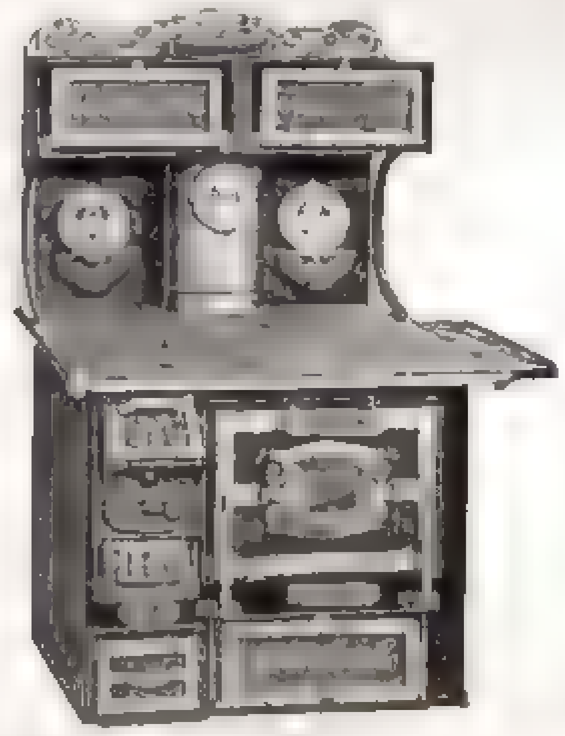
Ask your neighbor, who uses a Majestic,
About the Repairs

She will likely smile and tell you she can't because she never had to have any! But she will at least say that repairs with the MAJESTIC are insignificant compared with others — that MAJESTICS seem to be "unbreakable" and "un-wear-out-able," so to speak. She will tell you that her MAJESTIC RANGE is cheaper in the long run because it

Requires fewer repairs.
Uses less fuel.
Bakes more perfectly.
Gives abundant hot water.

The results in economy of repairs of which your neighbor speaks are peculiar to our MAJESTIC RANGE, because it is made of malleable iron — each part unbreakable, and because of perfection in every detail, the result of forty years of range making. Ask your neighbor about the **results** from a MAJESTIC — ask your dealer or write us and we will tell you the rest — details of manufacture, price terms, etc. We will also send you, free, a handsome booklet, illustrating many styles of MAJESTIC RANGES, and giving receipts by famous cooks.

Majestic Manufacturing Co.
2025 Morgan Street, St. Louis
Sold by good merchants all over the United States



Twist barrels. [illegible] Genuine any $100.00 gun made
Knickerbocker Shot Gun
[illegible] forging throughout. All parts highly polished and [illegible] Deeley & Edge improved action, [illegible] best gun ever sold for $25.00.
FULLY GUARANTEED
Send $[illegible] $[illegible] to be paid to Express Company after inspection. If not the best gun you ever saw return it to
M. A. SHIPLEY, 906 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

$25 to $50 PER WEEK Writing Advertisements
If you are willing to do a little earnest work during your spare moments, we can teach you, by mail, to prepare the kind of advertisements that would enable you to earn a salary of $25 to $50 per week. Our unique, practical course is endorsed by successful graduates, prominent advertising managers, and leading publishers throughout the country.
Handsome prospectus free. Write today.
WELLS & CORBIN, 1219 K, Land Title Building, Philadelphia

SAVE One-half on SHOES
SOLE PRESERVER does it. Guaranteed to make shoes wear twice as long. Post paid 25c. Circular free. Gold mine for agents.
BELLE CO., 51 B St., Belle Plaine, Iowa
Trade Mark

NEW DEPARTURE CIGAR AND CIGARETTE HOLDER
10c NICKEL. 25c GILT
Any finger, cigar, cigarette. Pat.
Agents Wanted
Damon-Hill Co., 353 Cambridge St., Allston, Mass.

Creating a Demand. The consumer is dictator of trade.
The jobber and dealer quickly fall in line when the consumer makes his wants known. The manufacturer must either convince the consumer he is making what he wants or make him want what he makes. It matters little then whether the consumer buys direct or through the established channels (local dealers) of trade. The million women who buy THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL have created a demand for many kinds of goods. They will do the same for you. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA. New York—Boston—Chicago

Southern cooking is the survival of a departed order. As Mr. Fox points out, the social structure of the South rested on slavery, and the three pillars of slavery were the overseer, the negro mammy and the negro cook. That structure was overturned bodily. The slave went, and with him fell the overseer. The negro is no longer taken into the life of Southern households, and there are no negro mammies of the new generation. Aunt Tempe, nearer the base of supplies, has fared better — but she, too, will go, and it is time that the memories of her triumphs should be embalmed in the oils and essences of her own distilling. Southern hospitality, of which Mr. Fox tells charming stories, could not have flourished in true perfection, he contends, without her. The negro is a born cook as he is a born musician. Where he got his instruction it does not matter — something, no doubt, in the Gulf States, from the French; more, in the South at large, from the English. Yet the result is not French and it certainly is not modern English. It is a survival, and from the days of Elizabeth. It has a feudal profusion, a full-blooded richness, a high, intrepid daring of savor not known upon the earth in these days of meaner economies. What Gargantuan proportions have these recipes! The prescription for roast pig begins gently with

1 young pig.

And in the fragrant department of beverages a whole page of expert chemistry is given to the proper compounding of the julep. Hear the professor's word of parting caution to the laboratory class: "*Any stinting in quality or quantity* materially affects the result."

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** Mr. John Burroughs was lately of the opinion, and no one has heard him retract it, that the craze for Nature study is at least of value to the old guides and backwoodsmen. Never have they had such listeners for their tallest stories. Mr. Burroughs should make the acquaintance of Fergy the Guide *(Henry Holt & Co.)* as presented by the late H. S. Canfield. It is possible that for steaming, Monday-is-washday sentiment he cannot equal Seton-Thompson, and he is not discoverably conscious of any mission in his lying, but for the joy of pure prevarication we have not met his equal. His stories are whoppers.

¶ **At home with the Jardines,** by Lilian Bell *(L. C. Page & Co.)*, is a series of fourteen short stories — thirteen short stories and an epilogue for luck — dealing in the trials and triumphs of a young married pair. The pale green æsthetics of the young wife are a little amusing at times and the husband is almost too good to make many friends among his own sex, but the story of the battle with the janitor and the rout of the agent would in other times have won its author a pension from any paternal government mindful of the welfare of its suffering subjects.

¶ **Mr. Clinton Scollard** is one of those pleasant singers who, lacking sometimes a burning inspiration, never lack a facile, tuneful voice. In the volume of verse and prose mingled that he has brought together under the title Footfarings *(George William Browning)*, there is nothing very memorable in thought or expression, but the little essays are friendly to the hand and eye and never crude in quality. The first of the collection are fairly indicated in such titles as Rain and Spring, The Search for the Lady's-Slipper, The Pathway Through the Pines, and the lattermost seem reminiscences of a trip through the British Isles. A Glimpse of Herrick's Devon is a representative number.

¶ **Originally issued** in the author's Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the United States, *Messrs. T. & J. W. Johnson*, the publishers, have brought out in a single volume the Life of John Marshall. The Life contains abundant descriptive and anecdotal extracts from contemporaneous letters from the memoirs of eminent men of Marshall's day who knew him personally, and from the Chief Justice's own opinions. The same publishers also issue a reprint of the author's Constitution of the United States, a compact little volume which, besides the text of the Constitution, gives in outline the circumstances which led to its formulation, the history of its interpretation in famous decisions of the Supreme Court, and, in the appendix, the text of the Declaration of Independence and of Washington's Farewell Letter.

LETTERS FOR EASTERN STATES
LETTERS FOR SOUTHERN STATES
LETTERS FOR WESTERN STATES

MAILS CLOSE on ELGIN TIME

Elgin Watches regulate the world's business, public and private. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches, in both men's and women's sizes, and in all varieties of cases.

"Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

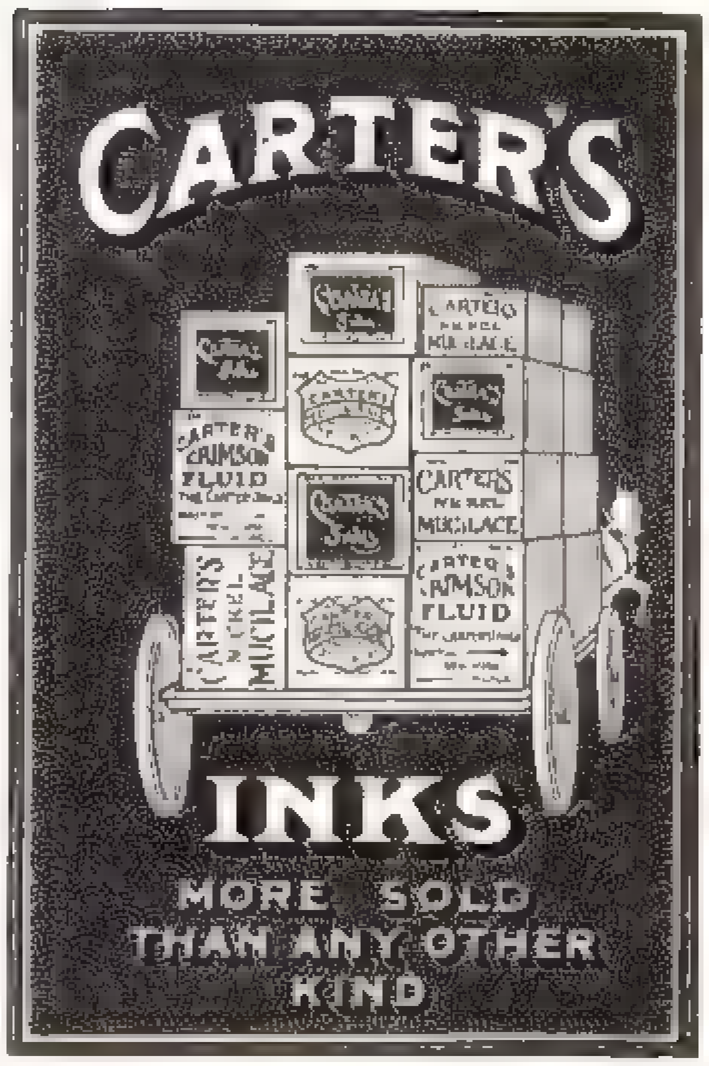
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

ECONOMY FOUNTAIN PEN
ALWAYS IN WORKING ORDER. A DIP IN WATER AND IT IS READY FOR USE. ANY COLOR DESIRED.
10c SELLS AT SIGHT! Needs No Filling

FAC-SIMILE OF ECONOMY FOUNTAIN PEN

TO AGENTS: Live energetic agents will find this the greatest money maker on the market. Enormous profits, quick sales. Send 10c. for sample prepaid and terms to agents.

ECONOMY FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, 148 M-6 STATE STREET, CHICAGO



CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, [illegible]. We [illegible] on household goods of intending settlers to the above States. Write for rates. Map of California, free.
Trans-Continental Freight Co., X 358 Dearborn Street, Chicago

I SELL REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESSES

Finding buyers for Real Estate and Real Estate for Buyers is my special business.
I have made it *the* study of my life.
It is more than a business to me — it is a profession.
I have no fixed hit-or-miss rules, but study surrounding conditions and try to make each client's case an individual one.
I spend over $100,000 a year in advertising to bring buyer and seller together — *and I do it.*

NO matter how small or how large your property or business — whether a building lot, a farm, a factory, a gas plant or coal mine — no matter where located — I am in a splendid position to find a cash buyer for it.

I have done it for others and I believe I can do it for you. I believe I have the largest and best organized real estate brokerage business in the world. The best evidence of my success in serving clients, is that my business is daily growing larger.

I have on file in my offices applications from thousands of prospective buyers. I believe I can find the buyer you are looking for, and as my advertisements appear in nearly every journal of any consequence in the United States it ought not to take me long to do it.

Buyers may be scarce in your immediate community, but my long range methods reach the buyers elsewhere. Your property may be in California, the buyer in Maine. I bring together just such extremes, and have letters from hundreds of pleased clients whose properties I have sold. Here is one telling about the sale of an office building in the State of New York sold for a client in the State of Washington:

"I am in receipt of your letter acknowledging draft covering commission on the sale of my office building, at Amsterdam, N. Y., for $10,000 cash. I wish to thank you for the interest you have taken in the matter, and express my satisfaction at having entrusted you with the business." — W. G. BARNES, Seattle, Wash.

Can you afford to ignore my services? Will you ever sell your property to advantage without them? Think it over.

Better sit right down now and write me a brief description of your property, or business, naming your lowest cash price, or if you want to buy, tell me what you want. Upon receipt of the necessary information I will write you at once and tell you exactly what I can do for you. While you are writing me to sell some one else is writing me to buy — perhaps the very property or business you have for sale.

If you want to buy Real Estate fill out and mail to me the blank on the lower right-hand side of this advertisement. If you have Real Estate or a business for sale, fill out and mail to me the blank on the left-hand side. Do it to-day. My advice will cost you nothing, but will probably mean more to you than you now realize.

W. M. OSTRANDER
Suite 384, North American Building
PHILADELPHIA

If you want to sell, fill in, cut out, and mail this blank to-day

W. M. Ostrander
Suite 384
North
American Bldg.
Philadelphia

Please send, without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property which consists

of ……………………………………

Town ……………………
County State
Following is a brief description

Lowest cash price ……………
Name ……………………
Address ……………………

If you want to buy, fill in, cut out, and mail this blank to-day

W. M. Ostrander
Suite 384
North
American Bldg.
Philadelphia

I desire to buy a property corresponding approximately with the following specifications:

Town or City
County
State
Price between $ and $
I will pay $ …………………… down,
and the bal
Remarks

Name ……………………
Address ……………………

STANWICK'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 5)

tipped my wicker chair, objects rattled on the floor, and next we were all stone still, silent, with the little quiet, green Jersey grove outside, a rear vista of track and a flagman staring, joined hurriedly by two more starers, and up front, somewhere, a crazy roar of steam in the silence. A voice outside said, "They're killed," other voices added variously: "You can't see him. He's underneath. Did the fireman jump? No. The other one's all smashed, too. You can't see anything for the steam." Somehow we inside were all saying: "You hurt? No. I just fell against the buffet. We're all right. This car's all right." On the track behind the observation platform, the conductor, with a very white face, was speaking "What time do you make it, gentlemen? I make it fifty-six now." "Yes; fifty-six by mine," said a passenger. "We're due here at fifty-five," went on the conductor, still looking at his watch, and writing notes at the same time. "The responsibility for this must be fixed. He has no right to be here with me due. I must have some of your names, gentlemen." He got our names "How did it occur?" somebody asked "That Central engineer. Backing on our track and never sent a flag in front of him So that man down at the road gives us a white flag. So we come right on and into it."

I had begun to live again. It is curious how one can stop living while the mere mechanical part—the heart, the lungs, the circulation—goes on. I don't think it is fright. I think it's surprise; but thoughts, will, attention, all cease, and one is no more than a vegetable. But now all parts of me were going again, and I was curious and anxious. I hoped we should find no awful disaster up ahead. Stanwick and Ortley and I were walking slowly along together, quite silent, by the empty, open windows of the train. All the passengers were down, grouping, dispersing, stopping; and each man and woman seemed to be relating aloud eagerly their sensations to everybody, and nobody listened to them. It was not bad, no passenger was hurt, we were not wrecked; yet even coming so near was sinister and numbing for the moment; that roar of steam seemed like a spout from the world of death that we had just not entered; the terrible, invisible forces around us were hissing at us in that steam. And now rustic Jersey was scantily gathering to the show. Our crash had happened at the end of the grove, where the second road crossed and the Y-switch came in. Here stood a man with a string of fish, talking to a man with a wagon of vegetables. "I knowed what was comin' when I heard them whistles." And the vegetable man said, "I could 'a' told 'em it would happen with him backin' that way;" while two little girls, who had evidently been wading somewhere, beckoned wildly to three little boys running to us across a field. Other natives arrived, and all expressed the sentiment that they "could have told you so." Meanwhile, here was the show, not very terrific to see. On the Y-switch, a few yards off, where we had knocked it, stood the delinquent Jersey Central locomotive. She was not hurt; only one corner of her tank was mashed in, and lifted a trifle from its frame. We had evidently struck that corner only, just as it was getting clear of us; if we had struck it full and square—well, never mind, that had not happened. Our locomotive was worse punished on this side—the engineer's side. Her firebox was ripped open, tank and cab somewhat crunched together in a kind of splintered hill of broken wood and bent metal, one feed pipe twisted to a corkscrew. From the gash in the firebox the dying steam was ebbing. Poor old 853 would not haul us any farther this day; and any human life that had been caught between cab and tender when they crushed together would now be crushed like them.

My eye fell on two very grimy men to whom the conductor was intimately talking, while the baggagemaster was offering to sponge the wrist of one from a bucket somebody had just hastily given him. He—why, he was the fireman, and the other grimy man was our serious engineer! The brakeman had just picked his unbroken spectacles from a bush

"I remember throwing them before I jumped," said the engineer.

"I'm very glad you got out of it," I said to him.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

"Garlands"
bake the bread and roast the meats, and warm the homes, that make the man.

The "Garland" is pre-eminent in every point of material, workmanship, strength, beauty, service, convenience, economy of fuel. But one quality—and that the best.

All "Garlands" bear the above trade-mark

Sold by first class dealers everywhere

Manufactured only by
The Michigan Stove Company
Detroit Chicago
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World

The "Garland" Gas Range
Has no equal [illegible] Improved Construction

Send seven 2-cent stamps for pack of beautiful [illegible] "Garland" playing cards

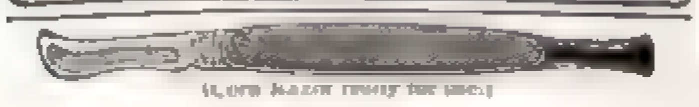
YOUR TEETH are what you make them. In the years to come you will be happy that you commenced now to use

Dr. Graves
Unequaled
Tooth Powder

Smooth and delightful. Removes tartar, prevents decay, makes the teeth white
3 Ounce Metal Bottle 25c 8 Ounce Metal Bottle 50c

SOLD EVERYWHERE
A Trial Bottle FREE on Request
Dr. Graves Tooth Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

DR. E. L. GRAVES UNEQUALED TOOTH POWDER FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH

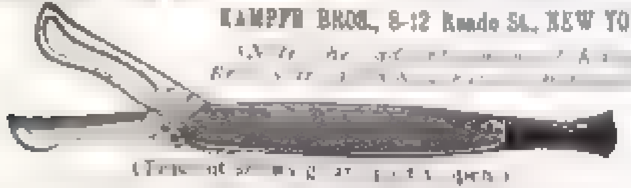


(Corn Razor ready for use)

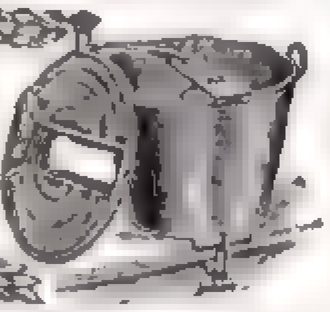
Star Safety Corn Razor
Manufactured by Kampfe Bros. (manufacturers of the [illegible] Safety Razor of merit

BE YOUR OWN CHIROPODIST
[illegible] required in using this corn razor. It is Simple, Safe and Sure [illegible] do its work quickly, relieving the sufferer at once. [illegible] are sent with every Safety Corn Razor [illegible] carefully. They will [illegible] any corn [illegible] cutting the flesh [illegible] $1.50 [illegible] catalogue mailed on request

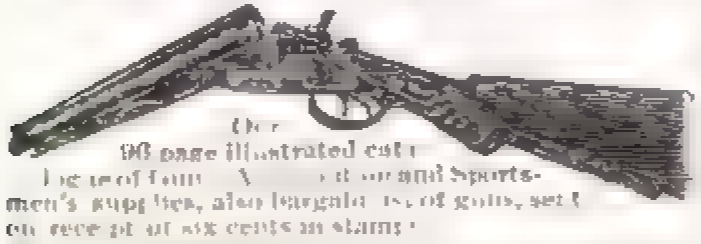
KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., NEW YORK



[illegible]



[illegible] Wheatlet, Franklin Flour [illegible] Franklin Pancake Flour and learn how to secure this Franklin Universal Breadmaker free, or write [illegible]
The Franklin Mills Co., Lockport N Y



Our 90 page illustrated catalogue of [illegible] and Sportsmen's supplies, also bargain lists of guns, sent on receipt of six cents in stamps
CHAS. J. GODFREY, 4 Warren St., New York City

W. & J. SLOANE
HAND-WOVEN RUGS

Illustration showing the large hand-woven Berlin Rug designed and made by us for the Reading Room of the Republican Club, New York City

OUR facilities are unlimited for making Carpets and Rugs to special order from designs prepared by our own artists to continue the motif of the decoration of the room in the floor covering. In variety of quality we offer our patrons a wide selection, such as French Savonnerie and Aubusson, Berlin, Scotch Axminster, India, Turkey, and Persian weaves. We also carry a large stock of all these qualities in many different sizes and in the various styles of design.

BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET, NEW YORK

MAIL US 50c
In United States stamps. IF YOU LOVE MUSIC [illegible] any of the following
DITSON Half-Dollar Series
Full folio size, and the great [illegible]

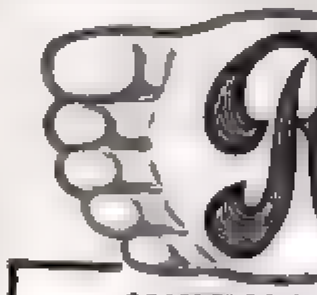
DO NOT CONFUSE THESE WITH CHEAP MUSIC
Beautifully printed, extra quality paper, well bound
Any one [illegible] 50c

Dance Waltzes for the Piano [illegible]
Easy Four Hand Pieces [illegible] pages
Easy Pieces in Easy Keys [illegible] pages
Easy Salon Music for the Piano. 64 pages
Favorite Duets for Violin and Piano. 60 pages
Forty Very Easy Piano Pieces. 64 pages
Four Hand Recreations [illegible]
Marches and Two-Steps for the Piano. [illegible] pages
Very Easy Piano Duets [illegible] pages
Selected Duets for Cornet and Piano. [illegible]

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
150 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
C. H. Ditson & Co., New York. J. E. Ditson & Co., Phila
Order of your Home Dealer or any of the [illegible]
Also Headquarters for Musical Instruments of every description

JOURNALISM
[illegible] by [illegible] newspaper and [illegible]
SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
206 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

DRAW for MONEY
ILLUSTRATING AND CARTOONING [illegible] Illustrators [illegible] booklet, "Commercial Illustrating [illegible]
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.



Restu
WORN IN ANY SHOE
Instantly relieves Weak Ankles, Cramp of [illegible] of the feet. RESTU is the [illegible] and aching feet, prevents Flatfoot and gives a [illegible] to the instep. RESTU has merit worth investigating
[illegible]
RESTU MFG. CO., 60 State St., Sharon, Pa.

DON'T SHOUT!
The "Morley"
makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.
Write for booklet and testimonials
The Morley Company, Dept. T, 19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

SQUABS [illegible] for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz [illegible] 75 [illegible] $1 [illegible] feeding [illegible] pay handsomely. Squabs are [illegible] a woman can do all the work [illegible] do that. Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 269 Atlantic Ave., Boston Mass.

HAMILTON 22 CAL. RIFLE. MODEL No. 15

$2.00
With the Accurate
HAMILTON A BIG BAG IS A CERTAINTY
The best rifle made for small game. It is light, strong and true. Shoots long or short 22 caliber cartridges and has automatic shell ejector. For every description of small game and target practise it stands without a peer. Price $2.00. Our No. 15 Model, with a four inch [illegible] practically the same weapon reduced to boys' size. Price $1.50.
Ask your dealer to show you Hamilton Rifles. If he cannot write for illustrated folder free
HAMILTON RIFLE CO., Box 18, Plymouth, Mich.

All the Sweetness of the East for 4 cents

In order to make you acquainted with the greatest Oriental luxury ever [illegible] into America, we have decided [illegible] readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* ten thousand trial packages of

BLANK'S STUFFED DATES

[illegible] Pecan, Almond and Walnut. Simply send four cents to pay postage. These are not the [illegible] great [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Eastern [illegible] [illegible] At most stores where dainty things for the epicure are sold.

BLANK'S
1022 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

BE A PLAYER

and make yourself fascinating and popular. Why spend money for piano or organ lessons when you can learn at home in **3 days to 3 weeks** to play all latest and fascinating tunes, songs, accompaniments, etc., on the Columbia Zithers?

WE TEACH YOU FREE.

Send for our wonderful and instructive book, "Music in 3 Days." It is free. [illegible] Zither player at once. [illegible] We sell beautiful **Columbia Zithers**, [illegible]

Ask music dealers about it. Send for FREE book

PHONOHARP COMPANY 157 Liverpool St., East Boston, Mass.

IF QUALITY COUNTS IT'S
Huyler's
YOU WANT.
OUR ONLY STYLE CAN
YOUR GROCER HAS IT

CLASS PINS OR BADGES

For any College, School, Class, Club, Society or Lodge.
Direct from Factory to Wearer.

We make to order [illegible] Gold Plated, [illegible] Silver-Plated Pins, Buttons or Medals [illegible] Either [illegible] one or two colors enamel, any letters or figures [illegible]

Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample, 25c.

Free — Large [illegible] hundreds of designs. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** [illegible] Buttons and [illegible] Badges at [illegible] prices. Special designs and estimates free.

Bastian Bros., 21 [illegible] S. Av., Rochester, N. Y.

ANY ONE CAN PRINT WITH THE MODEL PRINTING PRESS

Full Course of Instructions in Printing Free

Over 50,000 Model Printing Presses Sold. Prints from a Card to a small Newspaper. IT'S NOT A TOY, IT'S A PRACTICAL PRINTING MACHINE. Highest Award at World's Fairs. Established 30 years. [illegible] Every [illegible] MODEL PRINTING PRESS [illegible] 103 North [illegible] St. [illegible] Pa.

STAMPS 55 diff. rare [illegible] Album, [illegible] 5c. 105 [illegible] only 10c. Agents wanted [illegible] New 80-p. list and $1.00 worth [illegible] FREE! We buy stamps.

STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"If we had jumped half a second later —" said the fireman.

"Yes," said the engineer. "I hadn't much time to lose."

The fireman's wrist was the single hurt between them, nor was it broken, but merely hard struck by something. Washing would almost cure everything that was the matter with them. The engineer looked the worse. In jumping he had been thrown on the cinder ballast, and from numerous digs in his face and forehead blood trickled between a rich plaster of dust and ashes. His appearance was quite shocking, but it was mostly appearance.

I heard exclamations of pity and admiration behind me, and, turning, I beheld the Temperance Heights lady with clasped hands, gazing with passionate benevolence at the engineer. She then hastened away, and some new person offered a bucket to the unknowing object of her solicitude. He plunged his head in the water, after handing his spectacles to the conductor. I saw now that there was a tie of strong fellowship between these two, and that the conductor had been really somewhat unnerved by the narrow escape of his mate. I stood by and witnessed as thorough a ceremony of getting clean as ever I saw under conditions so limiting. Buckets were brought, one after the other, fresh and full, soap had appeared and a second sponge, and from his plastered grime the engineer was beginning to emerge as does the dawn from night. The concern for him manifested by the conductor, the deference paid him plainly by the other train hands, his acceptance of it as a matter due his position — all this glimpse of disturbed railroad life held me on the spot, although I could plainly discern the Temperance Heights lady standing by the grove, and surrounded by a crowd of passengers whom she was addressing with vehemence. But one cannot be in two places at once, and I remained near the engineer.

"Is it hard to jump?" I presently ventured to ask him.

He gave me his quiet, expressionless look. "It comes easy when you have to."

I found myself desirous of expressing sympathy about the building association; but what business of mine was that? Stanwick was examining the locomotive's injuries with a technical eye. Ortley was looking at his watch.

"When shall we reach Plantagenet Harbor?" he inquired.

"Dear knows," said the conductor. "I've asked Point Pleasant for an engine, but the division ends there, and red tape may keep us any length of time."

"Why, they can *see* us!" protested Ortley, waving petulantly at Point Pleasant. "I can count three locomotives up there now."

"So can we all," replied the conductor; "but counting won't bring them."

"Good gracious!" Ortley snapped. "What a way to do things?" And he stepped about in a peppery manner.

I saw the conductor wink at the engineer, but this less frivolous person merely continued to wash, remarking, "That Central man will be out of a job."

"He'll claim it's only our second run," said the baggagemaster.

"Nothing excuses his sending no flag back," said the conductor. "And we ran all last season."

"The flagman down at the road could have stopped us, anyhow," I suggested.

"He's a Jersey flagman," observed the conductor.

Stanwick came from inspecting our wounded engine. "Pity she's so light," he said. "An E would have pounded them and stood the shock herself."

"No E could have acted better than she did," retorted the engineer promptly.

I thought I would go and listen to the Temperance Heights lady, but her exhortation must have been brief. She was approaching us, a little in advance of her recent audience, who seemed to recognize their leader in her. Well, their curiosity was going to be disappointed if they had come to stare at the engineer. His sensational grime and blood were gone, and there was nothing to see now but a recently washed person with some scratches. He had, moreover, put on his spectacles, which still further removed from him the suggestion of disaster.

"I always think of them now," he said to the conductor. "Once I jumped with them on, and I thought the oculist would never get through with me."

The Temperance Heights lady here burst in upon our small group. "Old Irongrip is not dead," she began with trained but sincere rhapsody; "he is here with us. Sir,"

Artloom Tapestries

Oriental Couch Cover The couch cover shown above is 50 inches wide in the cloth, 3 yards long, and heavily fringed all around. In design it is an all over Oriental effect, pattern same on both sides, but in different colors. The cover is perfectly reversible — Red reverse Blue; Green reverse Red; Blue reverse Terra Cotta; Green reverse Terra Cotta. Price **$4.00**

ARTLOOM TAPESTRIES are for every room in the home. For town house or country house, Flat or Apartment. Even a Hall Bedroom with Artloom treatment may be made a place of restfulness and beauty. There are rich curtains for the Parlor; correct hangings for Bay-window or double doors; Draperies and Couch Covers for Library, Den or Cozy Corner, Table Covers for Dining Room and other rooms.

Artloom Tapestries are for sale by leading Dry goods and Department Stores everywhere, and cost no more than Tapestries with the art left out. Let your Dealer Know that *You* know about Artloom Curtains, Couch Covers and Table Covers. He has them or will get them for you.

Look for the Label →

Artloom Tapestries
Registered
PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

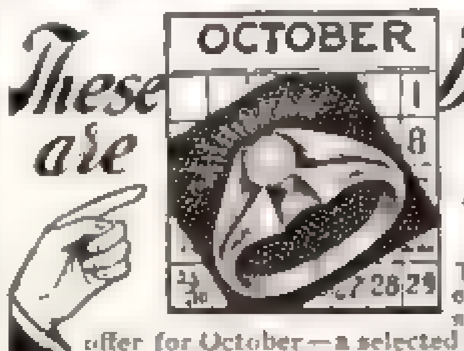
It is on every genuine Artloom production

Write to-day, giving the name of your dealer, for [illegible] book [illegible], printed in colors with Artloom suggestions for every room in the house. It will be mailed free on request.

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If your dealer does not carry Artloom Tapestries, cut out this coupon and enclose with ten cents and a letter to us, giving your dealer's name and address, and we will send you a beautiful plush velour square in red or green that can be used either for a center piece or mounted for a pillow top. They would cost fifty cents in any store, and are made exclusively by us. 43

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS.



To early fall buyers we make a specially tempting offer for October — a selected lot of [illegible] pure white diamonds of good size and great brilliancy — *[illegible]* style setting.

October Special

Price $45. TERMS $9 when accepted, and $4.50 per month, or $41.40 all cash.

All we ask is your consent to send one, express prepaid, for your inspection.

By the Marshall Method You are Satisfied First, then Pay.

[illegible]

112 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE We send free this month [illegible] It is [illegible] published.

GEORGE E. MARSHALL, (Inc.) 101 State Street, Chicago.
W. S. Hyde, Jr. [illegible]
Reference, First National Bank of Chicago

WE SELL YOUR ABILITY

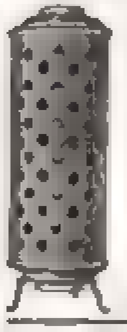
without in any way endangering your present connections. Our service is confidential and is planned to aid the man whose success in his present position proves his ability to fill a better one. Why not get in touch with some of the excellent opportunities now open? We have all sorts of high grade positions — Executive, Clerical, Technical and Salesman — paying from $1,000 to $10,000 a year. Ask us for booklets. Offices in 12 cities.

HAPGOODS (Inc.), Brain Brokers
Suite 509, 309 Broadway, New York

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for operators and furnish **Railroad Passes to Destination.** Expenses very low and students can earn their board while attending school. 50-page book telling about it — Free.

Established 33 years VALENTINE'S SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY JANESVILLE, WIS.



SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL

BY USING THE
ROCHESTER RADIATOR

Fits any Stove or Furnace. Price from $2.00 to $12.00.

Write for booklet on heating homes.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.
79 Furnace St. Rochester, N. Y.

An Education Without Cash

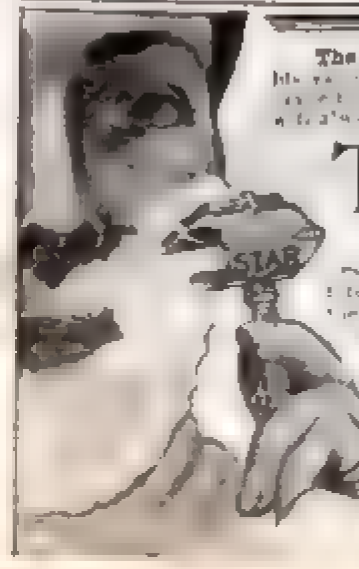
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Examinations for **Post Office Clerks and Letter Carriers** soon to be held in all first class post offices. 5,000 clerks and carriers [illegible] year. Full particulars as to positions, salaries, dates, places of examinations, samples, [illegible] free. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.)
19-42 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.



The man who shaves himself [illegible] to his satisfaction, knows how necessary it is to keep his [illegible] perfect condition [illegible] for any [illegible] The [illegible] your razor blades. **New Star Stropper**

The Star Safety Razor

The first and only safety [illegible] perfect finish, [illegible] to those having a stiff, thick, wiry beard. Its use [illegible] and time saved. Ready for use at any time or place. This razor [illegible] over 25 years — this proves its excellence. The **Star Safety Razor** [illegible] but never **duplicated**. On purchasing a razor please remember the above fact.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Razor, complete, $2.00. Handsome Sets, $3.50 and up.
New Star Diagonal Stropper, $1.50.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., N.Y. or all leading dealers in high-class cutlery. (Remember the word "STAR.")

(she now directly addressed the engineer), "your deed has spoken to our hearts, and our hearts go out to you. Defying destruction, you sat at duty's post with your faithful hand on the throttle, and shed your blood to save us. Earth has no fitting reward for such deeds, but" (here she failed to keep her eloquence quite up) "accept these one hundred and ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents from the men and women who thank you for keeping your faithful hand on the throttle."

Amid general cheers from the passengers I heard explosive noises beside me. It was Stanwick enjoying himself. His story had splashed like a stone into our pool of humanity, and he was delightedly watching each widening ring of result. Ortley was purple with protest. He was incoherently yelping, "But he jumped, I tell you. He did. They all do," when I clapped my hand upon his mouth. "Don't you dare to destroy their ideal!" I fiercely commanded. Then, as the cheers ceased, I also addressed the engineer: "Here are two dollars and a half more, making two hundred — your loss in the building association is covered."

I have already mentioned that a second time came this afternoon when I saw that the engineer's features could express emotion. It was now. His spectacles stared; stupefaction dumbly opened his mouth.

"Do not try to speak," the Temperance Heights lady urged in romantic tones. "We know how weak you must feel. Good-by." And she departed, taking with her the passengers, happy every one. Their ideal had been preserved.

"Oh, he ain't weak, but I am," observed the conductor. He retired to a fence and leaned against it.

The engineer now spoke. "What does all this mean?"

But from the fence the conductor said: "Put the money in your pants, and don't ask questions."

Well, the engineer obeyed the first part of that at once. I can't but think it was later made clear to him how Stanwick's story, already expensive for the Colossus, cost the passengers two extra hundred dollars.

It was two hours before help came to us, but I regret to chronicle that Ortley's outraged feelings had not calmed when he left us at Plantagenet Harbor. His last observation was, "Fifty cents a word!" in a voice of despair for the literature of his country.

As I got off at Shakespeare-by-the-Sea I asked Stanwick why this was not material for him, and his reply was convincing:

"This? Why, where's the melodrama? This would be satire, and the millions don't appreciate satire. Come see me at Salamis Grove."

I suppose he does know his business, as the conductor said.

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well," began the boss, looking him over, "what kind of a cook are you?"

A slow blush spread over the broad features. Charlie could not reply.

"Speak up. What were you doing when I sent for you?"

"I—I—you see, sir, Jack Flagg was gone, and there wasn't anything being done about dinner, and I——"

"And you took charge of things, eh?"

"Well—sort of, sir. You see——"

"That's the way to do business. Go back and stick at it. Wait a minute, though. Has Flagg been hanging around any?"

"I guess he was. All his things was took off, and some of mine."

"Take any money?"

"All I had."

"I'm not surprised. Money was what he was here for. He would have cleaned you out, anyway, before long."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir. We cleaned him out last time."

"And you weren't smart enough to see into that?"

"Well—no, I——"

"Take my advice and quit gambling. It isn't what you were built for. What did you say your name was?"

"Charlie."

"Well, Charlie, you go back and get up your dinner. See that it's a good one."

Charlie backed out of the tent and returned to his kettles and pans and his boy assistants. He was won, completely.

The Sign of Good Health

Wright's Health Underwear
Wright's Health Underwear

This is the label by which genuine **Wright's Health Underwear** can always be identified. It is the sign of good health guaranteed the wearer through protection of the body against those conditions which are the most prolific sources of disease. **Wright's Health Underwear** absorbs perspiration, ventilates the pores, and maintains an even temperature next the skin. It is the only underwear constructed entirely of loops, which prevent matting in the wash, and which insure the garments retaining all their hygienic properties until worn out. **Wright's** is easier and better to wear, and as easy to buy as ordinary kinds. Our book "Dressing for Health," tells the story fully. Write for it.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.,
75 Franklin St., New York.

LUCKY STRIKE.
Millions of Smokers "Puff" It

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
LUCKY STRIKE
RICHD. VA.
LUCKY STRIKE CUT PLUG

10c box.
Sold everywhere.

Lucky Strike Sliced Plug Smoking Tobacco has a larger sale than all other brands of sliced plug combined. Always the same —
Mild, Fragrant, Delicious Does Not Bite the Tongue
Testimonials from all over the world.
Dr. G. Tucker Smith, P. A. Surgeon U. S. Navy, writes: *"Lucky Strike is the most satisfactory pipe tobacco that I have ever used."*

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO COMPANY
Richmond, Virginia
Est. 1856.
Leading Independent Manufacturers.

Don't cheat your face with bad soap. Use Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

The Improved Method of
FINISHING FLOORS

Filling cracks with Grippin's Filler and Patent Applier

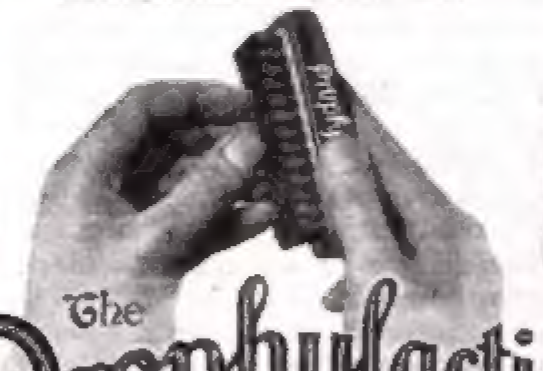
old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with GRIPPIN'S WOOD CRACK and CREVICE FILLER and FINISHING SPECIALTIES, is very simple and economical, not requiring skilled labor though the highest degree of perfection is attained. We give full instructions for treating all surfaces. Write to-day for our descriptive matter to

GRIPPIN MFG. CO.
Dept. 4, Newark, New York

An Education Without Cash

The Saturday Evening Post offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia


The Prophylactic Family:
Tooth — Hair — Nail — Military Brushes
Always sold in a yellow box

The Prophylactic
Nail Brush

is made with pure selected bristles, forever secured in pure aluminum — chemically treated — solid wood back. Guaranteed not to split or crack in boiling water. Absolutely antiseptic and thoroughly serviceable.

Unlike all Others
Made to Wear a Lifetime

Send for leaflet and learn more about it.
Price, $1.00 at all dealers, or sent by mail — postage free
Florence Manufacturing Company
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

FAMOUS FOSTER FREE RUBBER HEELS

PAT. MARCH 11, 1902
FOSTER RUBBER HEEL

In New England, where its merits have become known, we have for months had difficulty in supplying the demand for Foster Heels. We are now prepared to fill orders in all parts of the country.

The Foster is the only heel that has given absolute satisfaction. It is superior to the old-fashioned kind because of the PATENTED FRICTION PLUG, which absolutely PREVENTS SLIPPING and DOUBLES the wearing qualities of the heel. Gives pleasant and resilient tread without causing that "sneaky" feeling. No holes to carry dirt into the house. Sent by mail on receipt of 35 cents. Send outline of heel.

ONE PAIR FREE to the first one who will send us the names of the dealers in their town who carry rubber heels but do not have the Foster Friction Plug Heels. In inquiring of dealers, show this advertisement.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
370 Atlantic Avenue Boston, Mass.

We All Quote Shakespeare

Not to know Shakespeare is to confess oneself unlettered

SHAKESPEARE is the cornerstone of the English language. Whether we know it or not, sometime during the day, we all quote Shakespeare. If you do not enjoy *reading* Shakespeare, it is probably because you have an edition that is defective in notes, or glossaries, or other helps which are so necessary to a perfect understanding of the plays.

The New International Edition

is the latest and best Shakespeare. It is based on three centuries of searching criticism. All recognized authorities are represented in the notes and explanatory matter, among them being Dyce, Coleridge, Dowden, Johnson, Malone, White and Hudson. It has been edited and produced with a view of making Shakespeare pleasant and entertaining. Every difficult passage or obsolete word is explained.

No Other Edition Contains

Topical Index: By means of which the reader can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.

Critical Comments explaining the plays and characters, selected from the writings of eminent Shakesperian scholars.

Glossaries following each Play, so that you do not have to turn to a separate volume to find the meaning of every obscure word.

Two Sets of Notes: Explanatory notes for the general reader and critical notes for the student or scholar.

Arguments giving a full story of each play in interesting, readable prose.

Study Methods, consisting of study questions and suggestions,— the idea being to furnish a complete college course of Shakesperian study.

Life of Shakespeare by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Bagehot, Stephen and other distinguished Shakesperian scholars and critics.

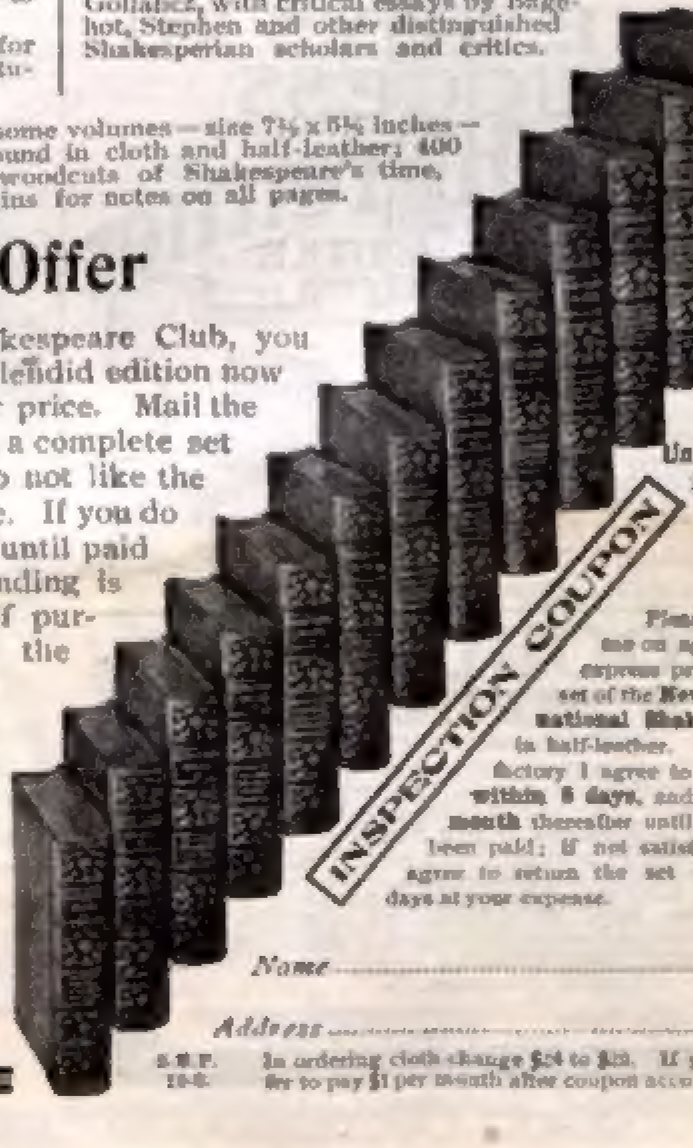
Description: Complete in thirteen handsome volumes — size 7½ x 5½ inches — containing 7,000 pages; attractively bound in cloth and half-leather; 400 illustrations — reproductions of quaint woodcuts of Shakespeare's time, and beautiful color plates; wide margins for notes on all pages.

Special Club Offer

No Money Required Now Through our Shakespeare Club, you can secure this splendid edition now at half the regular price. Mail the coupon to-day, and we will send you a complete set for five days' examination. If you do not like the books, send them back at our expense. If you do like them, send us $1 or $2 per month until paid for. The Club price for the cloth binding is $20, and for the half-leather $24. If purchased through an agent or dealer the prices would be $36 and $44.

FREE Prompt subscribers will receive free of charge a collection of sixteen beautiful pictures, each 11 x 15 inches, ready for framing, representing scenes from great books. This collection sells for $8.00 at book stores. With each set we also supply the topical index and plan of study described above, which cannot be purchased separate from the set for less than $6.00.

The University Society
78 Fifth Ave., New York


INSPECTION COUPON

The University Society, New York

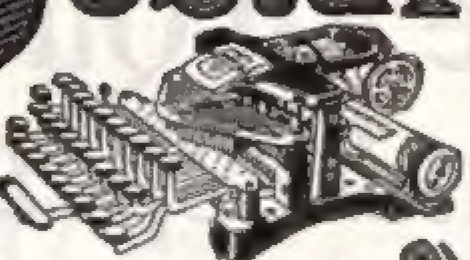
Please send me on approval, express prepaid, a set of the **New International Shakespeare** in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay **$1 within 5 days**, and **$2 per month** thereafter until $24 has been paid; if not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days at your expense.

Name ....

Address ....

S.E.P. 10-8. In ordering cloth change $24 to $20. If you prefer to pay $1 per month alter coupon accordingly.

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop —
The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP
Lies flat to the leg — never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.
Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



Postal
$25.00
The ONLY REAL TYPEWRITER AT A LOW PRICE
It combines UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD, STRONG MANIFOLDING, MIMEOGRAPH STENCIL CUTTING, VISIBLE WRITING and INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE.
The Postal will be sent on 1 week's trial.
Write for our Booklet & Instalment Plan.
AGENTS WANTED
We want responsible agents in territory not already covered.
POSTAL TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 18
Main Office & Factory, Norwalk, Conn.
Salesrooms:
1140 Broadway, New York
115 Dearborn St., Chicago

Smith Premier No. 2

THE KEYS TO SUCCESS
Smith Premier TYPEWRITER
Straight-line, non-shifting keyboard, with a key for every character.
No two motions required; every touch tells.
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Home Office and Factory, Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches in all large cities.

WOODLAWN FARM
Profit Making Poultry
Our White Wyandottes are the finest in the land — good layers — fine meat — easy to raise — all prize winning stock.
A BARGAIN FOR YOU
We will send you a fine young trio (two pullets and one cockerel), of these birds for $5 — this offer is good For 10 Days Only. Write to-day. We raise twenty-two varieties — all standard bred.
WOODLAWN POULTRY FARM CO.
Farm D, Johnstown, Pa.
Collie Dogs { The finest puppies on earth from $8 up — Write at once.

Late Monday evening that mythical train rolled in, and half the night was spent in preparations for the next day. Tuesday morning tracklaying began again. In the afternoon a second train arrived, and the air of movement and accomplishment was as keen as on the first day of work. Paul Carhart, in a disreputable flannel shirt, which, whatever color it may once have been, was now as near green as anything, a wide straw hat, airy yellow linen trousers and boots, was at his transit — alert, keen, radiating health and energy. The sun blazed endlessly down, but what laborer could complain with the example of the boss before him! The mules toiled and plunged, and balked and sulked, and toiled again, as mules will. The drivers — boys, for the most part — carried pails of water on their wagons, and from time to time moistened the sponges which many of the men wore in their hats. And over the grunts and heaves of the tie squad, over the rattling and groaning of the wagons, over the exhaust of the locomotives sounded the ringing clang of steel as the rails were pitched from flat car to ground, raised from ground to truck, and pushed home on the ready ties. It was music to Carhart: deep, significant nineteenth-century music. The line was creeping on again — on, on through the desert.

The sweat streaming continually down his face, and an involuntary twitch of the nose, caused Carhart's glasses to slip. They fell on a crosstie and broke to bits. With only a slight exclamation — for life was half a joke to-day — he stumbled back to the tent and got out a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. In five minutes he was back at his transit, looking like some scholar in disguise.

"What do you think of this!" had been Young Van's exclamation when the second train appeared.

"It's too good to be true," was the reply of his grizzled brother.

Old Vandervelt was right: it *was* too good to be true. Soon the days were getting away from them again; provisions and water were running short; and Peet was sending on the most skillful lot of excuses he had yet offered. Finally tracklaying had to stop again; and Carhart, slipping a revolver into his holster, rode forward alone to find Scribner.

He found him in a patch of scrubby sage brush not far from a hill. The heat was blistering, the ground baked to a powder; there had been no rain for eight months. Scribner, stripped to undershirt and trousers, was standing over his men.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Carhart!" he cried. "You are just in time. I think I've struck it."

"That's good news," the chief replied, dismounting.

They stepped aside while Scribner gave an account of himself. "I drove a small bore down about three hundred feet first, and got this." He produced a tin pail from his tent which contained a dark, odorous liquid. Carhart sniffed, and said:

"Sulphur water, eh!"

"Yes, and very bad. It wouldn't do at all. But before moving on I thought I'd better look around a little. That hill over there is sandstone, and a superficial examination led me to think that the sandstone dips under this spot."

"That might mean a very fair quality of water."

"That's what I think. So I inserted a larger casing, to shut out this sulphur water, and went on down."

"How far?"

"A thousand feet. I'm expecting to strike it any moment now."

"Your men seem to think they have struck something. They're calling you."

The engineers returned to the well in time to see the water gushing to the surface.

"There's enough of it," muttered Scribner.

The chief bent over it and shook his head. "Smell it, Harry," he said.

Scribner threw himself on the ground and drank up a mouthful from the stream. But he promptly spit it out.

"It's worse than the other!" he cried.

They were silent a moment. Then Carhart said, "Well — keep at it, Harry. I may look you up again after a little."

He walked over to his horse, mounted, nodded a good-by, and cantered back toward the camp. Scribner watched him ride off, then soberly turned and prepared to pack up and move on westward. He was thinking, as he gave the necessary orders, how much this little visit meant. The chief would have come only with matters at a bad pass.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

At the Euchre-
Wouldn't you like to hold my hand?
CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

There is no excuse for worn or inferior cards. The careful hostess selects
Congress Cards
Cards of quality. Gold edges. 65 styles —
Pictorial, Whist, Euchre, Club and Poker. Artistic, stylish. Delightful to play with. See that "Congress" is on every box. **Send us 50c.** per pack, for backs desired.
Bicycle Cards — more used than all other 25c. cards combined, because the best. **Send us 25c.** per pack, for backs desired. Illustrations of backs sent free.
Duplicate Whist — played with Paine's Whist Trays. 12-tray set, $5.00; extra fine seal-pattern set, $10.00. Whist Lessons FREE with each set.
Card Game Rules, 128-p.; Entertaining with Cards, 64-p.; Whist and Duplicate Whist, 104-p., each, paper, 10c.; cloth, 25c. Vest Pocket Editions — Cinch, Hearts, Pinochle, Poker, Skat, Bridge, Euchre, Fan Tan, each, paper, 5c.; cloth, 10c.
We send all of above goods, prepaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer does not supply them.
Address Dept. 10, The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATING — CARTOONING
Taught quickly and cheaply in your own home. Original schools in these lines. Thousands of successful graduates. Your success assured. Our book "Profits for Illustrators" tells how. It's free. Ask now.
ALSO
Best courses ever offered in Law, Pharmacy, Book-keeping, Stenography, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Journalism, Ad-Writing, Story-Writing, Letter-Writing. Our free book tells everything. Get it to-day.
NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
30 North Pa. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

YOU CAN SUCCEED
in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,
"Poultry for Profit"
Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for singles, pairs, trios and pens, and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for 10 cents.
THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 13, Freeport, Ill.

Fine Wood Flooring
Parquet Floors & Specialties
Moore's Floor Wax
Moore's Patent Rests
Send for FREE illustrated CATALOGUE
E. B. MOORE & CO.
76 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

An Education Without Cash
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

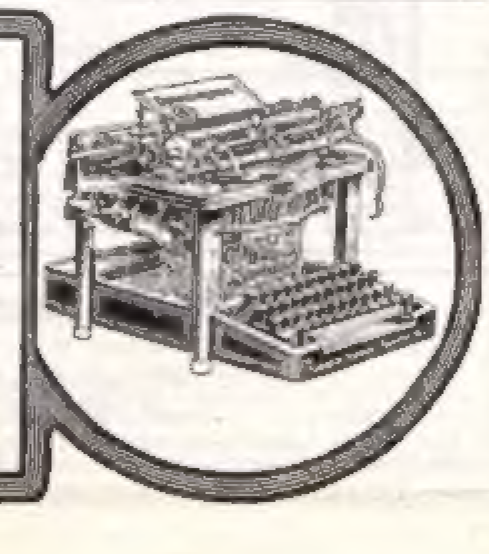
LEARN SHORTHAND
By Correspondence from Court Reporters.
We do the largest court reporting business in the world and teach the same standard system we use. We make no fake claims; we teach no fake shorthand. Write for "Success Shorthand" and copy of guaranty, sent free. WALTON, JAMES & FORD,
Suite 30, 77-79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

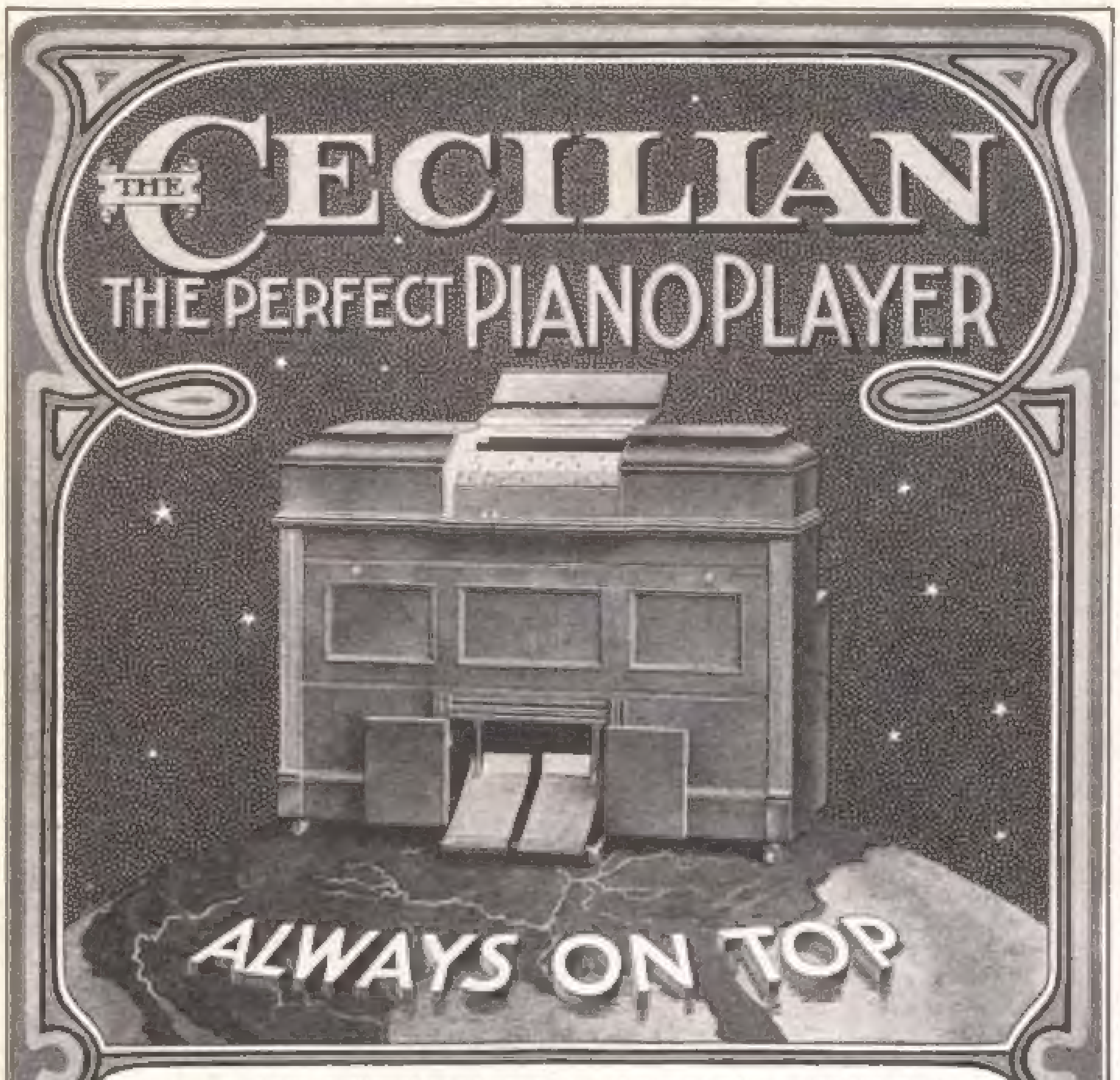
I WILL
CHICAGO

Study LAW
High grade instruction by correspondence. Established 12 years. Our
Regular Course
prepares for the bar of any state. Text books used are same as in resident schools. Our
Business Law Course
covers the law met with in every-day commercial life. Write to-day for particulars.
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
Reaper Block, Chicago

To Owners of Gasoline Engines Automobiles, Launches, Etc.
The Auto-Sparker
does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt — no switch — no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.
MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

Remington Typewriters
are strong and durable machines — every user says so.
Remington Typewriter Co.
327 Broadway, New York.





You can attach the Cecilian piano player to any piano and with it play any music you wish, in a better and more satisfying manner and with less fussing with complicated levers, etc., than you can with any other piano player.

The operation of the Cecilian is perfectly simple and yet its musical performance is artistic in every sense of the word. It is under your absolute control all the time. You can play any music just as it should be played, bring out all the effects you desire, put all the expression you please into it and do it without such excessive effort that you forget to enjoy the music.

The perfection of the Cecilian is in its simplicity and its easy operation. It makes your piano a source of positive enjoyment to every member of your family, for they all can play it.

The price is $250.00, but you can buy on easy monthly payments if you wish.

Booklet and full information sent on request.

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY, Dept. R, London, Eng., Detroit, Mich.

$42,000 in Cash to Saturday Evening Post Readers

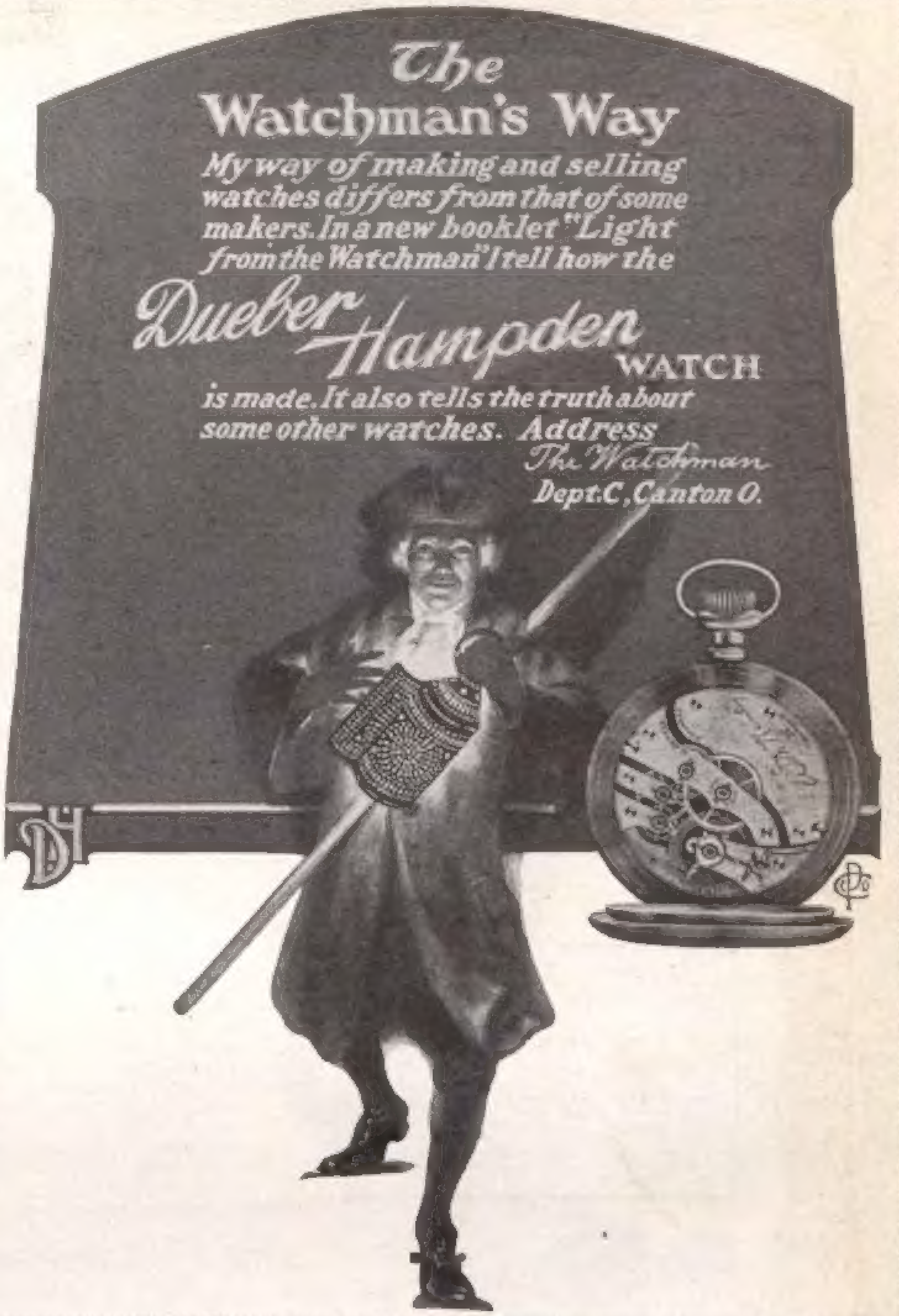
FORTY-TWO THOUSAND dollars will be divided this fall and winter among 2772 persons willing to look after renewals and to send new subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A part of it will be divided each month.

These cash prizes are simply *extra incentives* to good work. A generous commission will be paid for every subscription forwarded.

Any person willing to devote a few hours a week to work among his or her friends and neighbors can earn as much as $500 prize money each month, in addition to the commissions. Extra inducements to those who start at once.

There is no expense involved and no business experience is necessary. Drop a line and everything necessary will be sent.

CIRCULATION BUREAU
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA



My way of making and selling watches differs from that of some makers. In a new booklet "Light from the Watchman" I tell how the Dueber Hampden WATCH *is made. It also tells the truth about some other watches. Address*
The Watchman
Dept. C, Canton O.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER

W. L. DOUGLAS

UNION MADE **$3.50 SHOES** FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

$6,263,040.00

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. *Fast Color Eyelets used Exclusively.*

Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear

"I have worn W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from $5.00 to $7.00."
R. S. McCUE, Dept. Coll., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE GIVING FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

The most brilliant, economical light made. Our light gives 100-candle power at the small cost of 2c per week

Is portable and there is no **dirt, grease, odor or smoke.** Over 100 different styles—every one warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
Owners of Original Patents.
5-25 E. 5th St.
Canton, O.

FREE

PROFITABLE
AGRICULTURE

This booklet tells how to make money on the farm, and outlines our course of home study in

Modern Agriculture

Under **PROF. WM. P. BROOKS, Ph. D.**, of the Mass. Agricultural College. Treats of soils, tillage, drainage, fertilizers, crop rotation, stock-feeding, poultry-raising, dairying, etc. Also **HORTICULTURE** under **PROF. BAILEY**, of Cornell University, and **AGRICULTURAL BACTERIOLOGY** under **PROF. CONN**, of Wesleyan. **Full COMMERCIAL, NORMAL and ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS.** Tuition nominal. Text-books **FREE** to our students. *Catalogue and particulars free. Write to-day.*

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 17, Springfield, Mass.

BOSTON
MASS.
MEN'S STORES
113 SUMMER ST.
248 WASHINGTON ST.
71 DEVONSHIRE ST.
77 MASON. STREET.
WOMEN'S STORES
109 SUMMER ST.
169 TREMONT ST

CINCINNATI 429 VINE ST. O.
ATLANTA 6 WHITEHALL ST. GA.
CHICAGO 103 DEARBORN ST. ILL.
BALTIMORE 40 W. LEXINGTON ST. & E. LEXINGTON ST. MD.
CLEVELAND 69 EUCLID AVE. O.
DETROIT 122 WOODWARD AVE. MICH.
KANSAS CITY 1019 MAIN ST. MO.
BUFFALO 362 & 364 MAIN ST. N.Y.

PHILADELPHIA
PA.
MEN'S STORES
1218 B MARKET ST.
732 CHESTNUT ST.
S.E. Cor. 8TH & RACE STS.
WOMEN'S STORE
1218 A MARKET ST.

Regals in 75 Handsome Fall Styles

All Illustrated and Described in the latest Regal Style Book — Now Ready!

IS it a question of style or fit? Either way it's a Regal! The $20.00 models of Thomas of London, or Pinet of Paris, are not more correct in style or more perfect in fit than Regals at $3.50. This season, when we produced our unrivaled line of new Fall Styles for Men and Women, we not only duplicated the latest models of these master designers, but we made

Regals in Quarter Sizes

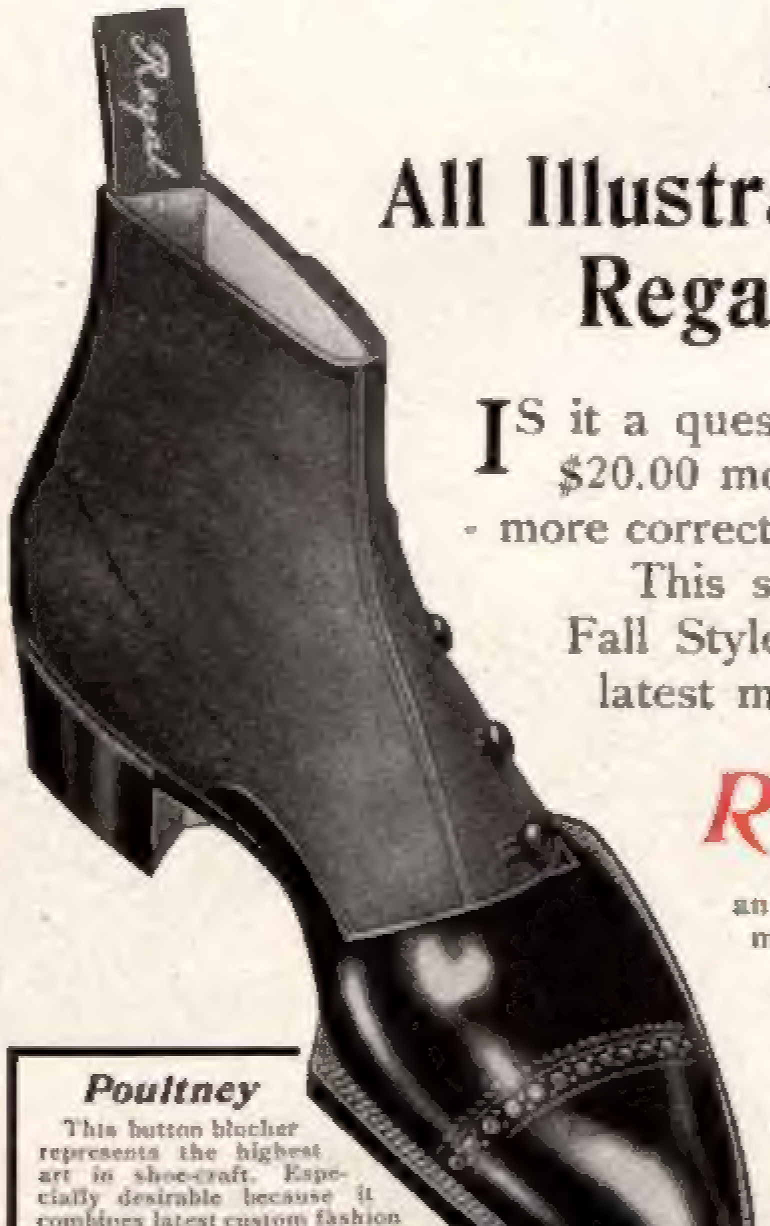
an achievement which makes their fitting as perfect as that of any made-to-measure shoe.

We're the first and only makers to do it — the credit is ours, but the advantage is yours. Now, we have *288 different fittings* in every Regal style — 36 quarter-size lengths in 8 widths.

No matter how unusual your requirements, there is a shoe in the Regal assortment of quarter sizes exactly suited to your foot — one which was really *made for you.*

Other manufacturers cannot offer you more than half as many fittings. Their half sizes — their smallest size gradation — are always a probable quarter size too large or too small.

On the other hand, it is now simply throwing money away to pay fancy prices for custom shoes. The custom boot maker has seen his day. Neither in style, fit, workmanship nor material does his finest product surpass one of our new quarter-sized Regals. In the matter of wear the Regal is the only shoe that proves. It takes 26 stores to supply the demand for Regals in the fashionable districts of Greater New York. Isn't this pretty strong proof of excellence?

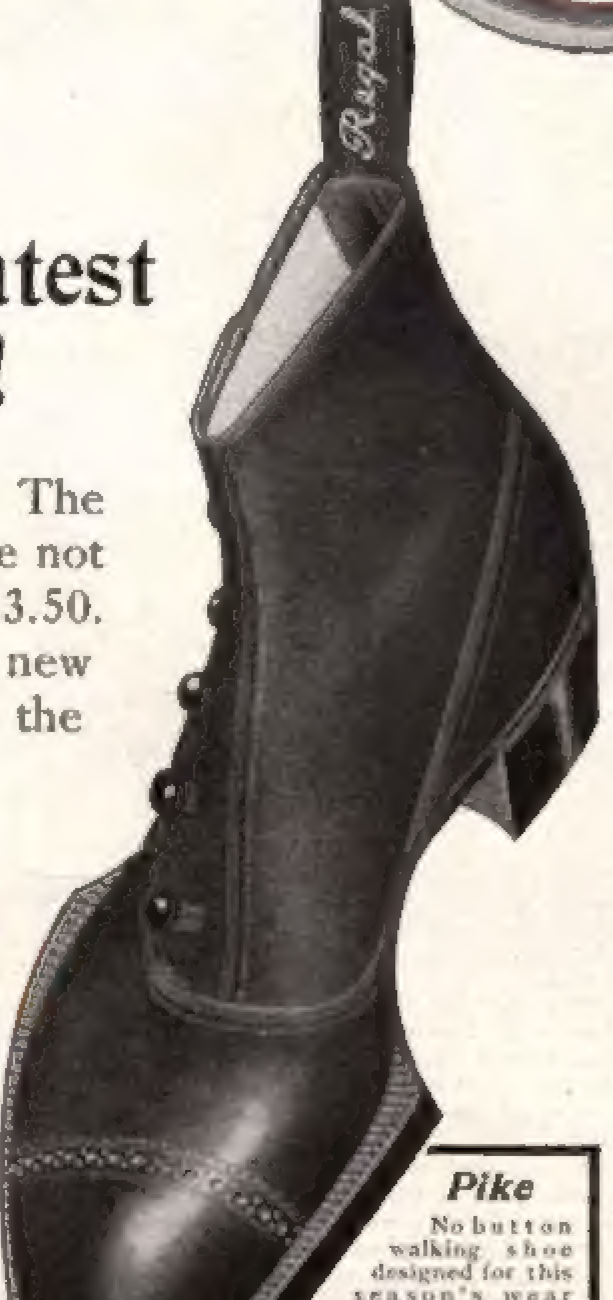


Poultney

This button blucher represents the highest art in shoe-craft. Especially desirable because it combines latest custom fashion with every advantage of perfect fit and comfort.

Style 9AB (as illustrated): high shoe, Blucher Button style; made of Heyl's Patent Calf, high military heel, "flat-iron" sole.

Style 9AA — Exactly as illustrated, except made in ordinary blucher style; Black Wax Calfskin, light leather lining.



Pike

No button walking shoe designed for this season's wear equals the striking and correct style of this model. Extreme, but well within the limits of good taste.

Style 9BD (as illustrated): high shoe, button style; made of Black Wax Calf, medium heavy extension sole, military heel.

Style 9BE — Same, except made of Imported Patent Leather.

Our 75 Handsome New Models

in Men's and Women's Fall Regals are ready for your inspection. Drop in and see them at any one of our chain of 80 Regal stores. Or

May We Send Our Fall Style Book? It Costs You Nothing But a Postal.

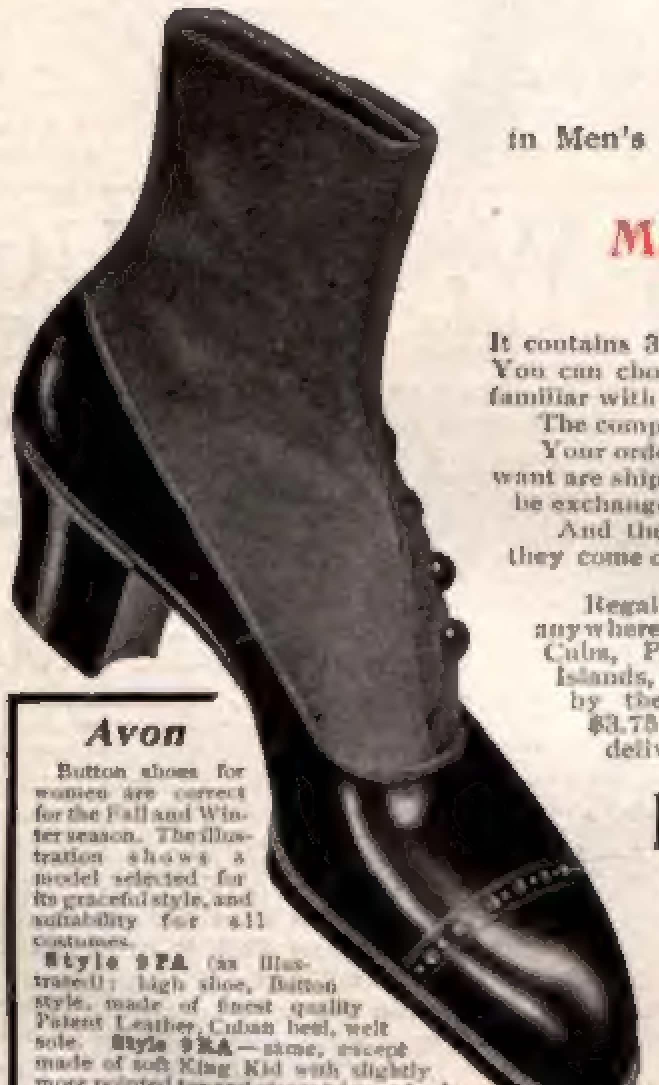
It contains 32 pages of large photographic reproductions — the *real shoes* just as they look in our display rooms. You can choose your own style as easily and accurately as if you visited one of our stores — become just as familiar with the latest fashions in shoes as though you lived on Fifth Avenue, New York.

The complete instructions for ordering by mail insure perfect fit. You aren't asked to take any risk whatever. Your order receives the *personal* attention of a skilled mail-order salesman, who sees that just the shoes you want are shipped the same day the order is received. If they're not just right in every particular, the shoes will be exchanged or money refunded on request.

And the same postal puts your name on our mailing list for all future issues of the Style Book as fast as they come out, keeping you in touch for all time with Fashion's latest dictates in footwear.

Regal shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, also Germany and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, on receipt of $3.75 per pair. (The extra 25 cents is for delivery.)

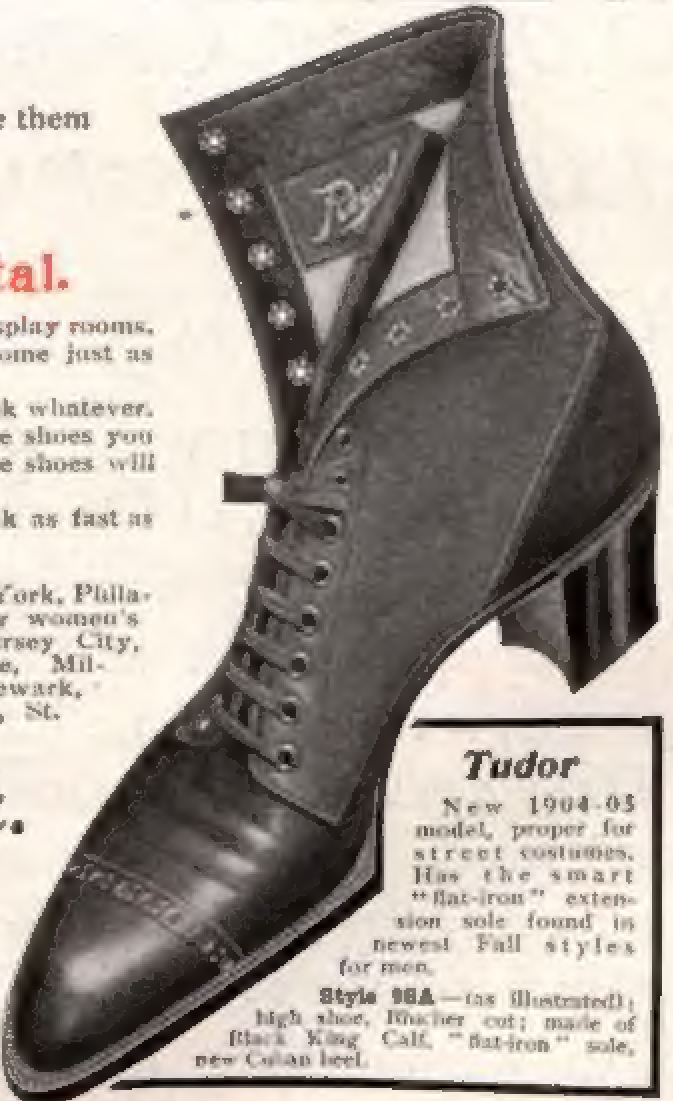
Besides the stores in Greater New York, Philadelphia and Boston we have exclusively women's stores in Atlanta, Buffalo, Cleveland, Jersey City, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Nashville, Newark, Providence, Rochester, San Francisco, St. Paul and Syracuse.



Avon

Button shoes for women are correct for the Fall and Winter season. The illustration shows a model selected for its graceful style, and suitability for all costumes.

Style 9FA (as illustrated): high shoe, Button style, made of finest quality Patent Leather, Cuban heel, welt sole. **Style 9KA** — same, except made of soft King Kid with slightly more pointed toe and closer trimmed sole.



Tudor

New 1904-05 model, proper for street costumes. Has the smart "flat-iron" extension sole found in newest Fall styles for men.

Style 9GA — (as illustrated); high shoe, Blucher cut; made of Black King Calf, "flat-iron" sole, new Cuban heel.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY, Inc.

MAIL-ORDER DEPARTMENTS

Boston, Mass., 129 Summer St. New York, Dept. A, 785 Broadway, Cor. 10th St.

London Mail-Order Address, 97 Cheapside, London, Eng.

SUB-STATION A — Cor. Geary and Stockton Sts., San Francisco. SUB-STATION B — 103 Dearborn St., Chicago. SUB-STATION C — 618 Olive St., St. Louis. SUB-STATION D — 631 Canal St., New Orleans. SUB-STATION E — 6 Whitehall St., Viaduct, Atlanta

THE LARGEST RETAIL SHOE BUSINESS IN THE WORLD

DENVER 425 16TH ST. COL.
PROVIDENCE 252 WESTMINSTER 177 UNION ST. R.I.
HARTFORD 65 ASYLUM ST. CONN.
SEATTLE 1211 SECOND AVE WASH.
ALBANY 34 MAIDEN LANE N.Y.
LONDON 97 CHEAP SIDE ENG.
SYRACUSE 364 S. SALINA ST. N.Y.
UTICA 138 GENESSEE ST. N.Y.
WASHINGTON 1003 PENN. AV. N.W. D.C.
ST. PAUL 382 ROBERT ST. MINN.
ROCHESTER 40 E. MAIN ST N.Y.

PITTSBURG 433 WOOD ST. PA.
MILWAUKEE 212 GRAND AVE. WIS.
ST. LOUIS 618 OLIVE ST. MO.
NASHVILLE 515 CHURCH ST. TENN.
MINNEAPOLIS 526 NICOLLET AV. MINN.
LOS ANGELES 222 W. 3RD ST. CAL.
LOUISVILLE 346 W. MARKET ST. KY.
SAN FRANCISCO COR. GEARY & STOCKTON STS. CAL.
NEW ORLEANS 631 CANAL ST. LA.
NEWARK 841 BROAD ST. N.J.
JERSEY CITY 66 NEWARK AVE N.J.

GREATER NEW YORK
NEW YORK.
MEN'S STORES.
43 CORTLAND ST.
COR. NASSAU & ANN STS.
305 BROADWAY.
785 BROADWAY
1211 BROADWAY ~
1341 BROADWAY
507 EIGHTH AVE.
2280 THIRD AVE.
338 SIXTH AVE.
166 W. 125TH ST.
167 BROADWAY

REGAL SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

GREATER NEW YORK
WOMEN'S STORES
785 BROADWAY
1339 BROADWAY
166 W. 125TH ST
388 - 6TH AVE
COR NASSAU & ANN ST
2280 THIRD AVE
305 BROADWAY
BROOKLYN MEN'S STORES
357 FULTON ST.
111 BROADWAY
1003 BROADWAY
466 FIFTH AVE.
WOMEN'S STORES
1003 BROADWAY
466 FIFTH AVE.